

VOL. XV.

NO. 1.

JAN.

1887.

THE

BATES

STUDENT.



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LEWISTON, MAINE.

EDITORIAL BOARD.

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M. GRACE PINKHAM, W. F. TIBBETTS,
A. C. TOWNSEND, NELLIE M. JORDAN.
CHAS. W. CUTTS, F. W. OAKES.
Business Managers.

TERMS. —\$1.00 per year in advance; single copies
10 cents.

Any subscriber not receiving the STUDENT regularly will please notify the Business Manager.

Contributions and correspondence are respectfully solicited. Any information regarding the Alumni will be gladly received.

Matter for publication should be addressed to the "Editors of the BATES STUDENT," business letters to CHAS. W. CUTTS, Lewiston, Maine.

[Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at Lewiston Post Office.]

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fever. Not until the critical period of practice is passed, can the result be predicted with any degree of certainty. The despair so graphically portrayed in "David Copperfield," being, it is said, an account of Dickens' own struggle with stenography, marks the point where ninety-five per cent. of those who have persevered thus far with the study, give up in despair, laying the blame of their failure to the defects of the system (not the human system).

Unless one has already acquired some proficiency in the study, before entering college, it is hardly possible for him to devote the requisite time to practice; but with some previous knowledge of the science, there is no better field for practice than the college lecture-room.

IF our old, methodical earth keeps on revolving in its orbit for two hundred and twenty-five years more, Bates can then celebrate her two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, with all the "pomp and circumstance" of Harvard's recent celebration. Upon us, the undergraduates and the alumni of Bates, rests the responsibility of making the first twenty-five years of her life worthy of commemoration. However, we must not depend on any one light to shine through so many years, but as the Milky Way lightens up the whole of its section in the heavens, by its distinct yet starless light, so we, as self-made, Christian men and women, may cause the first quarter of a century in the history of our college to ever remain bright, even to those who view it after a lapse of two and a half cent-

uries. And when, in the ages to come, the eager youths are still making their annual pilgrimage to the fountains of learning around "Old Mount David," may it be possible for the professors in those days to proudly point to the earliest graduates of Bates as fit examples for emulation, and, like Napoleon at the foot of the Pyramids, warn the *ardentes juvenes* that those venerable alumni "are looking down upon them."

IT is often said that the hope of our country's future prosperity lies in the education of the masses. While the common schools are the means by which this is to be brought about, back of these there must be among all the people a higher appreciation of the value of a liberal education. This, it seems to us, is sure to follow as one of the results of the Chautauqua movement. No one can complete a four years' course of reading in history, science, and philosophy, without desiring to add still further to his store of knowledge. If a liberal education is beyond his own reach, he will make every effort to secure it for his children. A large proportion of the membership of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle is made up of those whose school-days have long since passed. With many, their early opportunities for obtaining an education were limited. To such people, the value of a few moments each day spent in quiet thought and study, is inestimable. If it is a fault of Americans to give too eager and close attention to business, without sufficient

relaxation, the Chautauqua Reading Circle is a step in the right direction. A membership of over sixty thousand, shows that this movement meets with popular favor. While no one claims that it is in any sense the equivalent of a college education, it is doing much to increase the general sum of knowledge, and should receive the support of all who are interested in the progress of education.

WE are glad that card-playing is not prevalent at Bates. Such an occupation may do for gamblers and black-legs, but for honest, intelligent young men it is not the thing. It may do for the starved in soul and intellect, but college students should find some amusement better fitted to their station than shuffling a pack of greasy cards. "Progressive Euchre," "Whist," and "High Low Jack," are all members of the same family. Nothing connected with them is either tender, elevating, or beautiful. Their tendency is, and always has been, to draw the mind away from weightier matters, and for young men, who expect to be, and to do something in life, it is a needless waste of time and energy.

We have known persons to sit for three hours so absorbed in a game of cards that, when the game was over, and their nerves relaxed, they would be completely exhausted. Students need some form of amusement that will rest rather than weary the brain; that will relax rather than strain up the tension of the nerves. Cards produce an effect the very opposite of

this, and hence cannot be a suitable amusement for students.

It may be argued that people of intelligence and refinement play cards. We answer in the words of Holland: "The presence of culture and genius may embellish, but can never dignify it." They have a bad record and cannot shake it off. They savor of the saloon even when shuffled by a lady's hand.

Young men, students especially, should leave card-playing to those who earn a living by questionable methods, or to those whose only occupation is killing time.

ONE of the first moans wrung from the heart of the real student after entering college is on account of the lack of time. A young man coming from a fitting school, where he has been taught that every lesson should, and must, be thoroughly mastered, bends his whole strength in vain to the performance of the tasks set him. A conscientious Freshman "hasn't time" for literary societies, Y. M. C. A. prayer-meetings, reading-room work, or anything but what is commonly called "plugging."

An estimate of the time required for the preparation of each day's lessons, made in conformance with the advice of the professors, gives us an average of eleven hours—four for Greek, three for Latin, and four more for Mathematics. If we add to this the four hours consumed in recitations and walking to and from them, we shall have a total of fifteen hours per day. So we shall have left nine hours

for recreation, food, sleep, and Rhetoricals. Alas for Rhets? Is it any wonder that they receive such slight attention? It is a fact commonly accepted by students that the same boy, however talented, cannot be highest in rank, and at the same time the best writer in the class (doing all the work which falls to his lot as such). Who has not heard the remark, "He did not rank very high last year; he had too many public parts!"

We have spoken of the Freshmen especially, because they most frequently voice the feeling of lack of time, which is nevertheless felt by all classes. The wisest students are those who, realizing the impossibility of doing everything, fix a definite time for each task, as long as they can reasonably devote, and never for any increase of lessons, waver in their adherence to the rules thus made. We have often admired the courage of him who, acting up to his belief that only such knowledge is of use to him as can be assimilated by a healthy mind joined to a healthy body, has boldly told the professor, "That was all I had time to get."

It is to be hoped that the amount of work demanded of students will shortly be lessened. We shall thus avoid the injury, both mental and moral, caused by the partial performance of our duties.

THE completion, during the present decade, of the Brooklyn bridge, Washington monument, and Bartholdi statue of Liberty, is destined to make the present century a famous one in

the annals of architectural achievements. The height and size of the Brooklyn bridge dwarfs all other suspension bridges. Since the beginning of history there has been but one tower that could look down upon the Washington monument. And the statue of Liberty, recently erected in New York harbor, is by far the grandest monument of the kind ever constructed.

What inferences will future ages draw from these three memorials of our times? First, these structures will indicate the immense wealth of the country which erected them. Next in order, the social philosopher will be struck by the high degree of architectural skill required for their successful completion. And lastly, a knowledge of the events which the Washington monument commemorates, and a study of the conception of the Bartholdi statue of Liberty, must reveal the unswerving devotion with which the people of the United States have clung to and defended the name of liberty.

But while the American people have too good taste to boast of their wealth and skill, they can justly pride themselves upon the manner in which the work of these great enterprises have been performed. Army after army was levied to rear the Pyramids, and thousands of these miserable toilers died of hunger at their bases. The magnificent roadways and aqueducts of Rome were built by levying enormous taxes upon conquered provinces, and the work was performed by soldiers, at such a niggardly price, that the word stipend—a Roman sol-

dier's pay—has remained odious to the present time.

How different will be the history of the erection of these three structures of our times. Every cent of their cost has been defrayed by the voluntary contributions or light taxation of a willing people. Every stone has been laid by well-paid laborers, and not one hammer has been swung or chisel directed by an unwilling hand. In the maxim of every true American citizen, "liberty, equality, and fraternity," it is certain that the first sentiment will be forever perpetuated by the Washington monument; that the means employed in the erection of all three of these structures will be typical of the second sentiment; and that in no other way can the feeling of fraternity be better illustrated than by this gift of our sister republic—the Bartholdi statue of Liberty.

ONE of the chief delights found in the study of nature comes from observing the growth of living things. It is pleasing to note how far above the mark that showed the child's height last year, the little figure reaches now. It is pleasing also to count the rings upon a forest tree, or to watch a field of grain through the different stages of its growth.

A somewhat kindred, though intensified pleasure comes from observing the progress of a good work or of a worthy institution. We are glad, therefore, to feel that 1886 has been an encouraging year for Bates, and that it records a marked advancement in college interests and college work.

Perhaps never since the tiny blade first appeared has the prospect for the full corn seemed more hopeful than at the present time.

The position of the college financially has been greatly improved during the year. The generous proposition of Mr. Cobb in the early summer and the hearty response it is meeting from other friends of the college, promise soon to remove the embarrassing circumstances under which Bates has labored in the loss of one-half its original endowment. At the same time, the noble bequests of Mrs. Belcher and Mrs. Wood offer a means of still more widely extending the work, and insure many long-needed innovations.

The changes that the past year has effected in the various departments of student-work are also a source of great encouragement. The heating of the Gymnasium last winter did much to promote physical training among the young men, as was demonstrated by the success achieved on the base-ball ground, and by the greater amount of exercise others were stimulated to take by the example of the nine. Lawn-tennis supplies a long-felt need among the ladies, and the interest awakened in the game during the fall term, promises to be permanent and productive of the best results. All things considered, more attention has been given to physical exercise than for many years previous, and there is reason to be hopeful in the achievements of the upper classes, and in the excellent training evinced by the Freshmen.

From a literary standpoint, moreover, the college has made an advance.

The faithfulness that characterizes student-work in this department at Bates is as noticeable now as ever, while the increased facilities for botanical research, and the new system of study will doubtless render a portion of the literary work much more satisfactory. The librarian's register shows that the books and magazines have not been neglected, and the superior excellence of the public meetings proves that good work has been done in the societies. The change in the method of teaching Modern Languages, inaugurated at the opening of the fall term, is undoubtedly a change for the better. A deeper interest is felt in any study when theories and principles receive a practical application, and greater benefit is thus derived. The new method of conducting examinations, making the test in part oral, as well as written, has not been tried long enough, perhaps, to enable one to judge correctly of its advantages or disadvantages but we believe the majority of the students look upon it now as a great improvement.

Christian work has also received a new impulse, and the meetings of classes and those of the Christian Association have, in general, been marked by large attendance and deep interest. A blessing came to the little prayer-room from the Bible School, at Mount Hermon, and something of Mr. Moody's zeal returned with those who had the privilege of listening to his teaching during the summer. The earnest talks of the college secretary of the Y. M. C. A. were also a great help to Christian students. A Christian spirit

is a missionary spirit. It is not strange, then, that the student missionaries found many hearts here ready for their message, and that quite a large number of our students signified their intention to enter the foreign field, if God, in the future, should open the way.

All in all, it has been a good year for the college. Much has been done to promote that symmetrical culture which can come only through the active use of all the faculties. Increasing opportunities for usefulness, and successful work, seem promised to the students here in the future. "But another year will tell another year's story. There is always more to tell on and on. And that means more to do."

Harvard has two living graduates of the class of 1811.—Two thousand eight hundred and forty graduates registered at Cambridge during the anniversary.—The new Harvard song-book contains, in addition to the regular student songs, several original compositions by men now in the University, and also the original music composed for the recent anniversary.

"Cornell University has taken another step and declared that attendance upon recitations and lectures will no longer be required." This is a step in the right direction. If a student does not know enough to attend recitations without being compelled to do so, he does not know enough to go to college. Treat students like men, and they will act like men; treat them like children, and they will act like children.

LITERARY.

A JEWISH LEGEND.

BY A. C. T., '88.

OFT in desiring blessings we have not
Are present joys ungratefully forgot,
And things that seem disasters to our eyes
Oft prove to be rich blessings in disguise.

A Jewish Rabbi, weary of his lot,
Thinking that earth might have some fairer spot
In which to sin he might be less inclined,
Began a journey once that place to find,
Where far secluded from all worldly din
Alone with Nature he might know no sin.

As forth upon his holy quest he went,
In meditation on his sins intent,
A fellow-traveler joined him on the road
Like him a pilgrim with a pilgrim's load.
And such a sympathy of mind and heart
Do kindred cares and kindred aims impart,
That they who met as strangers on the way
Together walked and talked till close of day.
Such wondrous words the Rabbi ne'er had heard,
Like one entranced he listened to each word.
"This soul," thought he, "that so enraptures mine
Proclaims itself angelic or divine,
Some angel, doubtless, by divine decree
Sent as a guide and counselor for me."

As evening shades drew on they shelter sought
And found a lodging in a peasant's cot,
A welcome refuge for their weary feet
And frugal bounties spread for them to eat;
But e'er the morning sun dispelled the gloom
The stranger rose and passing to the room
In which a child lay sleeping in its bed,
With strangling grasp he left the infant dead.
The Rabbi shocked to learn of such a deed
Now sought to change his plans with utmost speed,
Firmly convinced that by some fiendish spell
He'd been deceived by demon dogs from Hell.

Full well he knew that Heaven would not abide
That he should journey by a demon's side.
From such a strange companion he must part,
Better to starve the mind than stain the heart.
Yet by some magic power if such there be—
Or did the weaker mind the stronger see,
And to itself unknown, its master know—
He with the stranger one more day must go.
E'en as the lark while mounting to the sky
Is spell-bound by a serpent's glittering eye,
Then round and round in narrowing circles flies,
Her eyes transfixed upon those glittering eyes;
Thus powerless seemed the holy man of prayer
Charmed by the stranger's words and wisdom rare.
Another evening came, and with the night
Another crime to shame the morning light.
For in that night the stranger basely stole
His benefactor's store of plate and gold,
A deed ungrateful, such as fiends might do,
But neither men nor angels, thought the Jew,
Yet still the travelers journeyed as before,
The Rabbi 'gainst temptation strove no more.

A third night came and went, and in that, too,
Another strange affair was brought to view,
For to this host the stranger gave the store
That he had stolen on the night before;
As if in that one deed he penance paid
For all the desolation he had made.
“It is an angel!” once more cried the Jew,
“My first impression of the man was true,
Such generous deeds as this are only done
By heavenly beings, surely this is one!”

Yet one more test his confidencee must try,
For on a bridge above a river high,
The travelers met that day an aged man
Bent with the burden of life's full span;
On him the stranger dealt a sudden blow
That hurled him to the rushing tide below.
One feeble cry was heard above the roar,
Then only the river rolling as before.

“What means this crime? What are you?” cried the Jew,
“Your words and deeds suit not one mind but two.
I pray you tell me who and what you are
That couple crimes so black with words so fair.”

The angel—for it was an angel—smiled
And calmly answered him as to a child,
“The deeds of Heaven, too oft to human minds
When just seem unjust and when cruel, kind.
Read then the meaning of the things thou’st seen,
And learn how false have all your judgments been.
The child I slew was young and free from guile,
But Heaven foresaw a future for that child,
From which in mercy a release was given,
And it was taken young and pure to heaven.
Its mother, too, in darkness of despair.
On bended knee now seeks the way in prayer.
He whom I robbed had once a noble aim
But turned aside for gold and worldly fame;
He now awakened by this temporal loss
Has turned to find the gold that knows no dross.
This last poor pilgrim whom ye saw me slay
Was sorely tempted and was on his way
To do a deed that from the gate of heaven,
His guilty soul forever would have driven,
This was the escape kind Heaven did provide
For him who thus was too severely tried.
One deed I’ve done that you thought worthy heaven
But that class was not in mercy given,
That man to whom I gave the store of gold
For present gain his future joy had sold,
He worshiped gold, and I to him have given
What he has chosen in the place of heaven.
Learn then the lesson Heaven would have thee know,
God’s ways are best and thou art called to go
To serve him not in desert solitudes,
But in a nobler way by doing good.”
The humbled man a moment knelt in prayer,
And when he rose the angel was not there.
Then thoughtfully he sought his home again
To learn his duty to his fellow-men,
Convinced that what he could not understand
Was wrought by Heaven and not by demons’ hands.

PRACTICAL SCIENTIFIC TRAIN- ING IN COLLEGE.

By F. F. P., '77.

THE inference is common that a person favored with a college education will make choice of a vocation from the professions of divinity, law, or physic. The student, however, not infrequently finds himself in receipt of his bachelor degree, with no settled purpose as to what shall be his life-work; and statistics show that a large per cent. of graduates, whether their choice has been made prior or subsequent to their leave of classic halls, have not adopted the regular professions. From statistics at hand, through the kindness of the secretary of Harvard University, it is noted that, of 1,226 students graduated from that institution between the years 1867 and 1877, thirty-six per cent. chose law, ten per cent. medicine, nine per cent. teaching, five per cent. theology, the balance of forty per cent. choosing scientific, business, and other pursuits. The number of institutions might be multiplied, to show ratios in substantiation of this point. The student notes that the professions are crowded, finds himself unannointed for the high calling of God, doubts if in law the "plenty of room above" is accessible to him, has no taste for medicine, and sees in a literary career success to be dim for distance. Commercial pursuits may not fully meet the adaptations of his trained mind. It may not be accounted a grave mistake, if not every student shall have made choice of his life-work during his college days; but it is clearly the duty of the college to grant, to the

extent possible, the conditions under which his bent may take shape and direction. The book-worm is never at loss for mold in which to find his habitat and make his home. The student who loves nature and the study of her laws, forces, and products should be granted at least equal facilities.

From the time that Francis Bacon strode across the beaten path of ages,—and, with the strength of an intellectual Samson, lifted from their rusty hinges and bore away the ponderous gates of the Gaza of scholasticism, having set above the exposure the electric light of the new philosophy,—science has followed the departure apace. Verily, in our day it guides the plow, superintends the work-shop, and sits at the loom. It prostrates continental barriers, and robs the sea of many terrors. It heralds the joy of the sunshine, and forecasts the might of the storm. It shapes the trends of colonization, facilitating commerce and travel. It enables the ends of the earth to hold daily converse. It cleaves the darkness of midnight with a sword of dazzling light. For warning, reproof, and correction, it drops the gospel of daily events over the length and breadth of civilized communities. Well may learned young men and women take pride in following the liberal pursuits that have resulted in such achievements, in fields that ever stretch beyond the horizon of the known.

Under the light of science a new industrial world has come to view. Industries are most successfully conducted through the aggregation of capital under the guidance of technical

skill. No young man with scientific aptitude and a reasonable amount of scientific attainment need mistake his opportunity. We would not have a noble literary institution sacrifice its prestige as such by undertaking to give instruction in civil and mechanical engineering, mining, and other technical branches, with the exception of chemistry, if by such exception literary prestige should be, to any extent, involved. Chemistry, from its intimate relation to medical and sanitary science, to mining and metallurgy, agriculture, horticulture and other branches of industrial science, the number and scope of which are constantly increasing, offers to the student a field of labor at once ennobling in its requirements and bountiful in its fruits. Let there be in every institution where young people go to obtain a liberal education, not only a course in general chemistry, but also extending through two years of the entire course of study, thorough instruction in qualitative and quantitative analysis, with abundant facilities for the performance of analytical and synthetical work; and, in such work, it is not enough that the student be led over paths already trodden; he should be encouraged in the line of original investigation. In developing the useful and beautiful coal-tar products, we know of instances, particularly in Germany, of students out-doing grave professors. The zeal of the student need not abate because of his lack of experience in such investigation, nor on account of any supposed obstacle, so wonderful is the field of exploration.

The subjects of physics and natural history certainly have practical ends in view. In them thorough work should be encouraged, liberal laboratory and cabinet facilities being provided therefor.

To accommodate mature students, who desire to pursue the study of science with greater thoroughness, or in a different order, or with greater leisure for reading or laboratory work than the regular four-years' course will permit, liberty might wisely be granted them to take the studies required for their degree in any order preferred, subject to the approval of the Faculty. It is believed that such liberty would result in giving to the world many more liberally educated men, engaged in the pursuit of practical science, than there would otherwise be, and in raising the dignity of such pursuit to that of any professional vocation. Prompted by an ardent love of nature, and a generous desire to see her forces and products, made subservient to the health and happiness of the world, the student, having had such advantages, could with just pride enter the limitless field of industrial science, assured of honoring therein his *Alma Mater*, finding a constant stimulus to intellectual activity, and an unstinted compensation for his toil, not only in pecuniary measures of value, but also in richness of heart, that might find him, as it found Sir Humphrey Davy at the end of a long, useful, and honorable career, attended by no regret, save that he had not been able to accomplish more for his fellow-men.

December 24, 1886.

THE RICHEST DAY.

What did it send thee—that richest day
Of the dear old year that goes its way?

Gave it to thee such high estate
That all men honor and call thee great?

Or brought it marvelous store of gold
That a miser's dream would scarcely hold?

Or while rich fragrance and song it spent,
Was an inspiration to thee sent?

Nay, more than these did that rich day send,
In cloud and rain and a new-found friend.

GOLDSMITH'S "GOOD-NATURED MAN."

By S. H. W., '88.

THE "Good-Natured Man" is among the best comedies ever written. The finest humor runs throughout. The author, on the one hand, avoided the keen wit that never strikes without causing pain, and on the other, he never mistakes the low and vulgar for the humorous. The work was written by Goldsmith to counteract the stilted, sentimental style of drama that was fast gaining possession of the English stage, and that threatened to drive all natural characters into the background.

To a man like Goldsmith, who loved nature and naturalness, most of the plays acted upon the stage of his time must have caused keen pain. He could not endure the unreal and artificial. We hold the key to his character and works in the lines:

"To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm than all the gloss of art."

He was a true child of Nature. She is unaffected and truthful; so was he. All truthful natures are credulous.

They have no deceit in themselves, and cannot imagine it in others.

Goldsmith's credulity made him the prey of every designing person with whom he came in contact. In fact, after reading his life, we feel almost like joining in the harsh criticism so often passed upon him, "he is a fool." Yet the very qualities that make us laugh at the man cause us to love his works. In this comedy, Goldsmith was not

"The flattering painter, who made it his care
To paint folks as they ought to be, not as
they are."

And he has given us two or three pictures that we may hang in memory's gallery, and that will afford us pleasure as we recognize how true to nature they are.

As a humorous production, we think, it has few equals, and no superiors. The same pleasant humor runs throughout. Each character adds something to please or interest the reader. Jarvis, who is continually scolding his master, but who is ready to say—"I won't bear to hear any one speak ill of him but myself"—makes us smile with his quaint humor, as he informs Olivia, who is all impatience to start for Scotland, "that we who are older and know what we are about must clope methodically."

Again, he consoles himself, for having forgotten razors and shaving powder, with the thought that they are "likely to be pretty well shaved by the way." We cannot help feeling that the author had in mind the sentimental drama when he has Garnet end a letter, asking for money, with "Cupid, the little

god of love; I conclude it with Cupid; I love to see a love letter end like poetry."

Mr. Croaker is an old friend well-named. One of the numerous class that have a shop somewhere to manufacture imaginary evils. They keep a constant supply of robbers, fires, epidemics, cyclones, and earthquakes, ready for weak nerves. They seem to enjoy keeping track of all the deaths, suicides, and murders, and, should you heed them, you would think that there would soon be a dearth of undertakers. This is the class who love to tell of the "good old times," but forget to do anything to make the present times better.

Mr. Lofty may be met in every village. He is the man who knows everything that is worth knowing. He has great influence with those in authority, if you take his word for it, and always boasts of his rich relations. We cannot help despising him, and yet amid all his faults there is some good. When at last he is cornered, he does not blame others, but with admirable coolness says: "So then my confounded genius has all this time been leading me up to the garret, in order to throw me out of the window." When told that his head should be stuck in the pillory, he answers, "Ay, stick it where you will; for, by the Lord, it cuts a poor figure where it now sticks." Then follows a confession, and the manly declaration that for the future he designs to speak the truth.

Honeywood seems to us to resemble Goldsmith. His desire to please, his

fear of offending, his inability to refuse a request, were all characteristic of the poet. Kind and blundering, generous and wavering, Honeywood learns at last that he who seeks to please all usually ends by pleasing none.

A peculiar charm is given to the work by the manner in which striking truths are interwoven with the finest humor. After reading nearly all his works we conclude that none of them are equal to the "Good-Natured Man" in this respect. Like gems these truths glitter on nearly every page. We cite a few of the many examples:

"There are some faults so closely allied to excellence, that we can scarce weed out the vice without eradicating the virtue."

"The ingratitude of the world can never deprive us of the conscious happiness of having acted with humanity ourselves."

"O! Vanity! thou constant deceiver, how do all thy efforts to exalt serve but to sink us!"

"He who seeks only applause from without has all his happiness in another's keeping."

To our minds the style of Goldsmith is nearly perfect. If the object of language is to convey thought, then that style must be best where the medium is so transparent that we forget the medium in the thought it conveys. Using this as a criterion, few writers, if any, will surpass Goldsmith in style.

To read most authors is like traveling by steamboat. You watch the walking beam and ponderous engine, as they force the vessel through the waters; you notice stem and stern, cabin and state-room, and you exclaim, What a wonderful conveyance! and in your admiration of the mechanism, you forget whither you are traveling.

Reading Goldsmith is like floating

with the tide on a June day. The balmy breeze, the ripple of the waves, the hum of insects, and the song of birds,—all are conducive to your happiness, yet they are forgotten as you abandon yourself to the sheer pleasure of floating with the current. So the reader of the “Good-Natured Man” finds himself borne along, pleased, and gratified, though he can hardly tell why.

One can hardly fail of being benefited by reading this comedy. As we think of Croaker we will try to see some of the pleasant things in life, instead of brooding over evils that *may* come. Lofty teaches us that falsehood is a poor foundation, and that truth, like cork, will at length come to the surface, though it may for a time be held down. Honeywood’s example shows us “the folly of seeking to please all by fearing to offend any,” and the weakness of “approving folly lest fools should disapprove.”

COMMUNICATIONS.

A former graduate of the college has very kindly furnished for this number of the *STUDENT* a description of the Bates Alumni Dinner at Boston. On that occasion Prof. Chase, speaking of the alumni, said: “Your success is the strength of the college.” We repeat the remark for the thought it suggests. Every alumnus has the opportunity to confer great good upon his *Alma Mater*, but his influence is at a maximum only when exerted in harmony with that of his fellows. Individual strength may avail much, but far greater power lies in concerted action.

In view of this we think every effort should be made to band the Bates alumni together, and as a means to that end we wish to call special attention to this department of the *STUDENT*.

Circumstances often prevent a large attendance at college re-unions, yet circumstances need not be an excuse for drifting away from old associations. The *STUDENT* offers to each and every one a means of greeting former teachers and classmates and of gaining an introduction to new friends. Said one of the Bates graduates who is now a member of its Faculty, if the students that have gone forth from the college could see with what eagerness their old instructors and associates read the communications received from them, and how pleased they are to learn something of their surroundings, thoughts, and work, and to recall in their writings former events of college life, they would be very glad to give so much pleasure by the slight effort of writing a letter.

It is interesting to learn from Prof. Moulton “How the *STUDENT* come to be,” and something of its early struggle for existence, and we trust some thoughts of his letter may have a yet wider application than he gives to them. We would wish, not that every student might feel an individual responsibility in the welfare of the magazine, but that every graduate might consider that in the organ of the college no inconsiderable portion of the space belongs to the alumni, and is theirs to fill.

WALTHAM, MASS., Jan. 1, 1887.

To the Editors of the Student:

When one of your number invited

me, as one of the first editors, to write you something in regard to the founding of the STUDENT, I felt like congratulating you on entering upon your duties as editors of a paper well established in reputation and patronage. But it may be questioned whether after all, it is easier and more satisfying to accept and improve what is good than to establish the good. However this may be, there were many perplexities and difficulties in establishing the BATES STUDENT. F. B. Stanford was unquestionably the prime mover in the undertaking. He enthusiastically and persistently urged upon the class the importance of a college paper. H. W. Chandler, the best politician of the class, was influential in bringing into working harmony those whom Stanford had interested and those who cared little or nothing for the enterprise. Professor Stanton was our *Alumnus Pater*, whose fostering spirit lent sympathy and encouragement to all.

The name of the magazine was considerably debated. But we were relieved from embarrassment on this question, for Professor Stanton very naturally assumed a grand-parental interest in the new-born child. We all considered him as a sort of god-father to the undertaking, and looked to him for a name, which he cheerfully gave, with a little pride we thought, in the first literary offspring of the college.

Many were the discussions which we had in regard to the size and form of the proposed magazine. It was difficult to decide how much and what kind of matter the STUDENT should contain; whom to depend upon for essays, sto-

ries, poems, etc., and above all how to meet the expenses, for there were not half as many alumni then as now, and the few who advertised in its columns, did so rather with the hope of encouraging us than with the expectation of helping their own interests.

Finding that we should not be able to pay the expenses of the magazine with its receipts, a course of literary entertainments was arranged. But the loss on this adventure was about double our original debt. Then in desperation, we decided to run another risk, and hired John B. Gough to lecture. Fortunately we realized enough from this lecture to pay the original debt of the STUDENT and the loss on the course of entertainments. With a good list of subscribers and a large number of advertisements secured, the business managers now must be subject to much less anxiety than the manager of the STUDENT for the first year.

But the most important and difficult problem of college journalism was then, as it is now, to devise the proper method of obtaining contributions. The college paper should not only be the exponent of college life and college news, but it should afford the opportunity for all students who are ambitious to excel in writing, to see themselves in print. All such students who really have an aptitude for writing, should contribute to the literary department of the college paper. From the beginning it has been difficult to make any students, except the editors themselves, feel any responsibility for the literary value of the STUDENT. This is to be regretted, and yet it is natural, and in

some degree unavoidable. Every one instinctively shrinks from putting himself forward in any enterprise over which special individuals have been appointed. If the editors of a college paper had no other duties, or if, like editors in after life, they made the editorship a business matter for money and profit, their entire responsibility for the magazine would be proper and just. But this, in the very nature of the case, cannot be. The paper belongs to the class rather than to the editors. So all the individuals of a class should feel a personal obligation as well as a privilege to contribute toward the literary support of their paper. If, however, the editors can not make other members of their class realize their privilege, they must do much of the literary work themselves, then congratulate themselves on the value of their own experience, and enjoy the confidence in themselves which the work inspires. I remember one of the professors saying to us that we never ought, through modesty, to shrink from accepting any position in society or business to which our fellows might elect us. To you, then, who as editors have been called to an honorable position in literary work by your classmates, I would say congratulate yourselves, and confidently perform the duties assigned. And to any students who are asked by their editors to contribute to the columns of the *STUDENT*, I would say, gladly accept the opportunity of doing that which affords the best means for your own improvement, and perhaps advancement. Men generally hold about the same position in

society which they held among their mates in college. The sluggard or the cheat as a student never becomes a man of learning. He who rather smoke the pipe of comfort than prepare an article for his college paper, will never be a literary man. The studious, the brave, the confident, the manly, make men of power, influence, and moral worth. Men may develop vastly in power, but little in quality.

F. P. MOULTON.

BATES ALUMNI DINNER IN BOSTON.

To the Editors of the Student:

The Bates Alumni, of Boston and vicinity, held their third annual dinner at Young's, Wednesday evening, December 29th. We give the names of those present: '67, Given and Heath; '68, Chase, Emery, and Wendell; '69, Bolster; '71, Ham; '72, Baldwin, Bickford, Hunt, and Nason; '73, Harris, Hutchinson, and G. E. Smith; '74, Frost and F. P. Moulton; '75, Evans and Palmer; '76, E. C. Adams; '77, Burr and Phillips; '78, Hutchins; '80, Hayes and Hoyt; '81, W. B. Perkins, W. T. Perkins, and Sanborn; '82, Blanchard and Lowell; '83, Waters; '85, Morrill, with Mr. W. E. Pulsifer, a former student at Bates. The whole number was thirty-two.

The business meeting was held at 4.30 p.m., and resulted in the election of the following officers: President, Rev. F. W. Baldwin of Chelsea; Vice-President, Rev. F. L. Hayes of Boston; Secretary and Treasurer, Geo. E. Smith, Esq., of Boston. After a half-hour spent in hand-shaking and social chat, the company proceeded to the commodious room where the

dinner was to be served, President Baldwin leading the way. After Rev. W. H. Bolster had said grace, a leisurely hour and a half was devoted to the excellent dinner, conversation, meanwhile, growing animated, and occasionally giving place to merry peals of laughter, as some college joke or mirth-provoking experience was recalled.

It had been decided at the business meeting that the exercises should be, so far as possible, spontaneous and informal, and President Baldwin, whose election was wholly a surprise to him, entered with zest on the performance of his duties, his remarks, as he called out, without warning, the several speakers, being wonderfully felicitous and well-timed. Chase, of '68, spoke for the college. He assured those present of the deep interest of the college teachers in every alumnus, and of the satisfaction felt and expressed by the Faculty in the good record made by the Bates graduates. He reported the number of undergraduates larger than ever before, and said their character, scholarship, and loyalty to the college were a constant inspiration to their instructors. "You," he said, "have shown what the Bates men can do, and your success is the strength of the college." Given, of '67, entertained the company with pleasing reminiscences of the beginnings of college life at Bates. He closed by quoting a joke that is worth repeating. "And why do they call it Bates College?" said Mike to Pat, as they were busy one day on the then uninviting college campus. "Razon enough," replied

Pat, "it is because it *bates* all the colleges."

Emery, of '67, the retiring president, expressed his obligations to Bates for its religious influences. He entered college with atheistic tendencies, he left it a new man. He found in the institution the noblest men he had ever met—men as loyal to their faith as Arthur Stanley at Rugby, and Christian without being sectarian. Bickford, of '72, gave an eloquent address interspersed with fun. He divided the Bates alumni into grandfathers, fathers, and infants, and said each division was represented at the dinner. Hayes, of '80, electrified the company by his impromptu scanning of the *Iliad*, in response to a summons from the President, who had been his instructor in the Nichols Latin School. Blanchard, of '82, gave citations from his editorial experience and observation, to show the value of college papers in preparing men for journalism. Six former editors of the *Bates Student* were, he said, now occupying important positions as journalists. "The majority of the men employed on the great dailies are college graduates."

Palmer, of '75, was charmingly facetious and most tender in his expressions of regard for his college, its teachers, and graduates. Harris, '72, Smith, '73, and Frost, '74, were the other speakers, the last-named recalling a bit of personal experience in the recitation room, which set the company in a roar of laughter.

All of the speeches were full of kind feeling for the college, and of satisfaction over its cheering prospects.

On motion of Secretary Smith, it was unanimously voted to invite Prof. J. Y. Stanton, the professor longest in the service of the college, to be present at the next annual dinner, and to assure him that he should not be called on for a speech. Messrs. Blanchard and W. B. Perkins brought back some enjoyable phases of college life by their spirited singing.

Nason, of '72, closed the exercises of the evening by reading the following beautiful poem, written expressly for the occasion :

"Deep in the silence where th' Acadian hives
Of late with hum of bees disturbed the air,
The wild thyme droops, its honeyed sweets
are vain,
The gods have spoken, what can mortals dare ?

Upon the hills the white flocks idly lie,
The oaten pipes have ceased, the shepherd's lay
No more delights the nymphs. What means
their fear ?

Why sadly grieves the world ? What "dins
the day" ?

Hera in wrath has banned the careless tongue
Whose idle chatter once her fancy guiled,
While Oreads sported on the fragrant leas
In wanton mirth and song, and great Zeus
smiled.

The stricken nymph has vanished, fast and far
She flees, unseen she calls, she has no choice:
O wrath divine! was there no other way
Than this, to live the echo of a voice ?

O fatal day! and must she ever dwell
Aloof from all her life has held most dear ?
Love's clinging arms of strength for aye re-
sign,

His swift, sweet kisses, tender words of cheer ?

In grace and beauty nevermore to tread
The mazy dance upon the verdant hills ?
Bend low sweet flowers, sing gently warbling
birds,

And murmur softly, softly mountain rills.

Great Pan goes singing 'mid the trees,
Dusk shadows fall athwart the way,

The night draws on; the god has roamed
The glens and hills for many a day.

While Echo answers to his call,
Still sings responsive to his song;
Yet ne'er were sun-lit paths so drear,
Nor summer days so sad and long.

"Where art thou, love ?" the great god cries;
The woods are mute, the air is still;
"Love, love," comes back the answering call,
From every verdure-crested hill.

"O mock not me;" the god entreats,
Who thinks her hid among the trees.
"Not me, not me;" O wildering voice !
He still pursues, and still she flees.

And did she love the god, the mocking nymph
Who seemed to jeer his hopes ? What need
to say ?

The search was old : 'tis new, and still goes on
In this our land, in this our later day.

Still roam the restless seekers up and down
The weary world, like Pan of old; they long
For fleeting lures; they hear the mocking call,
When hearts are young, and youthful hearts
are strong.

Still as of yore the baffling flight goes on,
Till feet grow weary, fainting hearts grow old,
And sparkling eyes grow dim and lusterless,
And locks are white that once were ruddy
gold.

The long days die into the darksome nights,
The long nights stretch away to fleeting years,
Till time is o'er, and passion-weary souls
Have little guerdon won save prayers and
tears.

God's pity for them and his tender love
Who rashly seek a goal they worthy deem,
To sacrifice their manhood's power and worth,
Lured to their ruin by a fleeting dream.

And grant the fragments of those shattered
lives
Beneath his moulding, recreative touch
May yield some beauty still; for goals are fair
To those who love, who suffer overmuch.

A sprouting oak placed in too slender vase
May mark its upward growth by broken
shards,

Which might have held a rose or lily bloom;
Such frail securities are beauty's guards.

God's love and joy for those to whom is given
After the doubt, the eagerness of quest,
After the weary ways, the toil, the strife,
The welcome recompense of home and rest.

And over all the heaven of his peace,
The wafted fragrance of celestial palms,
Balm for hurt souls, completes life for aye
Undaunted, free, amid the heavenly calms.

Yes, rest is sweet when toil and strife are o'er,
And sweet the calm that follows after storm.
Great Pan is dead. 'Tis we who madly seek
A fleeing spirit void of mortal form.

The company broke up at about ten o'clock, but quite a number lingered for an hour or more to renew the past, and compare post-graduate experiences. The exclamation on every lip was, "The best yet!" It is needless to say that the graduates of a typical *Maine* college know how to be merry, even in Boston, without conforming to some customs all too common in our Modern Athens. The gathering was thoroughly representative, being made up as follows: Ministers, 6; lawyers, 5; doctors, 2; editors and journalists, 3; astronomers, 1; business men, 5; and teachers, 10. Bates' undergraduates would be inspired by seeing such earnest, intellectual, clean-looking, and successful men as this reunion brought together.

AGRICOLA.

LOCALS.

"Are we all here?" a lady asked

In a party of a score,

"Is now our number made complete,
Or must we wait for more?"

"Oh, we're all here," said Senior B.,
Who smiling lingered nigh,

"We need not wait for any more,
We're all here, you and I."

How's your cold?

How did you like Barrett?

Look out for St. Valentine!

Did you go to the Carnival?

Pay your subscription early.

Are we going to have any public lectures this term?

Glad to see that "Dame" STUDENT is able to be out again.

The new "quill drivers" begin operation with this number.

One of the eds. says that the duties of the STUDENT are onerous if not *honorous*.

Wanted: The housekeepers of the Professors to have dinner precisely at twelve o'clock.

The Junior girls believe in class distinction; they all have "appeared out" in white hoods.

Prof.—"Has Mr. P. got here yet? If he has it is certainly time to begin the recitation."

One of the Seniors spent part of his vacation in Boston, where he saw things *mirabile dictu*.

During the vacation a few of the tuneful Seniors have been making the air,—well we don't know what.

The ladies have begun to hold tennis meetings. Perhaps they are arranging for a tournament on the crust.

Pedagogues of the rural districts are advised to keep the edge of their scholars' intellects keen by frequent honing.

It is related that one of the Professors has been taking exercise during

the vacation in one of the logging camps.

"Halloo! when did you get back? Had a good time?" have been familiar sounds on the campus for the past week.

"A very excellent series of entertainments," is the testimony of all in regard to the Lewiston Y. M. C. A. course.

Prof. (in Chaucer)—"Mr. T., you may paraphrase that passage." Mr. T.—"Er—er—do you mean divide it into feet?"

According to the report of one of our winter teachers a new industry has been added to Maine's category, that of *quarreling*.

Raise your hat twice when you meet the lady editors; once because they are ladies, and once because they are literary characters.

A very pleasant evening was spent by several of the students at Miss Litchfield's on New-Year's night. It was a New-Year's surprise.

Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston, is to deliver the annual sermon before the college, on the day of prayer, Feb. 24.

Many of the Sophomores in the different colleges are taking a somewhat extended vacation; but those at Bates concluded that six weeks were enough for them.

One of the new comers was walking down Main Street, one day last fall, just as a horse-car was coming up. Turning to his companion, he said: "How in the world do they turn those

things round? I should think it would be pretty hard lifting 'em."

Not a Senior or Junior was present at prayers the first morning. That needs an explanation. The prayers were an hour early and it is assumed that they were not used to rising so early.

Nearly all the boys that were in town attended the Merry Christmas tree at Main Street, and *all* were remembered. One says that a *new* broom would have swept cleaner.

It is reported that the Sophs. and a few invited Seniors have been trying to imitate the ancient feasts of Sardanapulus and Heliogabalus. It is against the rules to have class suppers.

As our scribe was passing down Wood Street recently, he glanced up at a window, and there beheld one of the college girls rolling out bread, and softly singing, "I need thee every hour."

Those studying German this term are trying to learn to use the German script. In many cases, one might easily mistake the characters made for the Egyptian hieroglyphics on the cuneiform letters of the Assyrian.

Soliloquy of Junior H., while walking down College Street after one of the recent examinations: "They told me that Prof. — was near-sighted and couldn't see across the room, but I've found out he can."

Nothing is more striking than contrast! For example: the contrast in the sound of French chimes of Jan., 1886, and Jan., 1887; the contrast in

the tones of the STUDENT of Feb. and Nov., 1886, in regard to the *new law*.

The following, from the pen of a poetic young miss, is a bit of poetry appended to the close of a dissertation upon herring fishing :

"Herring are fish with a scaly back,
But catching of them we very much lack."

A certain pedagogue was asked for help in an example in partial payments. He inquired of the scholar, "Which rule are you working it by, United States or Mercantile Rule?" "Chicago," came the prompt reply.

The following is supposed to have been raked out of the Teufelsdröchisch bags of "Ching a Ling" :

"The Local Ed. is now at large
Beware of what you do;
You'll surely be in print next month
In everybody's view."

It was somewhat amusing, one afternoon at the beginning of the term, to see a Prof. crossing the campus, preceded by the ladies of the Freshman class, who were breaking the crust for him. Boys, a practical illustration of the inestimable advantages of co-education.

Classes for Bible study have been recently started at Bates. That they were much needed is shown by some of the answers given, of which the following is a sample : Teacher—"Who was born at Ur of the Chaldees?" Student (after careful reflection) — "Adam."

At a recent social gathering, they played a game with a book—our informant didn't remember the name—but he said that a certain Senior received it as being the most knowing

man ; a certain Junior, as having the most prolific moustache, and a certain Freshman as the most bashful man.

Æsthetic Soph. (promenading with chum at the late G. A. R. Fair)— "Oh! Chum, see those beautiful daisies," pointing to a hand-painted tidy." Chum (who is not so æsthetic, but who has been brought up in the country and knows a flower or two)— "Go long! that's nothing but white-weed. We have slathers of it down home."

Nichols Latin School has acquired, in the town of York, a unique, but none the less honorable reputation. A little girl in one of the schools of that town was asked why her brother did not stay in the Latin School, when he went there last winter. She replied : "Because they don't do anything only make ministers down there, and pa said 'Cal. shouldn't be one.'"

During a recent visit at his home one of the Juniors was taken down a little. In reading his mother came to the word *nomadic*. A little discussion arose as to its derivation, whereupon the Junior, anxious to air his knowledge, said : "Oh, that, you know, comes from a Latin word *nomen*, meaning name." He was a little surprised when his mother, who was something of a linguist, told him that the word meant wandering, and came from the Greek word, *nomos*, pasture. The moral is obvious.

One morning at the beginning of the term, the Freshman class were startled by the exclamation of the Professor : "We'er all a fire! We're all a fire!" Observing the smoke arising from

around the stove, they really thought they were, and one of the boys rushed out after a pail of water. Subduing the smoke, they ascertained the cause of the trouble. The Saturday before the Janitor had blacked the stove very nicely, but he had taken *all* the ashes out. Shortly after, he was seen making the tour of the rooms with a pail of ashes and shovel, thinking doubtless, as the ancient Hindoo, that "existence in this world is a time of trouble and tribulation, to be abridged by penance."

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'70.—D. W. C. Durgin is principal of the high school at Ashland, N. H.

'71.—J. N. Ham is principal of the high school at Lexington, Mass.

'72.—G. E. Gay, principal of the Malden High School, has a Sunday School class numbering one hundred and fifty members.

'72.—Rev. F. W. Baldwin, pastor of the First Congregational Church, Chelsea, Mass., is giving a series of Sunday evening lectures, without notes, that are attracting considerable attention.

'72.—Rev. F. H. Peckham, recently of Great Falls, N. H., has accepted a call to the Free-will Baptist Church in Boothbay.

'74.—Rev. J. H. Hoffman of Shelbourne Falls, Mass., read a paper before a Congregational association of ministers, which has been published in full.

'74.—Rev. Thomas Spooner, of Farmington, N. H., preached in the

Main Street Free Baptist Church in this city, Dec. 26th.

'75.—Prof. J. R. Brackett of Colby University has recently given a lecture upon the *Lusiad*, the national epic of Portugal, which is said to be of great interest.

'75.—L. M. Palmer, M.D., has recently built a fine house, and is reported to be the leading physician in South Framingham, Mass.

'75.—G. W. Wood spent the holidays in Lewiston.

'76.—W. H. Adams, M.D., is at Litchfield, Maine, attending to his father's practice, while the latter is absent at the Legislature.

'77.—Miss J. R. North, of the Rockland High School, spent her vacation in Lewiston.

'78.—J. W. Hutchins has been elected principal of the high school in Middleborough, Mass.

'79.—L. M. Perkins was married last Thanksgiving.

'80.—Mrs. Laura Harris Robinson is traveling with her husband in Europe.

'82.—L. M. Tarr has been recently married to Miss Mary Davis, of Auburn. Mr. Tarr occupies an honorable position in the United States Signal Service, and is now stationed in Atlantic City, N. J.

'83.—J. L. Reade is Washington correspondent for several metropolitan newspapers.

'85.—A. B. Morrell is principal of the high school at Lancaster, Mass.

'86.—J. W. Flanders has been compelled to resign his position in New London Academy, N. H., on account of ill health.

'86.—C. E. Stevens has been elected sub-master in the Lewiston High School.

'86.—F. W. Sanford has been preaching with great success in Topsham.

STUDENTS.

'89.—Miss I. M. Wood is teaching at Lisbon Falls.

'90.—H. B. Davis is teaching at York.

'90.—G. H. Hamlen is teaching in Greene.

'90.—L. H. Dorr is teaching at Pitts-
ton.

'90.—A. F. Gilmore is teaching at
Turner.

EXCHANGES.

We have awaited the arrival of our exchanges with feelings of hope and curiosity. Hope that we might be on friendly terms with them all; curiosity to see what kind of publications came from the different colleges. Our curiosity has been in a measure gratified. It remains to be seen whether our hope will be realized. In taking charge of this department we realize, to some degree at least, the difficulty of the task before us. To appreciate merit and kindly criticise faults is no easy matter. We shall endeavor however by a judicious use of praise, where praise is due, and of kindly criticism, where we think it will be beneficial, to merit the good will of all the exchanges that visit our sanctum.

First on our list we welcome our neighbors from Brunswick and Waterville. The *Orient* always contains something good in the line of original poems.

The *Echo* has much interesting matter. The editorials are for the most part short and to the point.

The *Cadet* has not yet put in an appearance.

The *Signal*, from the New Jersey State Schools is before us. The "Chit-Chat" column is especially noticeable, containing many good things in prose and rhyme.

The *Brunonian* is a typical college paper. It contains many things of interest to students. The editorials, to which it gives considerable space, are characterized by their strong common sense.

The *Tuftsian* comes to us in a beautiful Christmas dress. Stories seem to be its specialty, and considerable talent is displayed in that direction. Evidently the author of "I Will Repay," has been courting the tragic Muse or sensational novel; else how could he manage to crowd a murder, a betrayal and desertion, an attempted suicide, where the rescuer has to "battle bravely with the hungry waves," and a sudden death in the "crowded court-room," into a six-page story? It is too much for our weak nerves.

The *University Herald*, in an editorial upon "College Government," says: "The average student likes the idea of representation, and he will willingly place himself under restraint, and yield obedience to those whom he selects to govern him, when the same restraint from another source would cause open rebellion. It is true, too, that a student placed in a position of trust, will perform the duties of that office with strict fidelity. Now we would not have

a senate govern absolutely, but only in part. Let it be advisory in its character. For instance, let the Faculty give careful consideration to its requests, and grant it minor duties; let it be to the students a sort of balance-wheel, checking more than governing. In this way many a prank that would cause much annoyance would be 'nipped in the bud.' We feel like adding: "Them 'ere is my sentiments tew."

BOOK REVIEWS.

[*THE SHADOW OF JOHN WALLACE. A Novel*, by L. Clarkson, author of "Indian Summer," etc. White, Stokes & Allen, New York. Cloth, \$1.00. Paper, 50 cts.]

The story owes its interest, in a great degree, to the mystery that surrounds the life of John Wallace. He, a man of wealth, education, and refinement, suddenly appears in the prosy little village of West-Hampton. Here he lives, a solitary man, for thirty years, and dies without disclosing any of his previous history. Who is he? What has he been? and, Why live thus? are questions the reader is anxious to hear answered. It is well worth reading.

[*THE BAD HABITS OF GOOD SOCIETY. By George A. Baker, Jr.* White, Stokes & Allen, New York. Small 16mo., bevelled boards, gilt top, \$1.00.]

Under such headings as "Rusticating," "Late Hours," "Champagne Corks," "Hot House Children," "Artificial Orange Blossoms," "Latch Keys," etc., the author holds up to ridicule the habits of fashionable New York. It is a protest against sham and hypocrisy. Amusing, interesting, and instructive.

[*A MISSION FLOWER. A Novel*, by George H. Picard. White, Stokes & Allen, New

York. Most attractively bound in cloth, \$1.00. Paper, 50 cts.]

A thoroughly interesting story. Unlike many works of fiction, it requires no effort for the reader to become interested. The first sentence arouses your interest, and, without any of those tedious digressions so common to many writers, you are borne along to the end. A story both picturesque and dramatic.

[*THE FLOWER SONG SERIES. By Susie Barstow Skelding.* White, Stokes & Allen, New York.]

We have seen No. VI., "Pansies and Orchids," of the above series and it is certainly worthy of praise. It consists of colored plates of pansies, snowdrops, heather, and wild roses; orchids; nasturtiums, and geraniums; with poems by prominent writers, including one by T. B. Aldrich, and one by H. H., in fac-simile. Cover in gold and crimson bronzes, blended; with design of butterflies, morning glories, and daisies. Something unique in the line of gift-books. Sent by mail on receipt of price, \$1.50.

COLLEGE WORLD.

UNION:

Union has an "Arbitration Committee."

YALE:

L. K. Hull, '83, for several years captain of the Yale foot-ball team and crew, has just been elected Mayor of Mandau, Dakota, the roughest frontier town in the Territory.

WELLESLEY:

Wellesley turned away 150 applicants to the Freshman class.

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BROWN :

Brown University has received a bequest of \$20,000 to build an astronomical observatory, and \$50,000 for general purposes.

WILLIAMS :

The *Williams Fortnight* encourages a dramatic club.

ILLINOIS STATE COLLEGE :

The Juniors of Illinois State College have decided to wear silver "plush plug hats" as their class hats.

AMHERST :

The tuition at Amherst has been raised from \$100 to \$110 per annum, to go into effect at the beginning of the next college year.

AMONG THE POETS.

IN THE FOREST.

Alone in the sombre forest
Where the shadows come and go,
And the moan of autumn breezes
Is sounding sad and low,
We catch, as by inspiration,
The spirit that hovers o'er
The sylvan depths of woodland,
The mountain and the moor.

Alone in the sombre forest,
We sit in a shady nook,
On a softly cushioned moss-bed
By the side of a babbling brook,
And watching the lights and shadows
Where the mighty pine trees nod,
We hear in the voice of Nature
The voice of Nature's God.

—Bowdoin Orient.

TO BESSIE.

Ah, fairest Bessie, lady mine,
About whose forehead ringlets twine,
As round the column doth the vine,
With nature's grace!
I would that I had words to tell
The more than magic of the spell



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Which for my soul doth ever dwell
In thy sweet face.

When in a picture gallery
The beauties of all time I see,
As if the earth were held in fee
To grace the hall;
E'en then, my dear, I must confess
That to my mind my own fair Bess
Doth in transcendent loveliness
Surpass them all.

And when upon a summer night,
In ecstasy of pure delight,
I hear the village choir unite
In song divine,
I think how holier than this,
And multiplied would be my bliss,
If thou wouldst tell me with a kiss,
"Forever thine." —*Ex.*

CLIPPINGS.

Where there's a will there's generally
a way—to contest it.—*Ex.*

If marriage is a lottery, love-letters
ought not to be allowed in the mails.
—*Ex.*

What's the difference between a
mouse and a girl? One harms the
cheese, and the other charms the he's.
—*Hanover Monthly.*

How does the little downy Fresh
Improve each shining hour?
He plugs his dry old Lexicon
With gloomy visage sour.

Meantime the more experienced Soph
Employs his cards and pipe,
He learns his Greek from Harper's text,
His intellect is ripe.

—*Cynic.*

A contradiction of terms: Gasses
obey Boyle's law when farthest removed
from the Boyling point.

—*Haverfordian.*

From a Senorial physiology we quote :

"Who can despise
The pleading eyes,
With lashes long and glossy?
Yet, man beware!
And have a care,
For just such eyes are 'bossy.'"

—*Signal.*

Literary Man (laughing)—"Yes, I
took to literature naturally. I was
vaccinated from a quill, you know."
Friend (grimly)—"Ha! the world
would have been the gainer if you had
been vaccinated from a pick or shovel."

—*Ex.*



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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismissal will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

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This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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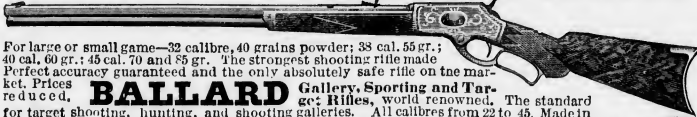
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 11:10 A. M., for Portland and Boston.
 2:53 P. M., for Winthrop, Waterville, Skowhegan, Farmington, Bangor, Ellsworth, Aroostook Co. and St. John.
 4:20 P. M., for Portland and Boston, arriving in Boston 9:30 P. M.
 11:05 P. M., (Mixed,) for Waterville, Skowhegan and St. John.

Passenger Trains Leave Lewiston Lower Station.

- 6:45 A. M., for Brunswick, Bath, Rockland, Augusta, Bangor, Portland and Boston.
 8:15 A. M., (Mixed,) for Farmington.
 10:30 A. M., for Bath, Augusta, Portland and Boston.
 12:50 P. M., Freight for Brunswick, connecting with passenger trains for Augusta, Bath, Rockland, Bangor, Ellsworth and Bar Harbor.
 3:05 P. M., for Farmington.
 5:30 P. M., for Brunswick, Bath, Augusta, and Waterville, and for Rockland. (Saturdays only).
 11:30 P. M., (every night,) for Brunswick, Bangor, Bar Harbor, Aroostook Co., St. John and Boston, and for Bath Saturday night only. Does not run beyond Bangor, Sundays.

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 8:20 A. M., Freight for Waterville and Farmington.
 11:14 A. M., for Portland and Boston.
 2:43 P. M., for Winthrop, Waterville, Skowhegan, Farmington and Bangor.
 4:23 P. M., for Portland and Boston.
 10:45 P. M., (Mixed,) for Waterville, Skowhegan and Bangor.

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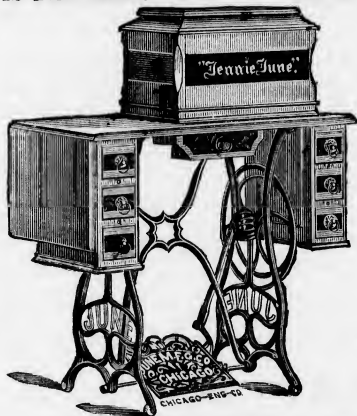
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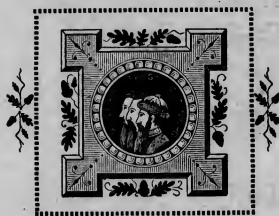
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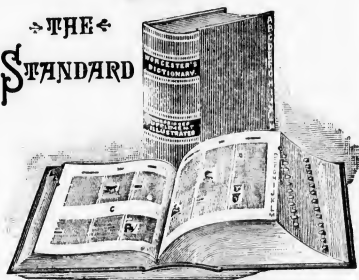
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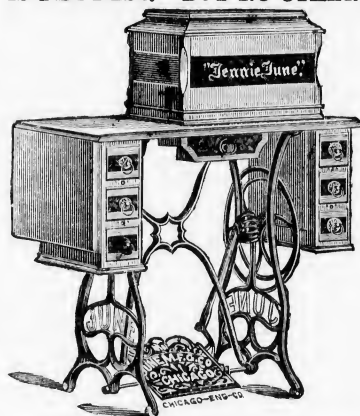
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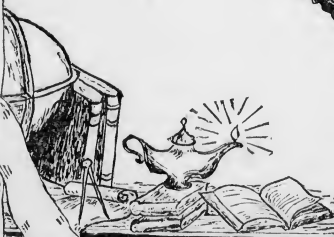
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THE BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XV.

FEBRUARY, 1887.

No. 2.

Bates Student.

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

CLASS OF '88, BATES COLLEGE,

LEWISTON, MAINE.

EDITORIAL BOARD.

S. H. WOODROW, C. C. SMITH,
M. GRACE PINKHAM, W. F. TIBBETTS,
A. C. TOWNSEND, NELLIE B. JORDAN.

CHAS. W. CUTTS, F. W. OAKES.

Business Managers.

TERMS.—\$1.00 per year in advance; single copies 10 cents.

Any subscriber not receiving the STUDENT regularly will please notify the Business Manager.

Contributions and correspondence are respectfully solicited. Any information regarding the Alumni will be gladly received.

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would result not only in improved physical health, but in increased ability to do good mental work. An American association of collegiate alumnae urges upon students to remember "that the best intellectual results cannot be obtained without perfect physical health, and that a failure to obtain sufficient sleep, food, and exercise should be lamented equally as a failure in recitation."

"DON'T waste your time," is the advice given to almost every one. The need of such counsel is attested by the strange perversity that people evince to its adoption. Now students are not an exceptional class in this respect. The principal way by which many of them squander their time is, paradoxical as it may seem, in reading. Under the plea of weariness they spend their leisure in perusing the short articles in our weekly periodicals. These are of no value whatever from a literary point of view, and thus do not tend to develop that fine, critical taste which is the *desideratum maximum* of every true student. Not that we object to the reading of the newspapers—although less time might wisely be given to them,—but we do think that too many valuable hours are wasted in reading that which is below us. One has a few unoccupied moments in which he thinks he can become interested only in some light matter. Suppose he devotes half an hour per day to the class of reading indicated, at the end of the year he will have wasted one hundred and eighty-two hours, or nearly eight days. In this time he

could have read, intelligently and carefully, several standard works, such as Smith's History of Greece, Leighton's History of Rome, and Green's History of England, thus laying the basis of a historical education, or a part of the Essays of Macaulay, Carlyle, Lamb, and Emerson, which are a liberal education in themselves. With these names before us, we can but solemnly resolve to read nothing below us.

BELOW we print in full the offer of prizes by the American Protective Tariff League to Seniors in our American colleges. We hope that some of our men will compete. It is worth striving for, first and least on account of the remuneration; secondly, for the honor it would bring to the successful competitor; thirdly and especially, for the honor it would bring to the college.

The American Protective Tariff League offers to the students of Senior classes of all American colleges a series of prizes for approved essays on "The advantages of a Protective Tariff to the Labor and Industries of the United States." Each essay not to exceed 10,000 words, and to be sent to the office of the League, No. 23 West Twenty-third Street, New York City, on or before May 1, 1887, with the name and address of the writer, and of the college to which he belongs, in a separate sealed envelope (not to be opened until the successful essays have been determined), the envelope to be marked by a word or symbol corresponding with the signature to the essay. Awards will be made June 15, 1887. Prizes: For the best essay—Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars. For the second best—One Hundred Dollars. For the third best—Fifty Dollars. And for other essays deemed especially meritorious silver medals will be awarded, with honorable mention of the names of the writers in a public notice of the awards.

The American Protective Tariff League reserves the right to publish at its own cost any of the essays for which prizes are awarded,

and will include the essay receiving the first prize among the annual publications of the League.

The following gentlemen have consented to act as judges: Ex-Governor Henry M. Hoyt, Pennsylvania; Hon. George H. Ely, Ohio; Prof. Van Buren Denslow, New York; Robert P. Porter, District of Columbia; A. M. Garland, Illinois.

(Signed) EDWARD H. AMMIDOWN,
THOMAS H. DUDLEY,
ROBERT P. PORTER,
Committee.

NOTHING can remain useful for any length of time without being revised and improved. We think this might be justly applied to our gymnasium. The need of a well-furnished and pleasant gymnasium has often been urged. Nearly every member of the college understands this need, but nothing is done to remedy the evil, because it is not the duty of any special ones. "What is every one's business is no one's business.

No doubt when the gymnasium was built it was furnished as well as the college could afford, but by use and abuse it has become so at present that it does not meet the requirements of the students. There are but few, if any, who take that regular exercise which is necessary to intellectual as well as physical health. In the condition which our gymnasium is at present, exercise is a burden and not a pleasure. The stove that was put in last year is a step in the right direction, but it will take more than this to do justice to the college and to the students. The gymnasium should be furnished with improved apparatus and each student should understand its use. A trainer could be hired for a month out of each

year to explain this and to direct the exercise of the students. Each class could choose a captain, who should be thoroughly instructed while the trainer was here so he could take charge of the class drills during the remainder of the year; then let each class choose a portion of perhaps two days out of each week, and all be required to attend to the gymnasium work as faithfully as to the other work of the college.

This could all be accomplished by a little energetic effort on the part of those whose object is the welfare of the students, and by a small amount of money judiciously expended. The necessary outlay of labor and capital would be more than compensated by the better health of the students, both after they have left the college and while here.

We hope this evil of the college will receive the attention of the Faculty, so that in the future we shall not be ashamed to have members of other colleges see our gymnasium.

IN the last *STUDENT* appeared an editorial on the lack of time for reading in college, which probably represented the sentiments of a majority of the students. But believing that the *STUDENT* should fully represent the whole college, we take the liberty to voice what, doubtlessly, is the sentiments of the minority on this subject. After a student has prepared his lessons, written his essays, or debate, given some time and thought to society work, and sent off that plump letter every week, he finds the ten-hour law inapplicable to his case. He needs a fifteen-hour

one. But is not that what he is here for? It is scarcely necessary for one to undergo the expense of a college course in order to obtain access to good books and magazines. He could stay at home and provide himself with these just as well, thus saving the expense of a large part of his college course. For example, all will agree that Macaulay's *History of England* is an excellent work for a young man to read, but most students will admit that their time in college can be more profitably employed in disciplinary studies than in reading these five volumes. Perhaps many feel that they are slighting the daily papers. But it may be true that there is scarcely anything a student can better afford to slight. How much of what the papers contain is real information? Often a Washington correspondent will occupy a column and a half describing the peculiarities of senators, airing stale bits of news about the President and wife, etc., while the doings of Congress will be reported in a two-inch space. Besides, if a young man at college keeps his ears open he will be pretty sure to hear of all the current happenings. And by making this one of the sources of learning the daily news, he will acquire the habit of alertness and quick perception, which is one of the important elements of success in life. In regard to time for reading upon essay subjects, we believe that the lack of it is generally a blessing, because most essays should be entirely original. Hence, if a student finds that he has accumulated neither enough ideas to furnish material for an essay, nor a

habit of thinking sufficient to select the right ideas, and to add new ones to his stock, as the case demands, he may justly fear that he has missed his calling. But little time for reading not only necessitates the reading of the very best, but also it begets a refined taste for books. More inspiration can be drawn from one good book eagerly read, than a month of voluminous but listless reading could give. In short, a trained mind and not a loaded mind, a love for books rather than an unbounded knowledge of them, is the true aim of a college course.

A KNOWLEDGE of the rocks and sand bars is quite as necessary for the successful management of a boat as skill in using the oars. So thinks an English journalist who has recently conceived the idea of giving to the world the cause of the greatest number of failures in life. To secure the requisite data, he has mailed to thousands of unfortunates, circulars which read as follows:

"To what causes do you attribute your failure in life? I—of—profession—attribute my failure in life to the following causes: 1, drink; 2, gambling; 3, dishonesty; 4, unfortunate acquaintances; 5, marriage; 6, single life; 7, disinclination to work; 8, lending or borrowing (say which); 9, unpopular views (political); unpopular views (religious); 10, tobacco (in what form); 11, general incapacity; 12, other causes. General remarks."

If properly filled out, these blanks would contain much valuable information, yet perhaps few, if any, will ever be returned. The author has placed drink at the head of his list of causes and undoubtedly statistics would show that this is the occasion of the greatest

number of failures. In many cases, however, the use of intoxicants is not the first cause of evil. Drinking, gambling, and using tobacco are not solitary vices. They would rarely be indulged in, were it not for the example of unsafe companions. They would often be abandoned but for the influence of wrong associations. The boy does not usually find his first experience in the use of tobacco so agreeable as to induce him to continue the practice were it not for the encouragement of his mates.

He does not realize, even, how much alcohol might do for him until some *good fellow* points out its benefits. His wits are keen enough, his digestive organs do their work well, he requires nothing warming or cooling until he discovers that his friends use a stimulant. Does he learn to drink because he can find nothing else that tastes as well as lager-beer or brandy? Oh, no, that is not the reason. There are many preparations from drugs quite as bitter and quite as hot which do not leave him with a headache afterwards. He drinks for the immediate effect and that effect is not secured at home with mother. The best results are generally obtained down town with the boys, or, when he grows older, at the club, in the back office, and at the grocery store.

It is hardly worth while for a young man, in his college days, to strive to become an expert in handling cards, unless he likes society, the society of gamblers. It is neither amusing nor profitable to gamble all by one's self, and for some reason the best of success has not been achieved among people who disapprove of this method of

spending time and of securing money. Young men and women have never made a failure of life through gambling unless they first became the friends of gamblers.

Often the failures ascribed to intemperance and gambling, if traced to their true cause, would be attributed to unfortunate acquaintances. Our associations and surroundings, the companions we choose, and the life we elect to live have greater influence in determining success or failure than we are wont to believe.

SINCE our last issue the announcement has been made of the magnificent gift of \$1,000,000 to the city of Worcester for the founding of a new university. The donor, Jonas G. Clark, gives this large sum, with the promise of more if it is needed, and thus insures the foundation of an educational institution at Worcester that bids fair to rival Harvard itself. Mr. Clark is the fourth man, who, within the past twenty years has given over \$1,000,000 for the founding of universities. A little more than a year ago Senator Leland Stanford conveyed to the trustees property valued at \$5,400,000 for the endowment of a university to be established at San Jose, Cal. With this liberal endowment, and from the fact that it will be in close proximity to the Lick Observatory, with its unequaled telescope, Stanford University will doubtless spring at once into the front rank of American institutions.

The other gifts were from Ezra B. Cornell, of New York, and Johns

Hopkins, of Baltimore. The projects of both these men have been eminently successful, and Cornell and Johns Hopkins now rank among the leading institutions of learning in this country. Is it not reasonable, then, to suppose that Clark University, with its liberal endowment, will also be a success?

It is always a source of gratification to see a wealthy man devoting his money to the advancement of higher education rather than to selfish enjoyment, or the gratification of political ambition. The question, however, naturally arises, does New England need another university, and would it not be better to devote the \$1,000,000 to strengthening some well-established institution?

This is an open question, and much might be said *pro* and *con*. We do not think that our country needs any more small colleges, such as Sam Jones contemplates building, but we do believe that there is room for such well endowed, thoroughly equipped, institutions as Cornell and Johns Hopkins. Large and strong universities offer great facilities to students by means of their wide and varied courses of study and their ability to attract the best equipped teachers. And if the conclusion of President Anderson of Rochester, New York, is correct, that no college exerts a palpable influence beyond a radius of fifty miles, few will be found ready to discourage the establishment of such well endowed institutions as those now projected by Senator Stanford and Mr. Clark. In this growing country there is plenty of room for these generously endowed

institutions, and if they will only reduce their expenses so that students of limited means can avail themselves of the facilities offered, they will prove a blessing to the country.

There is a place also for our smaller institutions. They fill a gap. Many a boy, and young man, is brought under their influence; he lives, perhaps, in the vicinity of the college; sees it, and knows all about it. College to him is not a myth, he sees and knows something of college life and is thus led to desire a college education. After all there is more in the man than in the college. The student that faithfully improves his privileges at Bates will run a pretty even race with the graduate of a larger institution, provided he has equal physical and mental ability to commence with. We are led to believe that the students in our smaller colleges have more advantages than they faithfully improve.

LITERARY.

WORDS.

By A. C. T., '88.

From the quarry-pits of language,
Come the rude misshapen blocks;
See the eager nations seize them,
Broken bits from Nature's rocks.

In what varied combinations
Do they serve the needs of men—
Grand kaleidoscope of language,
Changing ever and again.

Some will rudely join together
Words in homely common speech,
Like the rude wall round their homestead,
Setting bounds for one and each.

Some with greater skill in building,
From these same rude parts of speech,

Rear the epic's lofty structure,
Blocks close fitting each to each.

Rhyme and meter are the cement,
Binding each word and the whole,
Till it stands a thing of grandeur,
While the circling ages roll.

Words; they frame our prayers and curses;
Words speak love and words speak hate,
Stately prose and varied verses,
Fireside tales and laws of state.

♦ ♦ ♦
JOHN HUSS.

By A. L. M., '76.

OVER five hundred years ago there was born in the southern part of Bohemia, Luther's John the Baptist. Like the forerunner of Christ he found the flax smoking, the bruised reed bent, and the kingdom of heaven at hand; for over the mountains from Piedmont came the persecuted Waldenses to find an asylum and people ready to receive the doctrines for whose sake so many of them had so cheerfully yielded up their lives. The Bohemians had a strong love for independence. They pressed earnestly on to that reform presaged from the lips of Huss and Jerome and borne on the glittering blades of Ziska and Procopius. Their country, in the heart of the European continent, divided from surrounding states by ranges of mountains, possessing a fertile soil and genial climate was well fitted for a race at once brave, enterprising, and progressive. Prague was their chief city, the residence of the German Emperor, the home of art and science, and the foremost capital of Eastern Europe. Translations of the Scriptures had begun to be made, investigation, toleration, freedom of

thought and speech and general knowledge were on the increase.

In 1378, when Huss was five years old, Pope Gregory XI. died. The French and Italian Cardinals struggled each to control the Papal chair, and with such determination that it gravitated between Avignon and Rome. For fifty years a wide schism existed during which the church saw sometimes two and again three rival popes, fulminating bulls, and excommunications against one another and all who disputed their several claims, exhausting all the arts of diplomacy, duplicity, and crime in strengthening their several positions and increasing the number of their allies and guarding themselves against defeat and deposition. From this contest, not a few, in that day, saw that popery was not infallible, rather very fallible, and thus were prepared for the doctrines of Wycliffe, Huss, and Luther.

The few in our day, seeking to trace a regular descent of apostolic unction and spiritual authority from Peter down to the present pope or bishop find in this schism then made, like Darwin in tracing the descent of man from the chimpanzee, that there is a "missing link." Mosheim says, "The state of religion in the Catholic church was so corrupt that it could not attract the esteem of the truly virtuous and judicious part of mankind." Still England had its Wycliffe, Italy its Savonarola, and Bohemia its Jerome, and Huss to oppose with words, while Ziska and Procopius led armies to the field in defense of private interpretation and an unbroken eucharist. These de-

mandated that the Word of God should be explained to the people in a plain and perspicuous manner, that the Lord's Supper be administered in both kinds, *i. e.*, both bread and wine be given to the laity, that the clergy instead of employing all their zeal in the acquisition of riches should turn their thoughts to objects more suitable to their profession and live as became successors of the holy prophets, and lastly, that transgressions of a more heinous kind, or "mortal sins" should be punished according to their enormity. Thus events were ripening for a change. The air was full of prophecies and the hearts of men beat expectantly.

The spiritual and moral elements waited the master's hand to combine and direct them, and that master was none other than John of Hussintz. School, college, university trained him in turn till in 1400 at the age of twenty-seven he became preacher in the new Bethlehem Chapel at Prague. For twelve years, with blameless life, growing convictions, and with the courage and spirit of a reformer he shaped the iron, he tempered the steel, and forged the weapons of a manly and Christian resistance to popery. The quarrel between Benedict and Gregory added fuel to the forge, and while Alexander V. unwittingly worked at the bellows, Huss turned and hammered and curved Damascus blades for the great struggle under Luther and Melancthon.

He was ordered by his archbishop to desist, but disobeyed, saying, "I avow it to be my purpose to defend the *truth* which God has enabled me to know, and especially the truth of the Holy

Scriptures, even to death!" These are resolute words, but they came from a calm, thoughtful, conscientious spirit. He was accused of heresy, and he heard the bells tolling at the burning of Wycliffe's works, which he had translated, and over his own excommunication! But he remained undaunted and unchecked. From the pulpit of Bethlehem Chapel, like that of a prophet, his voice in favor of reform rang out, and its echoes were heard all over the kingdom. He was less learned than Wycliffe, his illustrious predecessor, but more eloquent and fearless. On the other hand he lacked that logical and systematic reasoning, which Wycliffe had, and by which he agitated, when he did not convince, church, castle, and throne.

Huss was a man of simple faith and earnest manly courage, hindered by difficulties that were Wycliffe's coadjutors. For what King Wenzel could not do for Huss, indignant Edward gladly wrought for Wycliffe. It was a time of twilight in both kingdoms, with this difference, the morning star of English hope had a clear sky while the glimmering light of Bohemia's faith was shut in by clouds.

The pirate, Balthasa Cossa, who as Pope John XXIII., followed hard upon Alexander V., whom he had poisoned, seized the pontificate as he would a prize at sea, and then turned his pious (?) attention to Huss.

A summons to Rome, a fresh excommunication, Prague laid under an interdict, the king's intervention, popular resistance to the crusade led on by Huss, his retreat to his native village,

and finally his voluntary appearance, with a safe conduct in his pocket, at the council of Constance are but successive turns of the wheel that was eventually to crush him. Once in the council all solemn guarantees went for nothing. By the perfidy of the Catholic church he was carried to prison. There fever and starvation were endured. Removal to Gottlieben followed where irons were fastened to his feet and he was chained by his arms to the wall. Once and again he was taken before the council. Here he fell a victim to the rage and injustice of his unrelenting enemies.

The sixth of July, his own birthday, and so near that of our Nation, draws near, and on it he is condemned to be burned. See him listening to his death warrant, neither flattered or frightened into submission! Behold him kneeling in the presence of that vast assembly and like his cherished Master praying thus to God: "O Lord God, through thy mercy I pray thee, deign to pardon all my enemies, for thou knowest that I have been unjustly accused by them, overcome by false witnesses, oppressed by fictitious accusations and unrighteously condemned. For thy mercy's sake, therefore, remit their sins." Clad in priestly robes he was urged to retract. This he would not do. Then stripped of his habiliments, assailed with bitter and insulting words, he was led past the spot where his condemned books were burning, and bound to the stake. The bundles of straw were lighted, and he with prayers and recitations of the creed gave up, for the truth, his earthly life. But that was

not enough. His charred frame was beaten into fragments, his heart roasted on a stick till it was reduced to ashes, and his very garments were consumed. Finally the ashes and every fragment and relic of the scene were shoveled up, carted away, and thrown into the Rhine that nothing might be preserved. It was on the sixth of July, 1415—the Holy Sabbath—the forty-second birthday of the martyr that he died! Died? The poet Massy says:

No stream from its source flows seaward,
How lonely soever its course,
But that some land is gladdened.
No star ever rose and set,
Without influence somewhere;
No life can be pure in its purpose,
And strong in its strife,
But that all life is purer
And stronger thereby.

God says "If any man's work abide,
. . . . he shall receive a reward."

MY CREED.

Tell me what lies but just beyond
The hills that hide my view;
Your answers differ each from each,
Yet each believes his true.

Then I will journey o'er the height,
And visit that unknown;
But lo, there breaks upon my sight
A vision all my own.

Tell me what lies beyond the sea
Of years that round us rolls;
Your answers differ each from each,
As many as your souls.

Then let no mortal make my creed,
But let it be my own,
Drawn from the life and words of Him
Who rules the great unknown.

Apt words have power to swage
The tumults of a troubled mind.

—Milton.

AN ILLUSTRATED TEMPER-
ANCE LECTURE.

THERE is a class of individuals in New England who are now rapidly becoming extinct through the influence of education and increased facilities for travel, but when met with are interesting characters. They are true children of Nature, having never lost its rude charm by too much contact with the world at large.

A young college student, who was engaged in teaching in one of Maine's sea-coast towns, once boarded in the family of such a man. He was an old man, over eighty years old, and was familiarly known in the neighborhood as Uncle Dan.

According to his own account he had "Never seed a train of keers in his life." and had never been further from home than the light-house at the entrance of the bay, except once, when he was a young man, when he, in company with a neighbor, went to Eastport, a distance of some sixty miles, in a rowboat, making the trip and returning in a single day. Uncle Dan still lived on the farm on which his father was reared, and many a quaint story could he tell in his own quaint way.

One winter evening after the usual game of authors—a game of which the old man was fond—with the younger members of the family including the "master," Uncle Dan, having lighted his pipe, related the following incident connected with his memorable trip to Eastport.

"Me'n John," said he, "arter we'd got what stuff we wanted at Eastport, went over to Campobello and got each

on us a bottle of pepper-sass, 'cause the British pepper-sass is stronger'n the 'Merican.

"We didn't git started fur hum till late in the arternoon, and we was purty nigh tuckered by the time we got back inter the bay. We didn't git back till long inter the evening, so we concluded to leave our stuff right in the boat till mornin', and come up to the house and turn in.

"We didn't feel like turnin' out very airly next mornin', and afore we went down arter our stuff, Steve and Joe Peters—they was boys about fourteen or fifteen year' old—they went down to the boat to see what we'd been a gittin'. Purty soon they see them two bottles of pepper-sass and they thought sure we'd been gittin' some liquor. Then they thought they must have some; so each on 'em took a bottle, and they was so feared somebody'd see 'em that they never stopped to smell nor nothin', but down with a good swig. They didn't git more'n one good swaller afore they felt sure they had business somewheres else, and Steve he started fur the house as hard as he could go and Joe he arter him, hollerin' 'Stop, Steve! Stop Steve!' But Steve had somethin' else to think of, and he put right fur the house and made fur the water-pail. But it so happened the pail was empty, so out he went, and started fur the spring up on the side hill, and Joe arter him, hollerin' 'Stop Steve! Stop Steve!' When they got to the spring they both on 'em down on all fours, and held their heads in the water as long as they could.

"Next time I seen Joe, I sung out,

'Stop Steve!' 'Ah,' says he, 'I'll never try to steal anybody's liquor again.' When I axed him what he wanted Steve to stop for, he said, 'So'st they could both die together.'"

IS ENGLAND DESTINED TO BECOME A REPUBLIC?

By A. C. T., '88.

ALL modern forms of government may be said to have been developed from despotisms. The earliest forms of government were rude, barbarous tribes ruled over by mere force of arms, and as the despotism touched man's lower and animal nature, so liberty and a free government appeal to his higher and intellectual nature; but until that higher nature is developed, any increase of liberty only gives loose reins to his passions. Hence the despotism was necessary for those barbarous tribes until they could use liberty without abusing it. But the development of liberty has resulted in several forms of government, not alone in that of the republic.

England at the present time occupies a unique and peculiar position among the nations of the world.

Probably no nation has more diversity of intelligence. She has some of the greatest statesmen and some of the most ignorant peasantry. She is composite in language and composite in race; composite in her widespread domain, and composite in the form of her government.

English history from the time of William the Conqueror, to that of Cromwell's revolution, was a constant series

of concessions, from the crown to the people, and from the people to the crown, and with every concession the people became freer and the crown stronger. When William the Conqueror would be tyrannical, the people rebelled, and mutual concessions were made that marked the beginning of English liberty. Yet the king's position was stronger than before. He ruled his people now, not by coercion, but with their consent. Henry I. discovered that his security lay in gaining the good will of his people. He therefore granted them the right of trial by jury. From old King John came the famous Magna Charta, England's Declaration of Independence, which, while England is a nation, will not cease to be the people's safeguard against oppression. Finally from Edward I. came the crowning element of English liberty, the establishment of the House of Commons, a representative body chosen by the people.

But such privileges as these were not to be recognized by later kings without a contest, and in 1688 that contest came, and as Macaulay has well said, "it is because England had a preserving revolution in the fifteenth century that she does not have a destroying one in the nineteenth."

Also, the power is so distributed that it is impossible for factions to unite to overthrow the government. The three-fold nature of the English government is such that the interests of the nobility and commons balance each other. Neither king, lords, nor commons can act without the consent of the other two.

Such then is the condition of En-

gland as a nation. What, then, are the causes that can produce a change? And how have changes come to other nations? It may be thought that this gradual growth of English liberty in the past is an argument that the nation will glide peacefully from the condition of a monarchy to that of a republic; but such has not been the case with other nations. All history declares that revolutions come not by gradual change. It is rather when a nation rises in its might against a tyrannical government that will not make concessions, that will not adapt itself to the growth of its people, and which, like an oak in a tempest, if it will not bend must break. Put the England of the nineteenth century under the government of the fifteenth, and there would be a revolution at once. The English government has grown with the English people, and the fact that it is not limited by any written constitution gives ample opportunity for that growth. Had there been no gradual change we might expect a radical change. Such changes are sweeping and disastrous.

But the outward and visible clash of arms is not the only revolution. That is but the outward expression of an inner, deeper, more terrible revolution of the national mind. Nations are not dry brush-heaps, to which the torch of revolution can be applied at will. Those fires come from within, bursting spontaneously from the ferment of dissatisfaction. The national mind, too, must be a highly volatile one, that will be fuel to that fire. The French had that characteristic, the English have not. An English essayist admits "that

a sluggish conservatism is the basis of the English character."

The English peasantry, too, find in the person of their queen something tangible to which they can yield obedience. They do not comprehend obedience to a written constitution. They can obey men, not ideas. As the soldiers told Cromwell in the days of the Commonwealth: "We will not, for all our fighting, have nothing but a little piece of paper." Cromwell could fight for an idea, but he could not adapt the English people to that idea, and he ended by adapting himself to their idea, and became their ruler and finally their tyrant. Thus Cromwell's republic became Cromwell's despotism.

The fathers of the American republic were men who had been persecuted and banished for the sake of an idea, and were well fitted to adopt an abstract constitutional government. In England there must be a deep dissatisfaction and a general uprising in order to overcome the inertia of political conservatism.

The law of primogeniture tends to accumulate the wealth in a few hands. The rich have therefore too much at stake to trust it to the recklessness of those who have nothing to lose. Money is power, and that power is on the side of conservatism.

Finally, the British empire is made up of parts too widely separated, both in location, and in the character and interests of the people, to ever become "one and inseparable" in the support of a popular government. A republic to be united must be composed of parts whose interests are either the same or

dependent upon each other. The union is not complete unless the parts have contiguous territory. The divisions of the British empire answer neither of these conditions. Canada, Australia, India, South Africa—lands under every sky and washed by every sea; their interests are as unlike as is their location. Yet if England is to have a government of the people, then every civilized colony must have the right of franchise. The statesmen of England will hesitate before they exchange the unity of the British Empire for a weak confederation, whose parts, for very lack of common interest and common dependence, would soon separate into half a score of petty principalities.

COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editors of the Student :

Those of us that go out from our college to teach winter schools in the country, get not only a few weeks crowded with practical training, but also glimpses into the kind of life that is lived in some of the communities that make up our state, and help to form the nation. The great differences in manner of thought and life between communities separated by only a few miles surprise the inexperienced youth. In our new country we have not been shaken together long enough to begin to be a homogeneous mass. And we each have so much room, not only in acres for our bodies, but in opportunity for choice of occupation, and unobstructed swing for having our own way in acting and thinking, that the habit of allowing individualities to

manifest themselves becomes so strong that we have no fear that the jostling together that must go on as centuries pass, will reduce American civilization to quite the monotonous sameness of its parents, uncles, and cousins across the seas. To be sure our square miles will become more crowded, but our resources and opportunities will increase. And here no one will be restrained and molded by the conditions of his birth. American freedom of thought and action will allow every man to be himself, and will still foster the individuality of our citizens, and the consequent variety and liveliness of our civilization, which has become an American characteristic, chiefly through this same freedom. It is not different communities only, but different individuals, that we must learn to understand before our education is really thorough, and truly American. Therefore, in order to be well fitted to take our place among men to influence or benefit them, we must have seen men of many sorts manifesting their peculiarities. And who has a better opportunity for this than the teacher of a country school? He goes, usually, into a different part of the state, and into a strange neighborhood. He becomes a member of a family circle. He sees what are the objects its members live for, their hopes, and joys, and sufferings. He looks at the world through their windows. And when he has done that he understands them, can sympathize with them, and has received a part of his practical education. And his business as teacher requires him to extend his acquaintance to the other households

of his neighborhood, and as far as he is able to understand and be understood by them also. Moreover it is his privilege to gain some knowledge of the various interests and enterprises of the town, and learn a little of the way it thinks and moves. He is thus introduced to those engaged in occupations, and surrounded by conditions in some respects new, and it may be quite strange to him. And all this is valuable, not chiefly as information about particular places and persons, but as preparation for meeting, and feeling interest in, and dealing with some of the millions that live in similar places, under like circumstances, or having similar peculiarities. Thus, your humble correspondent, brought up in the interior, has received a prized revelation of the habits of living, acting, thinking, and feeling, of the people in a town on the seaboard. The fishermen of our coast are a numerous class, carrying on a business the products of which are more valuable than those of all the silver mines in the United States. They are readers of the papers, and take an intelligent interest in the affairs of state and nation; and are intensely loyal to our country. They are hardy, and able in body and mind, very hearty, and somewhat careless and rough, withal.

Thus far we have given our thought to things "the master" may gain outside the school-room and the playground. But in school the teacher should be the best scholar. Childhood, ignorant of the arts of appearing, its untutored human nature standing out in look and action, its feelings model-

ing its face, is his instructor, and dull indeed is he who fails to learn some lessons. To have one child in your presence for a day is often worth more than to hear a wise man's lecture.

Well, dear STUDENT, when your invitation came to send you a letter, and consent was given, it was without a thought that this would be the tenor of the epistle. But when a pen was seized these things first asked for ink, and now that they are said, your space and patience are sufficiently taxed.

As ever your friend,

N. O. NAME.

MADISON, DAKOTA, Dec. 6, 1886.

To the Editors of the Student:

Having promised to give the STUDENT a brief description of the "Land of the Dakotas," and of the journey hither, I will now try to fulfill that promise.

Leaving home September 15th, I came first to Lewiston. It was reported on the train that the "Bates boys" were to play ball with some other team, on the Fair Grounds that day, the State Fair being in progress at the time. It would have been a pleasure to see "the nine" on the ball field once more, but as time was limited, I resisted the temptation, and went on to the city to stop a few hours, and bid good-bye to Bates, and the friends there.

After a brief stay, the imperative order to "move on" was given by my limited ticket. As the train headed for Portland, and Mt. David faded from sight, I could not suppress a feeling of sadness when I recalled the pleasant memories and associations

clustered around the place that for the past four years had been the home of the class of '86.

Then turning from retrospective to prospective, the pathway up the hill of life looked indeed rough and thorny, and plainly showed that he who would write his name high among those of his fellow-men, must struggle long and manfully to win the smiles of fortune.

The sights and sounds of travel are too familiar to need description, so I will hasten on through Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, to my first objective point, the eastern shore of Maryland. This country has been redeemed from the abuses of the old slave system, in a great measure by northern enterprise, till many of the farms present the appearance of large gardens, yielding almost all kinds of fruits and grains in abundance.

I spent four weeks here very pleasantly, renewing old friendships, and forming new ones. But at last the finger of duty again pointed westward, and I obeyed. Passing through Baltimore and Washington, I reached Cincinnati, and, stopping there a short time, revisited some of the canvassing grounds of Kentucky, so well remembered by many of the Bates boys, who took their first lessons in canvassing there during the winter of 1882-3. Thence to Chicago, and still westward through Illinois, crossing the Mississippi at Sabula, and then north-west, through Iowa into south-eastern Dakota.

The journey from Maryland was mostly over new ground to me, and

presented an ever changing panorama of beautiful and interesting scenery.

Passing through the picturesque Harper's Ferry district in the night, our attention was attracted by the sight of a forest fire. A few miles to the north of the railroad a large fire was raging among the mountains, and the whole upper part of one of the highest peaks was a sea of flame, lighting up the surrounding country, and throwing the neighboring mountains into bold relief. It was a scene of awful grandeur, such as I had never before witnessed. But the iron horse soon took us away from this sight, and plunged on in the darkness. As we got further westward, the mountainous country changed to broad prairies, and to the eye trained among the hills of New England, these almost endless plains do indeed look immense.

But at last we are in Dakota. This part of the Territory is a rolling prairie, with no hills except along the rivers, but nowhere a dead level. This is a great advantage to farmers, as it gives sufficient drainage to the land. Here is found some of the best farming land in this country. The deep black soil will yield abundantly for many years, without fertilizing, thus giving the farmer the full results of his labor.

A very few years ago this country was in the hands of the government, the grazing ground for herds of buffalo and elk, and the hunting grounds of the Sioux Indians. Many relics of these former occupants are still seen on the prairies. Circles of stones, used to hold down the coverings of the Indian wigwams, are frequently found,

together with buffalo horns and bones. The cry of the coyote, and howl of the prairie wolf, are still to be heard occasionally, and in autumn the hunter finds excellent sport among the immense flocks of wild geese, brant, and ducks that cover the waters of every lake and lowland where water can be found. An abundance of prairie chickens are also to be had for the shooting, provided the sportsman can get near enough.

This town, Madison, is pleasantly located about midway between lakes Hermon and Madison, which are about six miles apart. It is in Lake County, about forty miles west of the Minnesota line, and one hundred miles north of Nebraska. Only six years have passed since this town was first laid out, yet it now contains two thousand inhabitants, is the county seat, and contains the State Normal School, one of the finest institutions of learning in the West. Less than a year ago, the first Normal building, just completed, was burned; but with characteristic energy, the city has erected a better one in its stead, at a cost of more than \$25,000, and it is now occupied by the school. In the meantime not a single recitation was lost on account of the fire.

The C. M. & St. P. R. R. passes through this place running west, and a branch running north forms its junction with the main line here, giving easy communication in all directions.

The majority of the people here are from the eastern states, so that a "Yankee" does not feel like a stranger among them. The surrounding coun-

try is mostly occupied by settlers, who make farming their business. Many of them are foreigners, but generally an honest, industrious class of people.

Everything here has the Western push and drive about it. A man must be alive, and keep his eyes open, or he will be left behind. The very atmosphere is clearer and more bracing than in the East.

In winter but little snow falls, though there is some very cold weather. Occasionally a "Dakota blizzard" will sweep down and make the people wish for a more genial clime; but this is the exception, not the rule. The weather is generally mild and pleasant for this latitude.

Some of the greatest surprises an Eastern man meets, are his errors in judgment of distances, and of the size of objects. There being no trees or fences to bound fields, or limit distances, he can make no comparison on which to base judgment. Thus when he sees a grain field that he thinks contains about twenty or twenty-five acres, he is told that there are forty or fifty. He thinks it a "Western story," but it generally proves true. This is a good country for an earnest, hard-working man; but if any one thinks he can come here and get rich without work he had better stay away, for he will surely be disappointed.

Every branch of business and profession is full now; but a little careful observation will show that in the rush for property and position in this new country, many men go into business life without proper preparation; and though they may be successful for a

time, yet as the country grows older, it will be found that they do not meet the requirements of their various positions, and then the men who have carefully fitted themselves for their life-work will be brought to the front, and will stay there. In these days of quack doctors and petty lawyers, the careful observer cannot fail to see the value of a thorough education, and preparation for one's life-work. And in this part of the country, where so many are without it, the value of thorough training cannot be overestimated.

But I have already taken too much space, so will close with best wishes for the future success and prosperity of the STUDENT.

Very truly yours,

J. H. W., '86.

LOCALS.

Tramp! tramp! tramp!
The boys are marching.
Homeward from the schools they come,
Wailing as they slowly enter
Plug! plug! plug! I vum.

Bring back that organ stool for the small chapel.

"She is the most wonderful woman in the world!"

Please reserve a few seats for the Seniors in chapel.

Junior—"Oh, for more German grammar to conquer!"

We shall have to go to Mexico instead of Canada this time, boys.

According to the latest optical reports near-sightedness is caused by old age.

The business manager goes round saying, "*Haben Sie mir einen Dollar zu geben?*"

"When are you going to get back?" is the usual salutation which the returning students receive.

It is amusing to hear the fine mathematicians stumble through the German multiplication table.

Babb came back with some real "siders," but there was a heavy frost a few nights after his return.

Mr. H. (reciting)—"Let H. represent the magic lantern." It is needless to say there was an explosion.

What is a unit asked a pedagogue of a young miss? "A unit is a thing with one dimension," was the reply.

Freshman—"Mith, have you an ethscort?" "No." "Have you an umbwella?" "Yes." "Well, I ain't."

Query: Through which could one see the new Senioric moustache the better, a concave or a convex lens? Answer: Neither.

Prof.—"What is a normal mind?" Student (who has been studying optics)—"Well, I should think it was a perpendicular mind."

Wanted by the class in Philosophy, a color-blind man or a blind colored man (they don't know which) to question on the color phenomena.

It looks a little suspicious when the Professors come in Monday morning and illustrate the use of certain propositions by remarks on fishing.

A fine course of lectures has been arranged for the college, to be delivered in May. The lecturers will be Phillips

Brooks, Dr. McKenzie, Rev. W. H. Bolster, and A. M. Spear, Esq.

Prof.—“If you can see three sides of a die with the naked eye, how many sides can you see with the stereoscope?”
“Six,” was the prompt answer.

It was fun to see the absent-minded Junior knocking at the library door the other day, and to see him tear round because no one answered his rappings.

Prof.—“Mr. —, what is this mirror called?” Loud whispers in the vicinity, “Analyzer, analyzer.” Mr. —“Oh, I see, it is called Ann Eliza.”

Mr. W. (at the base-ball meeting)—“Mr. President, hadn't we better have the price of tickets for the entertainments reduced, if any one should want to buy two?”

The war-cloud has again arisen on the horizon. This time it is because the Freshman girls went out of chapel, on a recent Monday morning, ahead of their Sophomore sisters.

Prof.—“There is nothing that is perfectly black. Now that blackboard (which by the way was so covered with chalk that you would hardly know it was a blackboard) is not entirely black.”

A student recently asked by one of the Professors to describe the Immortals of Xerxes, said: “They were a body of ten thousand men whom the Persian king kept full all the time.” A sensation.

'Tis said that in Pennsylvania railroad fares are reduced one-half for students. That would be a nice arrangement for certain college boys in

Maine; for instance for him who goes to Gray so frequently.

First Student—“Mr. — has got back.” Second Student—“Is that so? Has he raised a moustache, or siders, or a full beard?” F. S.—“Neither.” S. S.—“Then his term hasn't been successful.”

A passer by at midnight recently would have been astonished to see a part of Parker Hall brilliantly illuminated. It was only an experiment. Buck was testing the results of “letting the lower lights be burning.”

As a rule, those that teach during the winter seem to fare pretty well. The latest bulletin from one states that he “is flourishing like a green bay tree,” and that “one by one the buttons of his waistcoat are bursting off.”

A student had been reciting for some time on viewing objects in relief. The Prof. began to illustrate on the board, and the student sat down, whereupon a witty neighbor whispered, “You think you'll see that in relief, do you?”

First Junior—“Well, Professor, in some parts of Canada there are no Cannucks, are there? I know that in one place where I was they were nearly all Americans.” Second Junior—“Perhaps now you have been visiting the ‘American Colony.’”

The rumors of war in Europe seem to have stirred up a warlike spirit in “our girls.” We hear strange mutterings about “war clubs,” etc. Perhaps they are going on a crusade, or a journey to Mecca; at least we hope there isn't to be a domestic war.

"And he maketh the wind to blow," read the Prof. at chapel exercises. That the Scriptures might be fulfilled, at this moment a half dozen bricks came crashing down the chimney. There are no unbelievers as regards that portion of Scripture.

One morning the students that enter the campus from Mountain Avenue were greeted by the sight of a newly shoveled path. One of their number who had been wading through the snow for the past week, shouted, "The Hap-pian way, the Happian way!"

The two wills—Miss Belcher's of Farmington, and Mrs. Wood's of Cambridge—have both been sustained by the Probate Court. And both, with the usual tenacity of will breakers, have been appealed to the Supreme Court. The dates of the trials are not yet fixed upon.

One of the Freshmen has been inquiring as to what is the most respectful term by which to address a lady. We should think it would depend on the circumstances; there is quite a wide range varying from our best girl to the boarding mistress to whom a term's bill is due.

We had to omit our music at chapel the other morning on account of a "difference of opinion" between the organist and the organ. The former wished to play simply "Nearer my God to Thee;" the latter, especially the tremolo, wished to play it with the variations.

The eloquent gosling of the theological school champions with unexampled ferocity the Canadian side of the fish-

ery question. At a recent meeting of the Polymnian Society he held his auditors spell-bound for three-quarters of an hour, with his scaly and heterogeneous arguments upon this subject.

At a recent meeting of the Base-Ball Association, the financial committee were instructed to make arrangements for two entertainments to be given for the benefit of the Association. One will consist of home musical talent and the other has not been decided upon.

Some hesitation was evinced, by a student in Political Economy, about the meaning of fiscal year. "What is its Latin derivative?" asked the Prof. Uninterrupted silence ensued. "It comes from '*fiscus*,' said the Prof. "Now what does that mean?" "Fish," promptly replied Mr. D.

The Reading-Room Association has voted to allow the young ladies the use of the reading-room free of expense, with the exception of the usual deposit for a key. Willie will now find it necessary to devote nearly all his time to the care of this department of the college. Be it known, moreover, that Dunton was the prime mover in this magnanimous resolution.

PERSONALS.

FACULTY.

Prof. Chase is in New York at work in the interests of the college. His classes are under the charge of E. R. Chadwick, Bates, '84.

ALUMNI.

'70.—L. M. Webb and wife accom-

panied the G. A. R. excursion to San Francisco. They report a very enjoyable trip. On their way out they stopped at Niagara Falls, Denver, and Salt Lake City. At Salt Lake they were shown over the Mormon tabernacle and temple, and one of the Mormons gave a sketch of their form of worship. On the return trip the excursionists visited the Yellowstone National Park and the Chicago exposition.

'72.—E. F. Nason is doing journalistic work in Boston.

'75.—F. L. Evans is reported to be one of the most successful lawyers in Salem, Mass.

'75.—[Correction.] J. R. Brackett is Professor of Rhetoric and English Language in Colorado University, Boulder, Colorado.

'76.—John Rankin is a teacher in the Reformatory School of Juvenile Delinquents, Randall's Island, N. Y.

'78.—J. W. Hutchins is principal of a High School in Bridgewater, Mass.

'78.—M. F. Daggett is principal of a High School in Chatham, Mass.

'79.—C. M. Sargent, who is employed in the Boston Custom House, has recently been promoted.

'79.—A. E. Tuttle is having excellent success in the High School at Amesbury.

'79.—F. P. Otis has been elected district attorney of California.

'80.—O. C. Tarbox is a successful physician in New York City. His address is 238 East 86th Street.

'81.—Geo. L. Record has been admitted to the New York Bar. He has a law office in Jersey City.

'81.—W. B. Perkins has formed a

business engagement with D. Lothrop & Co. for another year.

'81.—B. S. Rideout is principal of the High School at Vinal Haven.

'81.—H. B. Nevens is principal of Bridgton (Me.) High and Grammar Schools, and chairman of the School Board.

'82.—B. W. Murch has been elected to the principalship of a Grammar School in Georgetown, D. C.

'82.—Dr. G. P. Emmons of Richmond, Me., was married January 18th to Miss Abby C. Emmons of Lewiston.

'83.—W. Watters, M.D., is having a large practice in Lynn, Mass.

'83.—O. L. Bartlett is studying medicine in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City. He is taking high rank in his studies and expects to graduate next May.

'83.—F. E. Manson has resigned his position as principal of the Bowdoinham High School, to accept a position on the *Portland Advertiser*.

'83.—D. N. Grice has successfully passed the examinations for admission to the Bar at Richmond, Va.

'83.—O. L. Frisbee, who has been for three years the successful and popular manager of the Oceanic House, on Star Island, Isles of Shoals, at a large salary, has recently leased the hotel of the Loughton Bros.

'85.—W. V. Whitmore, who has been in business with his brother at Walla Walla, Washington Territory, is now in Escondido, San Diego County, Cal.

'85.—A. F. Gilbert is principal of the High School at Chelmsford, Mass.

'85.—Miss A. H. Tucker is first

assistant in the High School at Randolph, Mass.

'86.—J. W. Goff is in the law office of Judge Knowlton of this city.

'86.—C. E. B. Libby is principal of Foxcroft Academy.

'86.—H. C. Lowden has entered Bates Theological School.

'86.—S. G. Bonney has been quite ill, but is now able to resume his studies at the Harvard Medical School.

THEOLOGICAL.

'87.—R. E. Gilkey has been holding revival meetings in Bath attended with considerable interest.

'87.—D. T. Porter has just closed a successful year's labor with the church at South Lewiston.

'87.—S. A. Blaisdell has been called to the service of the Freewill Baptist Church at Moose Hill.

'88.—I. B. Stuart has been teaching in Boothbay.

'88.—H. S. Mansur has just closed a successful term of school in Webster.

'89.—D. G. Donnocker has been laboring during the winter with the church in Greene.

STUDENTS.

'87.—H. E. Cushman was obliged to close his school this winter, on account of the serious illness of his mother, who has recently died.

'87.—In U. G. Wheeler's school on Great Chebeague Island, out of seventy-one pupils, thirty-two bore the same family name.

'87.—Miss M. N. Chase is teaching in North Waterboro.

'87.—E. K. Sprague is principal of the High School in Hancock.

'88.—E. E. Sawyer has been teaching this winter in Contoocook, N. H.

'88.—Miss I. F. Cobb has been supplying a vacancy in the academy at North Anson.

'88.—W. N. Thompson, formerly a member of this class, is studying medicine in Portland and is soon to enter the Medical School at Brunswick.

'88.—H. W. Hopkins has just closed a successful term of school at Mt. Vernon.

'88.—S. H. Woodrow has been preaching with good success in the Congregational church at Patten.

'89.—B. C. Carroll has entered the Sophomore class of Bowdoin College.

'89.—W. R. Miller is teaching in Wayne.

'89.—A. L. Safford is teaching in Strong.

'89.—Miss S. A. Norton has returned after teaching a successful term in Oxford.

'90.—Frank Mason, of Bethel, and A. N. Peaslee, of North Weare, N. H., have joined the class.

'90.—J. H. Welch has been teaching this winter in Whitefield.

EXCHANGES.

The *Williams Literary* is the first of the *Lits.* that has reached us. Every article is of real merit. The stories, unlike most college stories, contain no hair-breadth escapes or thrilling adventures, but are none the less interesting on that account. Perhaps the best thing we could say of it is that we read it through.

Next in order the *Harvard Advocate*

claims our attention. "More Daily Themes" seems to be an original feature. It contains several short stories, humorous and pathetic. The *Advocate* has no exchange department. It is our opinion that such a department would make it more interesting, at least to the editors of other college papers.

The *Oberlin Review* comes to us with notices of parties, socials, and sleigh-rides enjoyed by the different classes. This leads us to wonder if we, at Bates, do not neglect the cultivation of our qualities. A class party or social is almost a thing unknown.

Swarthmore Phoenix is a pleasant exchange. The locals are always of interest, interspersed as they are with bits of rhyme, one of which we clip.

The *College Argus*, from Wesleyan University, Middletown, Ct., is a carefully edited little paper in a tasty cover. It is always welcome to our sanctum.

The *Niagara Index*, from the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels, Suspension Bridge, N. Y., contains an abundance of interesting matter of various kinds. Its outward appearance is no index whatever of its contents. A cover of some sort would be an improvement.

Two editors-in-chief of the *Central Collegian* have resigned and the third in accepting the "delicate and onerous" task, says "The difficulty of the task is largely due to the limited range of subjects that we conceive to be appropriate to be discussed in this department, and the amount of discussion that has already taken place upon them." We can readily understand his position and sympathize with him. The editor of the exchange department,

however, takes college students to task because he finds "The same subjects, the same style, the same phrases, especially the same metaphors and similes that have been used for years." He is much troubled because he has found six articles on the same subject in his exchanges. Is it strange that among all the writers for college papers five or six should hit upon the same subject? As for fresh and striking similes and metaphors, they are as rare as original jokes. Nearly all writers understand this and use similes and metaphors not because they are *new* and pretty, but because they bring out more clearly the thought they wish to convey than an abstract term would do. None of the articles referred to appeared in our columns, so we are not writing this in self-defense. It might do for the *Williams Literary* and other papers that publish only original articles, to talk about originality, but when a paper that publishes poems that are familiar to every school-boy, from such well-known poets as Poe, Campbell, and Burns, undertakes to talk about originality it seems absurd. The writer says, "Brother and sister students, give us something *new*," and then he proceeds to illustrate what he considers *new* and *original* by treating nearly all his exchanges in a kind of ain't-I-a-witty-original-chap sort of way that is disgusting. Now brother Ex. listen to a word of friendly advice. Never try to be witty or funny; all attempts to be either are sure to fail. Use your time and energy in trying to make your own publication original, and you will be numbered among our most welcome exchanges.

LITERARY NOTES.

The February number of the *Century* is noticeable both for the variety of its contents and geographical distribution of their origin. In subjects and contributors all sections of the country are represented. The "Life of Lincoln," by Hay and Nicolay, is occupied with Lincoln's first term in Congress and his life as a lawyer; this installment concluding the first portion of the biography and carrying its subject to his fortieth year. Other biographical sketches relate to two widely different types of divines—President James McCosh, of Princeton College, and Father Taylor, the Boston Methodist preacher. Prof. Langley has an exceedingly interesting paper on "The Stars." George P. Lathrop has an able paper on "The Bailing of Jefferson Davis," as recounted by one of the chief actors in the affair, Hon. George Shea of New York. Mr. Atkinson's second paper, on "The Strength and Weakness of Nations," contains an array of facts that will long be valuable for reference. The departments of fiction and poetry need no comment. The illustrations throughout are excellent.

The February *Atlantic* appears in new and elegant type. Mr. Lowell's five-page poem, "Credidimus Jovem Regnare," will undoubtedly be the first thing to attract the reader's attention. In it Mr. Lowell, half seriously, half humorously, expresses the belief that the former days of faith were happier than these of speculation. The poem abounds in clever hits and will be read with interest. John Greenleaf Whit-

tier also contributes a poem entitled "A Day," and William Winter one named "Perdita," so that the poetry of this number is quite remarkable. The first part of an unusually well told and amusing story, called "The Lady from Maine," seems to indicate that the *Atlantic* has again been fortunate enough to hit upon a hitherto unknown writer of good short stories. The two strong serials, "The Second Son," by Mrs. Oliphant and Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and "Paul Patoff," by F. Marion Crawford, are continued. These features, with an abundance of other matter, make it a very interesting number.

St. Nicholas, for February, is opened by Hjalmar H. Bayesen with a stirring and seasonable tale of Icelandic adventure, entitled "Between Sea and Sky," capitably illustrated by the frontispiece, drawn by J. W. Bolles. A new serial story by James Otis, author of "Toby Tyler," is begun in this number. It deals with the doings of a lot of little newsboys and a baby whom they adopt, and begins to be interesting with the first paragraph. "Effie's Realistic Novel" is a clever sketch by Mrs. Rollins. "Among the Gas-wells," is a descriptive article brilliantly illustrated. The poetical contributions are by William H. Hayne, Mary Mapes Dodge, Frank Dempster Sherman, and others.

The *Phrenological Journal and Science of Health*, for January, opens with an article on "Seven New Governors," viz., those of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, New Jersey, and Delaware. It gives a picture of each, with a description of their ability and char-

acter as shown by their physiognomy, also a brief sketch of their lives up to the present time. It contains a large fund of information for those interested in phrenology. Fowler & Wells Co., Publishers, 753 Broadway, N. Y. Terms, for one year, \$2; six months, \$1.

The second volume of *The Office* is commenced with the issue for January. Several improvements in minor features of the journal are introduced, which go to make it still more pleasing in appearance, and of increased usefulness to its constituency of readers. This journal is devoted to the interests of business managers and accountants. It is carefully edited, and each number contains such a variety of matter as to make the issues exceedingly valuable to the classes addressed. The publication office is 205 Broadway, New York, and the subscription price \$1 a year.

COLLEGE WORLD.

WILLIAMS:

The college at present contains 290 men, an increase of 32 over last year, and the largest number ever there.—An alumnus has given \$10,000, toward the erection of a new recitation hall at that college.

OBERLIN:

Oberlin has six classes in the gymnasium this term, and over 125 students are taking regular class work. The *Review* is asking for more room so that all wishing for exercise can be accommodated.

AMHERST:

Senior vacations have been abolished.

—The Trustees have recommended that the number of students be limited to 300.

MISCELLANEOUS:

Sam Jones wants to build a college for himself at Cartersville, Ga., and has received \$10,000 for that purpose. Who's the next man that wishes to render his name immortal by building a college?—The average age of students entering college 100 years ago was 14; now it is about 17.—There are now in the United States, exclusively for colored students 56 normal schools, with 8,509 students; 43 academies, with 6,632 students; 18 colleges, with 2,298; 24 theological schools, with 665; four law schools with 53; and three medical schools with 125.—The number of deaf-mutes in the world is roughly calculated to be from 700,000 to 900,000; and of these, sixty-three per cent. are said to have been born deaf, others losing their hearing by different accidents. To meet their educational wants there are on the face of the globe, 397 institutions, containing 26,473 inmates of both sexes, and employing over two thousand teachers.

AMONG THE POETS.

SUNRISE.

Alone I stood at morn within a vale,
And watched the mist that up the mountain
roll'd;
The sun arose; it touched each snowy peak,
And Midas-like turned every crest to gold.
'Tis even so, I thought, with us through life;
When friends have left us and our prospects
gone,
Hope, like the sun, will rise o'er mountains
dark,
And blackest night be chased away by dawn.

—H. H. F., Jr., *Harvard Advocate*.

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NIGHT.

The traveler, Night, is gliding thro' the street,
No word he speaks and noiseless are his feet;
His breath is cold, and with his mantle spread
He flies like some grim spectre of the dead.
I watch in vain for some old well-known face,
But all are muffled; slow steps quicken pace;
And now fall fast the flickering flakes that fold
The earth in winter's dread relentless hold.

Ah! symbol of that ghostly winter night
That comes when our short daylight fades
from sight,
And we, like muffled spectres, haste away,
Alone, unknown, in single, mute array,
From heartless winter and this traveler grim,
Gliding with noiseless feet when day grows
dim—
Whose shadowy form, on that glad distant
shore
Of light eternal, we shall see no more.

—S. T. L., Williams Literary.

HER LIPS.

Her lips like Cupid's bow,
So prettily, daintily curving;
The arrow that speeds on unswerving
Is the smile that on them doth glow.

Alas! for the bosom, Love
So wantonly, waywardly harrows!
Alas! for the target, the arrows
From her lips, in their flight, shall prove.

—Amherst Student.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

Long years ago, in the days of old,
Ere men had learned a thirst for gold,
Each poet sang from out his heart
And sang of Nature, not of Art.

But in these days 'tis all for Art;
From the head they sing, not from the heart,
And as for Nature,—the story's old,—
Poor Nature's left out in the cold.

—Harvard Advocate.

I CANNOT WRITE.

(Bondeau.)

I cannot write; I've tried all night,
And, what is more, with all my might,
To bring out of this brain of mine
Something emphatically fine,
That may prove worthy to indite.

I've spilt the ink, and smashed the light
And feel as if I'd like to fight;
I know I've got to draw the line;
I cannot write.

My hopes had gone up like a kite;
In fact they were quite out of sight,
But when I tried with pen to shine,



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I yanked in on that kite's long twine,
And shortened my ethereal flight,
I cannot write.

—Penna, in *Williams Fortnight*.

INCONSISTENCY.

To him who twirls the racket light
And loves the twisting ball,
With poor opponent o'er the net,
The game's no sport at all.

But this same man will play with one
Whose playing is so tame,
Did he but choose exert himself
He would not lose a game.

He'll run and chase the balls around,
And never seem to tire,
And do more work for nothing, then,
Than he would do for hire.

'Tis with no man he thus will play,
But with some charming dove:
She, on her part may gain the points,
He seeks to gain but "Love."

—Univ. Herald.

CLIPPINGS.

Teacher—"Parse kissed." Maiden
(innocently)—"It is a conjunction."
—Review.

"You have got a black eye, Pat.
How did you get it?" Pat—"Home
rule, sir."—Ex.

The Indian smokes the pipe of peace,
the Irishman the piece of pipe.—Ex.

"What's the matter with the mail
That our letters are so stale?"
Is the oft repeated wail.
No, it's not our new P. O.
Though some growlers may say so
In bombast.
'Tis because we did not write
Quite as promptly as we might
An answer to her last.

—Phenix.

As man and wife are one, the husband, when seated with his wife, must be beside himself.—*Philadelphia Herald*.

Æsthetic Young Lady—"Can you conceive of anything more somberly and poetically solemn than the *denouement* of Romeo and Juliet? Could the poet have made their fate more wondrously tragic?" Cynical Bachelor—"Oh, yes; he might have married them."
—*Central Collegian*.

IDENTITY.

In the dear old home the Freshman sat
With papa, ma, and Jane.
Upon his head a beaver hat,
Within his hand a cane.

His talk was all of college ways,
Of "flunk," and "cut," and "dig,"
Of "Harkey," "Johnny," "how we haze,"
And mysteries of "trig."

His fond papa with pride surveyed

A son so smart and spry,
While little Jane was half afraid
To meet his learned eye.

But dear mamma did stand aloof.

"I can't believe," thought she,
"This toney gent, without good proof,
To be my own Billie."

A monstrous pie she slyly brought,
And set her son before.

He seized the dish and in he fought,
As in the days of yore.

O then, while fell the tears like rain,
She cried, "It is Billie!"

For since I've seen him eat again
It can be none but he!"

—Brunonian.



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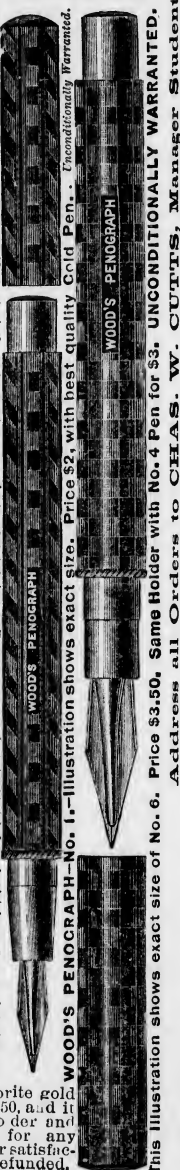
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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

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2:33 P. M., for Winthrop, Waterville, Skowhegan, Farmington, Bangor, Ellsworth, Aroostook Co. and St. John.
4:20 P. M., for Portland and Boston, arriving in Boston at 9:30 P. M.
11:05 P. M., (Mixed) for Waterville, Skowhegan and St. John.

Passenger Trains Leave Lewiston Lower Station.

- 6:45 A. M., for Brunswick, Bath, Rockland, Augusta, Bangor Portland and Boston.
8:15 A. M., (Mixed), for Farmington.
10:30 A. M., for Bath, Augusta, Portland and Boston.
12:50 P. M., Freight for Brunswick connecting with passenger trains for Augusta, Bath, Rockland, Bangor, Ellsworth and Bar Harbor.
3:05 P. M., for Farmington.
5:30 P. M., for Brunswick, Bath, Augusta and Waterville and for Rockland, (Saturdays only.)
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2:43 P. M., for Winthrop, Waterville, Skowhegan, Farmington and Bangor.
4:23 P. M., for Portland and Boston.
10:45 P. M., (Mixed,) for Waterville, Skowhegan and Bangor.

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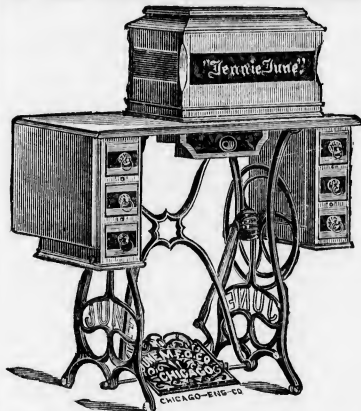
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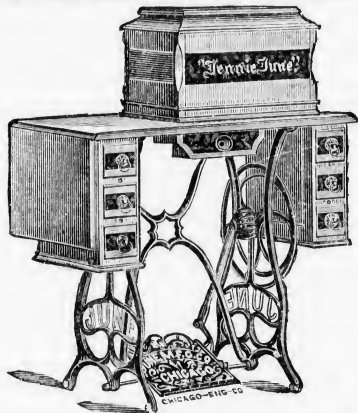
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VOL. XV.

NO. 3.

MARCH,

1881.

THE

BATES

STUDENT.



Class

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CHAS. W. CUTTS, F. W. OAKES.
Business Managers.

TERMS.—\$1.00 per year in advance; single copies
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We also wish to remind the students that our columns are open to all, and we hope that all will feel at liberty to send in contributions at any time.

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abstaining from our accustomed occupation? Certainly not.

Our observance of the Sabbath is not completed by merely refraining from daily work. We must assemble in public places and, either as speaker or listener, engage in various exercises appropriate to the occasion. Thus to our mind it would seem much more appropriate for the schools, instead of dismissing for the day, to spend a part of the time in some interesting and instructive exercises upon the life and character of Washington. And in every city and town it would be highly appropriate that an oration upon his life should be listened to by all the people. Probably no American ever lived whose life was freer from mistakes, and yet his was by far the most trying position which any American has ever occupied.

No American ever united so perfectly in one man the soldier and the statesman, and yet none of his countrymen ever exhibited in either rôle greater courage and sagacity. If any one doubts this statement we would refer him to the testimony of Frederick the Great of Prussia who declared "that the achievements of Washington and his little band during the winter of 1776-7, were the most brilliant recorded on the pages of military history, and a careful comparison of the condition of the country at the beginning and at the close of his presidential administrations cannot fail to establish his claim to the first rank as statesman. Then let the people make the day one actively devoted to the memory of him whose mortal remains now rest in the sacred soil of Mt. Vernon.

THERE are currents of thought, scarce yet developed, among the Faculty and students of Bates, that may make themselves felt during the coming summer. There are, to the question at issue, as to every other, two sides. On the one hand base-ball engenders an honest pride and spirit of independence, when a college is represented in the intercollegiate games. It also serves, as perhaps nothing else could, to bring the college before the minds of young men who are about to enter college. Though the presence of a successful base-ball nine should not be the motive with a young man in choosing his college, yet it does have its influence; even as the advertisements in the papers, though not the things sought by the reader, yet persist in bringing into notice the things they represent.

But some see another and different side to this question. Perhaps the least important objection is the expense of maintaining a position in the league. This is increasing every year. Again, if the purpose of base-ball was to engender athletic development, it has sadly failed of its mission. It does not seemingly improve the physique of the average student to stand or sit on the ball ground and watch nine men who are practicing to an excess that is dangerous and sometimes fatal. The summer term so far as study is concerned is lost for nine men, and demoralized for the rest of the college.

Furthermore there is in the excitement of the games a dangerous temptation to gambling by the students that is demanding attention. Not only

is there gambling among individuals, but even colleges have been known to barter their honor in exchange for material for the base-ball nine.

In view of these latter considerations the Faculty of Bates have made to the students some proposals—not prohibitions—which are to be considered.

FREQUENT complaints are made that the magazines are carried by the students from the reading-room. This, at first, seemed entirely wrong, but there have since appeared some alleviating circumstances. For several evenings during the past few weeks we have gone into the reading-room for the purpose of reading some of the weightier magazines, as *Harper's* and *North American Review*, but have been unable to do so with any satisfaction on account of the constant talking of those in the room. Now, if one can not read those magazines, to which he has a right, in their proper place, there certainly is a strong temptation offered him to take them to his room. The reading-room is not a talking room, and one goes there not to discuss but simply to read the current literature. We would suggest that a stringent law be passed and enforced prohibiting, under a penalty, all unnecessary talking in this room, thus removing a two-fold evil.

THE Bible Classes have not been as well attended this term as they were in the fall. There are reasons for this, perhaps, aside from any real

waning of interest. It is oftentimes quite difficult for those who live at a distance from the college to be present; a larger number of the students are out of town during the winter than at any other season of the year; then, doubtless, there are some who gave in their names simply for the novelty of it, and who thus could hardly be expected to become permanent members.

There is another reason also that may have some force. We all agree that Sunday should be a day of rest, and that many persons cannot attend all the meetings they would wish without becoming greatly exhausted. We should reject the European method of spending the Sabbath, and to a certain extent that scientific modification of it which maintains that to obtain perfect rest, everybody should spend the day in a manner directly opposite from that in which he spends his week-days. We do not think a day of rest is necessarily a day of idleness. Yet the good old Puritan Sabbath of two long sermons and a prayer-meeting, or what is nearly its equivalent is too exacting of persons actively engaged in brain work all the week.

Doubtless many of the students have found, after a time, that they must give up the Bible Class or neglect some other duty. To choose that which is most helpful is an individual matter. We think the work of the Bible Classes very excellent, and that it might be the means of securing great results. Surely an hour spent in church with both ears closed to the words of the preacher would have been productive of more good to the individual himself

if employed in discussing some Bible topic.

Possibly the classes might meet during the week. It is hardly too much to ask that one of the lessons be shortened and the recitation continue but half an hour, provided each member of the class devotes the time thus gained to Bible study.

The suggestions presented to the Christian Association a short time ago offer a means of improvement in the management of classes. We think the students generally are just as anxious now that the work should go on as they were in the fall, and we trust that some of the difficulties may be removed so that every student may be able to spend an hour each week in Bible study, without feeling that it is burdensome.

THE agitation in regard to a College Press Association culminated in a meeting at Young's hotel, Boston, Tuesday, February 22d. The following colleges, in alphabetical order, sent delegates to represent their papers: Amherst, Bates, Bowdoin, Colby, Boston University, Dartmouth, Harvard, Maine State, Technology, Tufts, Worcester Tech., Wesleyan, Williams, Yale, Middlebury. Mr. D. L. Maulsby, of Tufts, was made temporary chairman, and Mr. Breed, of Wesleyan, secretary.

After some preliminary discussion, as to the nature of the proposed association, a committee of five were chosen to draw up a constitution and to decide upon a name, and time of meeting. After the report of the committee the

following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, H. B. Ketcham of the *Yale News*; Vice-Presidents, F. J. Urquhart of the *Dartmouth*, C. C. Choate of the *Bowdoin Orient*, M. D. Mitchell of the *Harvard Advocate*; Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer, J. C. Edgerly of Tufts; Recording Secretary, Sydney Warren of the *Tech*.

It is to be known as the New England Collegiate Press Association, and annual meetings are to be held on the first Friday in October. After the business meeting, all assembled at the banquet, which was held in one of the private dining-rooms of the hotel. Mr. Bulkley, of the *Amherst Student*, officiated as toast-master in a very acceptable manner. The advantages to be derived from such an organization are obvious. Heretofore college editors have known each other as paper and ink, now, a few at least, will know each other as flesh and blood. These meetings will tend to remove existing prejudices and thus prevent the petty bickerings that so often fill the pages of college journals. If the enthusiasm manifested at the first meeting of the college editors can be taken as an index for the future the success of the organization is assured.

Canon Farrar gives the following advice to students: "To do as much as you can healthily and happily each day, in a well determined direction, with a view to far off results, and with present enjoyment of your work, is the only essentially profitable way."

LITERARY.**THE MESSAGE ON THE WIRES.**

By C. W. M., '77.

My path, one early winter's day,
Over a country road-side lay,
Just where the winds came sweeping down,
Between the hills, beyond the town.

First on the left, then on the right,
Tall, towering poles rose in their might,
Their arms outstretching to uphold
The wires that stretched for miles untold.

Just then the wind came sweeping down,
Between the hills, beyond the town,
And music rose, now soft, now sharp,
Likes notes from an Æolian harp.

So soft and low, so sweet and clear,
The notes that fell upon my ear,
Methought the wires broke into song,
Because of thoughts they bore along.

Perchance the word from some dear friend
That days of waiting soon would end,
And those between whom seas had rolled
Should greet each other, as of old.

Just then the wires, swept by the gale,
Gave forth a long and piercing wail,
As if the message borne along
Caused sighs of pains in place of song.

And now, methought, to some poor heart
Flies news that bitter tears will start—
Perchance some face they've loved to greet.
They never more on earth will meet.

O, magic wires, that o'er the land
Your meshes weave on every hand!
Wondrous your power, for in a breath,
You sing of life, or sigh o'er death.

The swift-winged words you bear along
Cause hearts to break forth into song;
Or to some life, with sudden blow,
You bring the words of death and woe.

WALLENSTEIN.

By C. C. S., '88.

IF one ascends to the summit of a hill and there surveys an extensive tract of woodland, he will notice, here and there, a stately pine rising above all other trees. Thus, among the many

German warriors, Wallenstein towers as a mighty tree in the forest. Silent, unapproachable, superstitious, his was the strange destiny to be so far removed from his fellows by the mysterious trend of his mind that he could not sympathize with the masses, and yet to be so wise that he could accurately discern the things most needed for their lasting welfare.

The subject of this sketch was born on the fifteenth day of September, fifteen hundred and eighty-three, in the province of Bohemia. At the age of twelve, Wallenstein was left an orphan, and, passing into the care of an uncle, he received through his kindness a good education. He showed the keenest interest in passing events, and an especial aptitude for languages. But astrology was his favorite study, and in the ability of men to read their destiny in the stars he placed entire faith. Guided by these mysterious tokens he became convinced of the certainty of his future greatness. To acquire wealth was the first step in the problem of his destiny, and by a fortunate marriage and the early death of his wife, he found himself at the age of twenty-four possessed of extensive estates.

Already with his prophetic vision he foresaw the storm of war, which was soon to burst upon Germany. For ten years he calmly awaited the struggle, and then it came. Ferdinand was declared the king of Bohemia, and soon after he was elected Emperor of Germany. With the usual bigotry of Catholics he resolved to crush Protestantism out of Bohemia, in direct violation of the royal charter of 1609, which granted

religious freedom to the inhabitants of this province. At this infringement of their most sacred rights the people broke out into open rebellion.

Now it is that Wallenstein sees his opportunity. He equipped, at his own expense, a picked body of troops and offered his services to the king. The rebellion was soon put down, and the fame of Wallenstein, because of his splendid liberality to his soldiers, rapidly spread.

If Ferdinand, warned by the fierce opposition which any interference with the religion of his subjects caused, had given up his scheme of suppressing Protestantism, the Thirty Years' War would have been averted. But he gave his subjects no such assurance. On the contrary he kept an army under Tilley, in the field in Lower Saxony, ready to strike another blow at Protestantism when the opportunity offered. Then indeed the old fires of the Reformation broke forth again through all Germany. Richelieu, "the Spirit of the Storm," fanned the flames of war by supplying the Protestant princes with money for equipping armies.

But the emperor, with the blind obstinacy of a despot, never weakened from his purpose. Yet his resources were most limited, since he had only one army at his command. Suddenly Wallenstein came forward with the offer of twenty thousand men. The offer was eagerly accepted, and he marched into Lower Saxony to meet Christian, the king of Denmark. But this commander retreated before him, and thus the winter wore away.

In the spring Wallenstein had at his

command fifty thousand splendidly equipped men, and with this army he began the passage of the Elbe. Here the brave Count Mansfield attempted to prevent his march upon the Danish king. But his troops were driven back like chaff before the wind, and the fate of Christian and his army seemed to be sealed, when suddenly Wallenstein received orders from Ferdinand to come and protect his hereditary domain. Reluctantly he turned and marched away into Hungary. The presence of his troops there was enough to dispel all danger, and so, placing them in winter quarters on the Danube, he repaired to Vienna, to unfold to the emperor a masterly plan for the settlement of the war.

He proposed to fuse into one compact empire the various principalities of Germany, on the basis of absolute religious freedom, but absolute allegiance to one emperor. The people, he foresaw, would be unwilling to enter into such a union, for the various provinces were separated by the bitterest feuds, "like cliffs which had been rent asunder." But Ferdinand seemed to consent to this scheme, and at the opening of the spring, Wallenstein began the work of subjugation.

Everywhere the enemy fled at his approach, and cities and towns threw open their gates to him. In one season he made himself master in Germany, with the exception of a few cities on the Baltic, and Ferdinand could then have consummated the plan which they had agreed upon in the previous winter. But with contemptible treachery he issued the fatal Edict of Restitution, by

which all church property was restored to the Catholic clergy, and soon after deprived Wallenstein of his command.

The cold chieftain scarcely deigned to resent this betrayal, but silently withdrew to his estates, where he is pictured in romance and drama as living in the most regal splendor. One writer records that all of his horses had racks and mangers of polished steel; that the stalls were separated by columns of marble, and that each horse had its picture painted by an Italian master.

Suddenly the great Swedish king, Gustavus Adolphus, landed on the coast of Germany, to fight for the Protestant cause. Ferdinand was utterly incapable to cope with the "Great Captain of the North," and expulsion from his empire seemed imminent, unless he sought the help of Wallenstein. But would he again come to his aid, after having been once cast off as a garment out of use? Yes. But he came upon such conditions as never before had a subject imposed upon his sovereign.

As if by magic, Wallenstein gathered a new army around him. In the words of Schiller:

..... "like a god of war his name
Went through the world. The drum was beat,
and lo,
The plough, the workshop, is forsaken; all
Swarm to the old familiar long-loved banners."

In his camp no questions were asked about religion or nationality; the only requirements were perfect physical soundness, and implicit obedience to the commander's will.

From now on a tragic interest attaches itself to these two great generals, since one was soon to die upon the field

of battle; the other to perish by the hand of an assassin. Warily they approached one another, each seeking to gain an advantage over the other.

Wallenstein pursued a Fabian policy, and sought by intrenching himself in impregnable positions to induce Gustavus to dash himself to pieces against his fortifications. Thus the summer wore away. But in October Wallenstein suddenly penetrated into Saxony, and captured Leipzig, thinking thus to terrify the people from their Swedish alliance. Gustavus at once hastened to meet his antagonist, and came upon him at Lutzen. At noon, on the 6th of November, 1632, Gustavus advanced to the attack, and then ensued the fiercest battle ever fought on German soil. In the midst of the conflict the great Swedish king fell, mortally wounded, and as his riderless horse galloped over the field, conveying the melancholy news, his soldiers rushed into the fight with the frenzy of despair, and when darkness closed over the blood-soaked field, the Swedes were in possession of the enemy's entrenchments.

From this defeat Wallenstein never recovered. The spirit of the great Gustavus seemed to have overpowered him, and the stars even no longer clearly assured him of success. The innate consciousness of a higher source of guidance seemed to grow upon him, and the inevitable conflict in his mind of these two elements—truth and superstition,—caused a strange vacillation to seize upon him.

But the last act was drawing nigh, and the troubled warrior's spirit was

soon to come into the visible presence of Him whose omnipotent hand he already had begun to recognize. His enemies now accused him of having attempted to throw off his allegiance to Ferdinand, and to join Gustavus, and it was true that he at one time entered into negotiations with Gustavus, on this subject, in order to accomplish his cherished plan of German unity. Yet as this intercourse occurred before he took the field against Gustavus, it was no treasonable act, for Ferdinand had cast him off, and hence he was at liberty to join the Swedes if he wished. But the emperor soon ordered him to repair to Vienna, to answer to the charge of high treason, and on the journey thither he was assassinated. The majestic calmness of his life did not desert him in the hour of death, for when his assassins burst in upon him, he turned, and exclaiming, "scoundrels and traitors," received their thrusts with open arms, and sank to the floor without a groan.

Whether Wallenstein is really a great historical character or not will ever be a fertile source of discussion. But to me it seems that, as a military organizer and disciplinarian, he has had few equals, and the fact that at the battle of Lutzen, he held in check through the whole day the veteran army of Swedes, with an army inferior in numbers and composed of adventurers from all parts of Europe, is proof sufficient to warrant this conclusion.

Perhaps no greater encomium can be pronounced upon his sagacity in statecraft, than to emphasize the fact that through his career he advocated a

measure two centuries in advance of the people—the unity of the German empire.

FRENCH BLIND-MAN'S BUFF.

By B. A. W., '89.

Silent he stands with listening ear
To catch the sound of footsteps near;
And hark! what means that rustling there?
He makes a dive and grasps—but air.

He looks abashed, but meekly bides
Until the merriment subsides,
And then again for luck he tries,
"Fifteen and ten. Why don't you rise?"

At length success his efforts crown,
And quite relieved he settles down
To watch the next one bob about,
And proclaim victory with a shout.

So merrily fly the hours away,
Until 'tis time to stop their play;
And each regrets that joyous mirth
Comes in small doses here on earth.

Cheer up, sad heart, have you never thought
There is always something to be caught?
I'm sure, to me it's plain enough
That all one's life is Blind-man's buff.

What'er our station is in life,
To reach a higher is our strife;
And victory is our goal of hope,
Though oft in darkness we may grope.

And there is round us, all through life,
As witnesses of this great strife,
An angel throng, to whom 'tis given
To waft our victories home to Heaven.

JOHN BREWSTER'S LOVE.

By PHENIX, '88.

JOHN BREWSTER was an "odd stick." So his neighbors said, and of course they knew. He certainly looked odd as he hobbled into the grocery store in the village of M—, on a cold day in the latter part of December. He limped along to the counter, and in a husky voice ordered some

crackers, cheese, and a jug of molasses. As he waited for the order to be filled, I had an opportunity to scan him quite closely. He wore a pair of pants that were much too large for the man, or else the man was much too small for the pants; a rusty black coat, tied round the middle with a red scarf, and a brown fur cap minus most of the fur. He would have been tall, were it not for the fact that he was very much stooped. His firmly set jaws indicated strength and firmness, and his large gray eyes, and broad, though wrinkled brow, were indicative of more than common mental ability. Certain it is, that he looked neither sentimental nor romantic as we watched him leave the store, with his crackers and cheese under one arm, and the molasses jug in the other hand. "Queer chap, that," said the grocer, as the door closed behind him with a bang: "for more than twenty years he has lived all soul alone on a farm about a mile from here. He cares for nobody, and nobody seems to care for him. He works diligently, and folks say he is salting down lots of money; but there! you can't believe all you hear;" and he started off to wait upon a customer. I stood for a moment lost in thought, and then, buttoning my overcoat around me, passed out into the night.

All the way to my lodgings I kept thinking of the lonely man, trudging through the snow to the desolate house a mile away, and the words, "he cares for nobody, and nobody cares for him," kept ringing in my ears. By the time I reached my lodgings the snow was falling fast, and an occa-

sional gust of wind sent it whirling and eddying down the street. Once within doors I seated myself before the fireplace and watched the flames and sparks as they leaped chimney-ward. In the glowing coals I could see the bent form of the "odd stick," and tried to picture to myself his appearance in his own home—I should perhaps say house, for the place where a solitary being dwells can hardly be called home. I sat musing thus for some time, and then retired for the night; but not to sleep. The wind sighed and moaned with a weird, dismal sound, like the wail of lost souls. At length I fell asleep and must have slept for some time, for when I awoke the storm had increased in violence; the wind sent the snow rattling against the windows, and shook the house upon its foundations. I could hear the trees creaking and swaying before the blast, and the occasional banging of a distant shutter. A strange presentiment seized upon me. I felt that some one was in trouble. Were these feelings caused by the storm and darkness, or is there some strange clairvoyant power that reveals events before they really happen? Be that as it may I was restless and uneasy, and lay awake for the remainder of the night. The storm abated its fury, and when the first streaks of dawn came through the frosted window, I rose and dressed.

It was Sunday morning, and as there were no church services I tried to amuse myself as best I could. The roads were blocked so that travel was well-nigh impossible, but about noon a messenger found his way through to the village

with the intelligence that John Brewster was dead. A neighbor had noticed that no smoke issued from his chimney, and went up, supposing him to be sick, but found him lying face downward upon the floor, dead. He had reached the house in an exhausted condition and sank down and died. The doctor, who was called, testified that he had died "from cold and exposure." He had died alone in the house on the hill. There had been no friendly voice to cheer him as he crossed the dark river, and no loving hand to wipe the death damp from his brow. Amid the storm and tempest his spirit had gone forth. He died, as he had lived, alone, because "he cared for nobody and nobody cared for him."

He had left word that if at any time he should be found dead, they were to leave him as he was; lock up the house and send for a brother who lived in a distant city. His wishes were not strictly carried out, as he was prepared for burial, and then left to await the coming of his brother.

During the few days preceding the funeral the history of his early life was recalled, and we learned the story of his love.

His father was a well to do farmer and John was considered one of the most promising boys in town. He was about eighteen, when Dr. Kellogg moved from a neighboring city, bringing with him his daughter Fannie, a miss of sixteen. A friendship sprang up at once between the young folks, that grew stronger and stronger as the weeks and months went by. At first there was no thought of love. They

quietly enjoyed each other's company.

There were rides and picnics, and moonlight rows upon the lake. In fact they were always together and the gossips said, "That will be a match, and a good one too." He was tall and broad shouldered, good-natured, and fond of mirth. Add to this, that he was the embodiment of honesty and possessed of more than an average share of common sense, and you have a general idea of the man. She,—well, she was not pretty. An artist would never have chosen her for a model. If you attempted to analyze the different features you would find that they did not conform exactly to the laws of beauty, but the combination was pleasing. Of medium height; a form lithe and graceful; dark eyes and hair, and a sprightliness and vivacity of speech and manner that lent a charm to every word and action. Just such a girl as one cannot help loving. What wonder then that honest John Brewster loved her? And love her he certainly did.

It had been his cherished ambition to get a college education, and now the time had come. He had the necessary preparation and was to start in about a month for a college in a neighboring State. It was the thought of separation that first revealed to him the strength of his love, and he determined to ask her to be his wife; ask her to wait till he had finished his college course, and could win for himself a name and position among men. An opportunity was not wanting, and one evening as they were returning from a stroll, talking of the many good times they had enjoyed together, and

of the coming separation, he placed his arm around her and gently drawing her to his side, told of his love for her, and asked if it were returned. Looking up at him with an arch smile, her cheeks suffused with blushes, she answered that she had always loved him and always would. The few remaining days sped by only too quickly for the happy pair, and then, with many protestations of love and devotion, they parted. The first weeks at college passed rapidly. There were new surroundings, new studies, and new acquaintances.

A thorough preparation before entering enabled him to perform the prescribed tasks with ease, and he had considerable time which he devoted to athletics. He early became a favorite with all, because he understood the art of minding his own business. The examinations of the first term had been creditably passed, and he had entered enthusiastically upon the second term, when he received a letter summoning him home to the bedside of his dying father. A few days and the father passed away, entrusting to his care a mother and invalid sister. This upset all his plans. He would have to give up college, and settle down upon the farm. For a time he rebelled at the thought, and then he accepted his lot and went to work with a will. If he was going to farm he would not farm as others did; he would farm in earnest.

Although Fannie grieved for his disappointment, she rejoiced that he could be with her once more, for without him life was monotonous indeed.

Two years with their planning and work, with their hopes and fears, went by, and in the autumn Frank Raymond came to teach the village academy. He had graduated at Harvard the previous June; a rich uncle paying his expenses. At college he had the reputation of being "a masher," and gloried in it. Of a sleight build, with blue eyes, brown curly hair, and a tawny moustache, together with the airs of a Boston drawing-room, made him quite a prodigy in the quiet village of M—. He had come to teach the Academy, because it was the only chance that opened, and his uncle had refused to support him longer. He thought that it would be a dreadful bore, teaching in that prosy village, and feared he might die of ennui. In the course of a few days he met Miss Kellog, at the home of a pupil, and was rather struck by her appearance. This bright, unsophisticated maiden, so different from the young ladies he had known, seemed to please his fancy. He concluded that a leisure hour might be pleasantly spent in her company, and resolved to find out something more definite in regard to her. In answer to his queries he learned that she was engaged to a prosperous young farmer. "Whew!" he exclaimed, when alone in his room, "That's a go. Engaged; and to a farmer, too. Well, I don't imagine that need interfere with my plans. How the boys would laugh if they should hear that I had denied myself an hour's pleasure, because the fair one happened to be engaged to a farmer. Ha! ha!" And he leaned back in his easy chair; blew a whiff of cigar smoke toward

the ceiling, and stroked his moustache complacently, while he watched the blue wreaths. "I fancy the charms that have moved the hearts of city belles, would not be lost on a village maiden." And, with a parting stroke to his moustache, he rose; tossed his cigar stub out of the window; picked up his hat, and went out. He had noticed that at a certain time of the evening, several of the young ladies were in the habit of going boating. He hoped to meet them, and was not disappointed, for he soon met a bevy of them, with oars and rudders. He raised his hat with a pleasant "Good evening, ladies," and then asked permission to relieve them of their burdens; said he was dying for exercise, and if they would only let him go he would be their galley-slave. They consented, and all the way he amused them by relating college yarns and incidents. This was the first of many such parties, and when it grew too cold for boating, he arranged for sings, and other kinds of amusement.

He managed to call on Miss Kellog quite frequently; told her of the gay times to which he had been accustomed, and how lonely he felt. Would she play or sing for him, or should they sing together? She thought of how stupid the quiet little village must seem to him, and tried to amuse him. When John remonstrated with her, she exclaimed, "Why, John! you are not jealous, I hope! You know I love you, don't you, pet? And she put her arms round his neck and gave him a kiss that banished all his fears.

That winter John was engaged in a

lumbering operation that kept him away from home, so that he saw very little of Fannie. Raymond improved his opportunity. He was careful to flatter and please her; not with the bold, open flattery of the novice, which is always repulsive to a woman of refined tastes; but with all the skill of an adept, he bestowed those graceful compliments in word and look, that are always pleasing to womanly vanity. He took pains to tell her of the affinity that existed between kindred souls, and of the happiness that was in store for those of similar tastes; always hinting that those engaged in the common occupations of life could not have these refined feelings.

Perhaps the shortest road to a woman's love is by an appeal to her sympathies; the next is by arousing her vanity. Raymond had brought both these into play and not without effect. Fannie began to question her own heart. "Did she really love John Brewster, or had she pledged her love to him because he was the only agreeable young man she had ever known? He would never be anything but a farmer," and how could she reconcile the idea of being a farmer's wife, with the refined tastes of which she now believed herself possessed.

Meantime, gossip was rife. Some said that "they never had been engaged"; others that "the fine city chap had turned her head." These rumors reached John in the distant logging camp. At first he ridiculed them as idle stories. He "could trust her," he said. Then, as one after another brought the same news, he became un-

easy. He read her letters carefully. There were still the same terms of endearment, the same avowals of love, but the spirit seemed wanting. He determined to learn the truth for himself and started for home. He would see her and get a denial of all these stories.

He reached home about dark and waited till after supper before going to the village. His mother, surprised at his unexpected arrival, asked if anything was the matter. "No, nothing," he answered. When he arrived at Fannie's home, he entered without ringing, as had been his custom for years, and passed into the family sitting room. It was vacant; but the door leading to the parlor was open, and through this open door he could see Fannie sitting at the piano idly drumming with one hand. Raymond stood by her side, one arm thrown lightly over her shoulder. They had been singing some love song and had just finished. The first impulse that seized John was to rush in and knock him down, the next was to leave the house forever. No, he would face them, and suppressing his rage as best he could, he stepped to the door and said, "Good evening, Mr. Raymond and Miss Kellog." If the proverbial flash of lightning out of a clear sky had struck them they could not have been more surprised. Frank's arm dropped, and Fannie sprang to her feet, her face flushing crimson. For a moment they stood looking at each other, and then she exclaimed, "Why didn't you write and tell me you were coming?" "Oh! no doubt it would have been better. It

was too bad to interrupt your *tête-à-tête*, but your last letter told how you *longed* to see me, so I thought I would give you a pleasant surprise," he answered, his anger rising with every word. Raymond, not wishing to see a lovers' quarrel that he had been instrumental in bringing about, and fearing the coming storm, muttered something about being excused, and slipped from the room.

What followed is not known, but after a stormy interview, John Brewster left that house never to return to it. He went directly home and paced the floor of his room till morning.

There is a moment that comes in the lives of most men, when, for good or evil, they make a choice that governs the whole course of their after life. Such a moment had come to John Brewster. Oh! that some good angel had stood by his side in that trying moment and whispered words that might have removed some of the hardness and bitterness from his heart.

When morning came, he told his mother to pack up what things she wanted and start for the city, where her other son lived. When asked the reason for this sudden change, he said that he had decided to enlist in a company of volunteers that was being formed in the town.

In a few days he settled his affairs, enlisted, and left his native village. He went to the front, and in every engagement in which he participated, received honorable mention. He was offered promotion, but steadily declined. His companions said his bravery amounted to recklessness. Some

even said that he sought death. No hope so forlorn; no scouting expedition so hazardous, that John Brewster would refuse to lead it. At the storming of Fort Fisher, in January, 1865, and near the close of the war, he received a bullet wound in the leg that unfitted him for further service.

As soon as he was able to travel, he returned to his native town, and took up his residence in the house on the hill. There he lived till the time of his death, as related in the opening of our story. People wondered that he should return to a place where he had suffered so much. Perhaps he wished to be near her; perhaps, after all, the pleasant memories connected with the place outnumbered the sad. He was never known to rail about the fickleness of women. He never mentioned them. Life for him had lost its interest, and he simply tramped on in the tread-mill of existence until the end should come.

But what of the others? For a time, Fannie blamed herself for her fickleness. She told herself again and again that John was good and true, and then she blamed him for going off in such a passion. After a time Raymond resumed his visits. He believed that he really loved the girl, and asked her to be his wife. She told him he must wait a year for her answer. At the end of that time her answer was "yes," and as Raymond's uncle had died, leaving him some money, they were married shortly after. Raymond studied law; but while the money lasted, did not exert himself to get practice. When his money was gone, he was obliged to teach school and keep an insurance

office, in addition to his profession, in order to obtain a livelihood for himself and family.

Such was the story of John Brewster's love. In the face of it we can hardly say, that "It is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved." Such a statement needs to be qualified. It depends entirely upon the person.

There are people of a certain sentimental tendency who can love and lose and yet look back upon their loss as a pleasing romance. Such persons will afterwards marry, and when surrounded by a wife and family, they will smile at their early loves. There are others, men and women too, who love but once in a life-time; happy are they if their love is returned; thrice unhappy if it is not reciprocated. Some of these will seek happiness in working for the good of those around them; others will withdraw as much as possible from society. To these are appended the titles, "odd" and "queer," but if we could only solve the mystery of their lives, we might learn that they had cared for somebody, though that somebody might not have cared for them.

IMPORTANCE OF READING IN CONNECTION WITH A COL- LEGE COURSE.

AN editorial in last month's *STUDENT* on reading in college called my attention to the subject. Written in reply to an article in the preceding number it, however, discussed only one of several things for which lack of time was regretted; but so well did the writer

present his views on the subject, that it seems advisable to reconsider some of his points.

It certainly is unnecessary "to undergo the expense of a college course in order to gain access to good books and magazines." We do not come to college for that. We do not come to college to take bodily exercise, to eat, or sleep; yet, being here, all these are necessary. We do not wish to become Rip Van Winkles, standing still while the rest of the world moves on. College is not a cave in which to ponder the learning of the past.

We believe in progress. We believe the thoughts of the greatest men of our time are grander than those of past ages. While we were behind the Greeks and Romans in civilization, their literature contained valuable lessons for us. Now, the best of their teachings has been appropriated by our later civilization, and we have passed beyond their influence.

Having faithfully studied the "Siege of Troy" in Virgil, translating it bit by bit, making it almost a part of ourselves; having read what the Greeks thought of it, and listened reverently to innumerable allusions to it in poetry and fiction, we at length begin to rebel when called on to translate it once more from the German. We are not studying German in order to read the "Siege of Troy," but to read the masterpieces of the language in the form they were written—a form incapable of translation; or to obtain the latest thoughts of German thinkers without waiting for a translation.

We study that we may gain in a few years the knowledge slowly won in cent-

uries. Starting at the point of present knowledge, we may hope to add something thereto. If we stop a quarter of a century behind the times, we shall waste our strength settling in our minds points already decided. All finished writings are history compared with thoughts of living men. Our text-books are necessarily behind the times. We shall be able to throw much light on subjects obscurely presented in our lessons, by reading recent articles on the same subject. A lesson may thus be mastered in one hour which without such reading would be but imperfectly learned in three. There is another reason also why we should read in connection with our studies. A considerable number of related facts are necessary to fix in our minds the main points of any subject. Therefore, the more we read on the day's lesson outside of the text-book, the more thoroughly do we comprehend the topic.

There are other things concerning which we need to read also. We want to know what our fellow-men are doing. And how will "keeping the ears open" avail us, if none of the students read the papers? When we take our places in the active work of life, let it be as fellow-citizens, not as returned exiles.

In regard to reading on essay subjects, we must have read upon them some time or we cannot write. The subjects assigned are seldom connected with our studies or our every-day life.

As to the remark in regard to a "trained mind and not a loaded mind," people are beginning to wonder why learning useful things is not as good mental discipline as learning facts past use.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editors of the Student :

I am glad to greet the readers of the *STUDENT* once again, and to shake hands, as it were, with my old college friends across the continent.

The prosperity of Bates is a source of much pleasure to me, for I have lived to realize by personal experience that the college is doing a good work for young men and women, and I trust its influence may broaden as the years go by.

Having recently received an invitation from one of your number to contribute a letter for your columns, I will tell you about a short visit that I made last summer to Yosemite Valley.

Our party numbered six, three California friends, two from New England, and myself. Setting out from San Francisco, after a ride of over twelve hours, we reached Berenda, the old terminus of the railway, and the last station on the Southern Pacific. From this place a branch road has recently been constructed to Raymond, thus shortening the stage route about twenty-five miles.

Owing to the illness of one of our party we spent a night at Berenda, and took the early morning train for Raymond. Stages were ready there to take us on through the foot-hills. Clambering up into the clumsy vehicles, we started off, and soon realized that it is during this part of the journey that Yosemite takes toll of her tourists. Six horses were able to carry us only four miles an hour, while the burning heat of the sun, and the thick clouds of dust and sand enveloping us con-

stantly, rendered a tedious journey about as disagreeable as it could well be. We were glad indeed when we drew up in the evening at the "Wawona" hotel, thirty-five miles from the little station at Raymond, and I know that some of us formed the opinion that day that miles in California are about twice as long as in New England.

We were warm and tired; yet, after freeing our clothes and persons from the dust of travel, and partaking of a hearty supper, we found ourselves sufficiently refreshed to enjoy a pleasant evening. Each one contributed a few facts in regard to the great Indian fastness, and our meagre knowledge was supplemented by many amusing and pathetic incidents told by the inmates of the house, and by the drivers.

It was a question with us, whether on the morrow we should visit the grove of big trees, nine miles distant, or proceed on toward the valley, twenty-five miles away. We finally decided that for the sake of our invalid, we would do the grove first. The ride was delightful, through beautiful forests, whose trees grew larger and larger as we went on. Indeed they were so large and tall at the start, and their size increased so gradually all the way that on our arrival we could not for the moment realize that we were in the presence of the giants of the forest. But when, in our minds, we had transplanted a New England tree into this rich soil, we began to comprehend a little how vast these trees really were. Some of them, judging by their rings, have stood here for nearly four thou-

sand years. We strolled about, measured and estimated, admired and wondered. At length we came upon a hermit's lodge in the centre of the grove. We succeeded in drawing forth the occupant from his picturesque shell, and found him very intelligent and communicative. He told us that the trees had formerly suffered much from fires, and the depredations of tourists; but since the grove had been entrusted to a State commission it had been carefully guarded. The trees are a species of evergreen, the *sequoia gigantea*. They exude a resin that may yet become a valuable commercial product. The wood is easily worked, and very beautiful. The hermit had a large number of specimens, some of which we secured for ourselves. We returned to "Wawona", or Clark's, as it is familiarly called, and the next day found us on our way to the valley.

It has been but a short time that people could make this part of the trip by stage. The present road, like all mountain roads, somewhat difficult to travel, was a few years ago but a trail through the forest. Slowly we followed its windings, higher and still higher up the mountain side. The tall California evergreens towered over us much of the way; deep gorges occasionally came into view, while here and there the rude hut of a miner was seen perched on the cliffs. Western enterprise has not penetrated this solitary region. There was nothing here to remind us of the steaming locomotive, the whirling spindles, or the talking wires of the busy world below us. In silence we reached the topmost point.

Though the whole being seemed filled to its utmost capacity, and every power awakened, yet the grandeur above, below, and all about us, called for no outward manifestation of our feelings, and we kept silence while the sun went down, tipping the peaks with gold, and flooding the valley with light.

Reluctantly we left the Point of Inspiration and commenced our descent into the vale below. The chasm, lying between walls four thousand feet high on an average, is about ten miles long and from two to three miles broad. The river Merced flows through it, having made the descent by three gigantic leaps. The water, fluttering over the face of the rock like a ribbon, is dissolved into spray at the base, and a myriad prisms catch the sunlight.

The valley is a natural park. Every turn discloses new beauties. The Domes, the Cathedral Rocks, whose needle-like points are reared by nature as true as if by plummet and square, the lakes and falls each have a picturesqueness of their own. We thought to spend but a day, but lingered two, and still were not satisfied. We felt the mania for traveling creeping upon us, and longed to stand upon the "Cloud's Rest." Our good landlord said to us, "You ought to come up after the rains, when the parched lands are green with verdure and the waters of the river swollen," but we were content with Yosemite as we saw it.

I fear, dear STUDENT, that I am wearying your patience, and so will bid you good-bye in the heart of the mountains.

N.

LOCALS.

Colds!

Cuts!

Concerts!

Lectures!

Church sociables!

Sophomore dec's!

Many other things too numerous to mention.

Why was Sam so anxious to go to Boston?

Washington's birthday brought us respite from toil.

The thermometer, during the past month, has laid abed late.

"Mr. S., what is your assignment?"
"Nothing." "You may give it then."

The Junior girls were terribly shocked in one of the Saturday morning lectures.

Loud and mournful are the lamentations among the Freshmen over the *late* Mr. Pierce.

The Eurosophian Quartette sings every Sunday at the Court Street Free Baptist Church.

"Electricity is something different from something else which it resembles in many respects."

Those that didn't pay but three dollars for base-ball last year, had better pay the remainder now.

What is the difference between a cosmetic and a tannery? One hides the tan, the other tans a hide.

Prof.—"A man in F— is known by the horses he keeps." Witty Soph.—
"Is that true of students?"

In the class-room we were recently told that we first perceived with our hands and then with our Faculties.

Prof.—"How is the coating of that zinc under the stove?" Student—"It couldn't be said to be chemically clean."

One of the sights of a recent cold morning was the figure of Babb seated in the laboratory window, fanning himself.

First Junior—"What do you know about optics?" Second J.—"Optics, optics, I have heard of sheep-ticks; is there any similarity?"

The winds that blow in March, tra, la, la!
Make your hair stand up and your coat-tails flare.

The following was I. J.'s remark in the Geology class, when he sat down behind J. B.. "Now I can pull wool over the Prof.'s eyes."

Latest election grind from Auburn: Ward Politician to Blue Nose—"Have a vote?" B. N.—"No, I haint got no crystallization papers yet."

A very pleasant evening was spent by some of the students at the musical entertainment recently given by the ladies of the Main Street Free Baptist Church.

The Juniors were recently somewhat surprised to hear one of the primeest temperance Professors say to them, "You know a half-pint bottle is sometimes pretty strong."

A six-year old, who had a holiday on the 22d of February, said, "I don't see why they couldn't have postponed Washington's birthday and have it on some pleasant day."

An able article on the taxation of

college property, by Prof. Stanley, recently appeared in the *Lewiston Journal*. We believe that every Maine legislator should have a copy of it.

How doth our busy college girls
Improve each surplus hour?
They doth with muscular intent
Work in the gym. with power.

Some very ludicrous mistakes are made in translating German at sight. The text read, "He took off his hat and greeted her." One translated it, "He took off his hat and greased it."

At a recent meeting of the Eurosophian Society the members present voted on the question, "The grand old party, which?" Democratic, seven; Republican, twenty-one. 'Rah! for Blaine!

A bright student thus interrogated his chum on the first day of March—"Say, did ye go to the show last night?" Chum—"No; what show?" Bright Student—"Why, to see February March."

Prof.—"The gentlemen will please close their books now." Most of the students comply with the invitation, but a few books remain open. Prof.—"Those who are not gentlemen will please close their books."

The Juniors and Sophomores agree that getting cuts without having the Profs. come up to recitation, is about as bad as getting no cuts at all. They feel like the boy that pinched the dog's tail without his knowing it.

N—, in one of his society speeches, remarked that women could tell a good man as well as he could. But we suspect that some young men have had

reason to doubt this, as for instance when one gets—err—well, you know.

We fear that the ladies of our institution are neglecting to mold aright the sentiment of the students in regard to woman's rights; for at a recent meeting of the Eurosophian Society the suffrage question was defeated by a vote of thirteen to eleven.

The question recently arose as to the difference between a right and a left-hand screw, whereupon one of the bright Junior girls defined them thus: "A right-hand screw is one made for right-handed people; a left-handed one for left-handed persons."

Entertainments for the benefit of the Athletic Association seem to be the proper thing just now. Why not have a play; Julius Cæsar, or something? There certainly wouldn't be any difficulty in finding some one lean enough to take the part of Cassius.

The sermon by Dr. Gordon, on the annual day of prayers for colleges, was listened to with great interest by the students. One of the most noticeable features in the speaker's discourse was his perfect command of the different passages of Scripture bearing upon any one point.

L— was trying to spin the gyroscope, but couldn't make it go. As he looked around amid vocal grins, his eyes rested upon a Freshman. A bright thought struck him in the head, and he exclaimed, "Here, you Freshman, you have been fooling with this instrument and got it all out of order!"

The committee on legal affairs in the Maine Legislature gave a hearing on

Monday evening, Feb. 14th, to the representatives of the college in reference to the taxation of the real estate of colleges used for business purposes. Col. F. M. Drew and Prof. Stanton represented the college. The committee decided to report unfavorably upon the resolution; and thus ended the attempt of certain economists (?) to increase the revenue of the State.

Hathorn Hall was the scene of unwonted hilarity on Monday, the 21st of February. As the shades of evening descended upon the landscape and one by one the giddy stars began to wink at the coy young earth, stalwart and graceful figures stole out from various retreats and wended their way towards the mathematical recitation room. A pleasant and social evening was spent by the company, tempered, doubtlessly, by the spirits of departed triangles hovering about the scenes of their earthly habitation.

A fair audience turned out to the first base-ball entertainment in Chapel Hall. The thanks of the association are due to Miss Wood, '89, for her assistance as accompanist. The programme for the evening was as follows:

The Bird and Maiden. Buck.
Mendelssohn Quartette.
Aurelia's Unfortunate Young Man. Twain.
M. Dennett.
Lament for a Lost Voice. Gollmick.
O. D. Stinchfield.
More and More. Seifert.
Mendelssohn Quartette.
Watkin's Evening Party. Hatton.
O. D. Stinchfield.
The Yankee in the Catacombs. Anon.
M. Dennett.
I Think of Thee. Hartel.
Mendelssohn Quartette.
The Inventor's Wife. Aldrich.
M. Dennett.
Selection. O. D. Stinchfield.
Good-Night. Buck.
Mendelssohn Quartette.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'67.—Senator Sleeper has just introduced into the Maine Legislature an important medical registration bill.

'67.—Rev. G. S. Ricker is pastor of a Congregational church in Pierce City, Missouri.

'67.—Rev. A. H. Heath, pastor of the North Congregational church at New Bedford, Mass., is delivering a course of lectures to young men. The following are the subjects: "Youth an Important Period," "The Special Advantages Enjoyed by the Young Men of To-Day," "Choosing a Life Work," "The Elements of Success," "The Young Workingman," "The Young Man in Business," "The Young Man as a Capitalist," "The Young Man in Politics," "The Young Man as the Head of a Family," "The Young Man as a Christian."

'72.—G. H. Stockbridge has changed his residence from Washington to New York. He is an attorney and is one of the editors of the *Electric World*.

'74.—Rev. C. S. Frost has accepted a call to a second pastorate of the Pawtucket (R. I.) Free Baptist Church.

'74.—J. F. Keene is an attorney in Minneapolis.

'74.—Rev. T. Spooner has resigned his pastorate at Farmington, N. H.

'75.—G. W. Wood has been elected principal of Phillips Classical Institute.

'75.—J. H. Hutchins is principal of the Academy at Northwood Ridge, New Hampshire.

'76.—D. J. Callahan has recently returned from a short trip through the South.

'76.—Rev. F. E. Emrich, of Chicago, has been offered the Professorship of Modern Languages at Beloit College, Wisconsin. We learn that his son intends to enter Bates next fall.

'77.—F. F. Phillips has recently patented an important invention.

'77.—J. K. Tomlinson is teacher of the Classics in Harrisburg (Pa.) High School.

'79.—E. W. Given is teacher of the Classics in Newark Academy. He resides in Orange, N. J., and was elected President of the recently organized Alumni Association of New York City.

'79.—Rev. R. F. Johonnett is preaching in Leicester, Mass.

'79.—W. E. Ranger took a prominent part in the proceedings of the last meeting of the Vermont Teachers' Association.

'80.—C. H. Deshon is principal of a large Grammar School in Buffalo, N. Y.

'80.—Rev. F. L. Hayes, of Boston, has just returned from a visit to Washington.

'80.—W. P. Martin is an attorney in Boston.

'81.—C. A. Strout is very popular as principal of the Farmington (N. H.) High School. His pupils recently gave prize declamations in the Opera House.

'81.—Among the "Open Letters" in the *March Century* is one on the Poetic Outlook in America, in which the writer says that the sonnets of W. P. Foster "for grandeur of thought and language compare not disastrously with the best written in this century."

'81.—F. H. Wilbur is principal of the Grammar School in Camden, Me.

'81.—C. L. McCleery has recently been in New York as chief witness for defense in the libel suit against the *Tribune*.

'82.—I. L. Harlow is studying medicine in Brooklyn, N. Y.

'82.—W. T. Skelton is in very poor health.

'82.—B. G. Eaton is teacher of the Classics in Rittenhouse Academy, Philadelphia.

'82.—F. L. Blanchard is editor of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*.

'85.—D. C. Washburn is visiting friends in Vermont and Massachusetts. "For Easter," containing two poems by Mr. Washburn, entitled "Easter Morning" and "Easter Day," has recently been published by a firm in St. Johnsbury, Vt.

'86.—L. H. Wentworth is studying civil engineering with F. E. Foss, of

'83. Mr. Foss is resident engineer of the M. & N. W. R. R. at Galena, Ill.

'86.—W. N. Prescott has just closed a successful term in Oxford.

'86.—Miss. A. S. Tracy is spending her vacation at home. She has been teaching with excellent success in East Hiram.

THEOLOGICAL.

Mr. York and Mr. Burgin have entered the Theological School.

'72.—Rev. Lewis Dexter assumes the pastorate of the North Berwick Free Baptist Church, April 1st.

'85.—Rev. A. E. Cox, pastor of the Free Will Baptist churches at Little Falls and Windham Center, Me., has recently published in pamphlet form an able discussion, entitled "Open Communion."

'89.—L. S. Williams has been out for the term on account of the illness of his wife.

'89.—C. O. Williams is preaching regularly at South Lewiston. A good interest is being manifested in his work.

STUDENTS.

The Eurosophian Quartette is engaged to sing at the Court Street Free Baptist Church for the remainder of the year.

E. C. Hayes, '87, and E. H. Thayer, '89, represented the college at the recent Y. M. C. A. Convention held at Yale.

'87.—Miss C. R. Blaisdell has just closed a private High School at Abbot Village.

'87.—Roscoe Nelson has been elected principal of the High School at Putnam, Conn., at a salary of \$1,200.

'87.—I. A. Jenkins will teach the High School at Vinal Haven, beginning in April.

'88.—C. W. Cutts has returned after a successful term at York.

'88.—H. J. Cross and A. E. Thomas have just returned.

'88.—F. S. Hamlet, who has been teaching during the fall and winter, has returned.

'89.—O. B. C. Kinney has been quite ill, but is again with his class.

'89.—A. E. Hatch has recently delivered two successful lectures in the city.

'89.—Eli Edgecomb and H. W. Smith will not return this term.

'90.—A. F. Gilmore is ill and has gone home.

'90.—H. B. Davis has just closed a sixteen weeks' term of school at York.

EXCHANGES.

Some of our exchanges are debating the question as to whether the exchange column is worth retaining. A few have already dropped this column and others print a few exchanges evidently to *fill up space*. They might as well be dropped. The reason urged for this is that the exchange department is read only by exchange editors. We do not know how much truth there may be in this statement as regards other colleges, but for our own we can say that it is not true. The exchange column *is* read. We learn this by inquiry among our students, who tell us that they *always* read the "exchanges" to find out about other college papers. Another objection urged is that exchanges are conducted on the "you-tickle-me, I'll-tickle-you" plan. We think that the men who make this objection must belong to the class that think it impossible to speak well of another and tell the truth. Pitch into an exchange, say that its Literary Department is mere trash and the editor an idiot, and these men will think you are perfectly sincere, but say that an exchange possesses real merit and they will at once accuse you of insincerity, or of currying favor. We cannot imagine a man editing even a college paper who does not have backbone enough to say what he thinks. In our estimation the exchange department is a valuable one. To be sure it is of no value if neglected. Let our friends, who complain that their "exchanges" are not read, devote as much time to that department as they do to others and we venture to predict that they will soon cease to complain.

More than one hundred exchanges have flocked to our sanctum during the past month. They have come to us from all parts of the United States and Canada and have settled upon nearly everything in the room. Tables, chairs, and book-case are covered while a large number cover the floor. Staid old Lits., conscious of intrinsic worth, look at us as much as to say, "You may take us or not, just as you please." Aspiring little leaflets from some village High School flutter around and seem to say, "Take me, please, and I'll be awfully good."

Queen's College Journal, Kingston, Can., is a pleasant exchange. Our attention was attracted by the article, "Are we on the Right Track." In this article the writer shows that "men of thought" as a rule have not been "men of action," and "That those who have shown great ability in their sayings and writings have proved incapable of acting upon their own conclusions."

Acta Victoriana, another of our friends from Canada, always contains a number of interesting articles. Evidently *Acta* believes that all subjects may be discussed in a college paper, since articles on politics and religion are found in its pages. One article deals with the possibilities of the Methodist church and another defends Canada's position on the "Fisheries Question."

The *Dalhousie Gazette*, Halifax, N. S., usually contains some good poetry, otherwise than this there seems to be a dearth of literary matter. We are glad that the *Gazette* is agitating a new cover. Such a cover will make your

paper more attractive in appearance, and will perhaps induce more to contribute to your columns.

After mentioning three exchanges from Canada it would be manifestly unfair to pass the fourth, the *Sunbeam*, from Ontario Ladies' College. We do not dare to say much about it, lest we should hurt the feelings of the fair maids who edit it. How do you like the following for an opening sentence? "While Rome, on her seven hills, sat with her robes of state draped about her in exclusive pride, at the height of civilization, on the pinnacle of her power, beyond the snow-clad wall of the Alps stretched a country rich but wild, abounding in thick forests and wooded slopes, and peopled by benighted hordes who roved hither and thither, knowing no law save the sword, no happiness save in bloodshed." We publish the above as a model for all who wish to obtain a terse and concise style of writing.

The *Pacific Pharos*, as its name indicates, comes to us from California. The Literary is rather short but is perhaps in proportion with the rest of the paper. It is not one of the papers that restricts its exchanges to a few inches.

Nellie—"Were you ever tobogganing in Canada?" Minnie—"Yes; but it isn't half so nice as it is at Omaha." "Too cold?" "No, that doesn't matter; but the slides are so awfully steep." "Steeper than ours?" "O, ever so much. Why, they are so dangerous that the gentlemen can't do a thing but just watch the course and steer." "O!"

LITERARY NOTES.

The *Art Amateur* for March adds to the brilliant reputation of the magazine for artistic colored studies, by giving a beautiful plate of "Blue Titinice" flitting gayly through the air or perched on blossoming cherry boughs. Other notable features are an admirable double page design of Chinese primroses; a charming female head with ivy wreath, by Ellen Welbly; china painting design for a panel (female figure), a lamp vase (pitcher plant), and a fruit plate (pears); a design of daisies for a glove box in repoussé brass; several designs for altar frontals and secular needlework, including a striking portière; attractive motives for fan and lamp shade decoration; a page of outline figure sketches by Edith Scannell, and a page of monograms in N. Among the practical topics treated are flower painting, portraiture in oil, china painting, and needle work, and there is a particularly valuable article on the construction and arrangement of "The Provincial Art Gallery." Excellent illustrated notices are given of the A. T. Stewart collection, to be sold in March, and the Robert Graves collection, sold in February. The water color and etching exhibitions are reviewed, and there is a great variety of interesting and instructive miscellaneous art reading. Price, 35 cents. Montague Marks, publisher, 23 Union Square, New York.

THOMAS STEVENS AND "OUTING."

Mr. Thomas Stevens, after successfully completing his famous journey around the world on a bicycle, has

quietly settled to his editorial duties as manager of the bicycling department of *Outing*. He has also become a shareholder and one of the directors of the company. In this connection, it may be of interest to our readers to know that the whole of the capital stock of the *Outing* Company is owned by the editorial and business staff of the magazine—not a single share being held by an outsider or manufacturer of sporting goods. *Outing* is the only magazine, so far as we know, that is controlled in this manner; it is no wonder, therefore, that with none but working bees in its hive, the magazine should be making such advances in the popular favor.

The *Library Magazine* is well deserving of its name. It is a library in itself. The March number is no exception to the rule. If one had no other reading than this magazine, they could keep well posted on current thought. "Goethe and Philosophy," "Nova Scotia's Cry for Home Rule," "The Lower Education of Woman," and "University Education in the United States," are a few of the many interesting subjects treated in this number. Price, \$1.00 per year. John B. Alden, publisher.

COLLEGE WORLD.

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immediately in Montreal. It is a result
of a bequest of nearly \$400,000 by the
late Mr. Donald Ross of that city.

The males of the University of Mis-
sissippi are petitioning for the removal
of its twenty lady students.

The property on the campus of the
University of Michigan is appraised at
\$1,300,000.

Of six Yale Seniors who last year
received the highest literary honors—
the Townsend prizes for oratory—one
is captain of the base-ball team, and
another is captain of the foot-ball team,
two rowed in their class crew, one
played in the class nine, and the sixth
is a good athlete.

AMONG THE POETS.

In a boat drifting idly, idly,
Sat a youth and maiden fair;
The sunbeams played at hide-and-seek
In the tangles of her hair;
Before her he sat enchanted,
Charmed by her magic spell,
His dark eyes mutely pleading
The love he longed to tell.

"Beatrice, dear," he whispered,
"Would it not be a beautiful dream
To drift on thus forever
Along Life's placid stream?"
Beatrice played with the tiller-ropes;
"I should n't mind it, Ned,
Drifting with you down the stream of life,
If I might steer!" she said.

—Harvard Advocate.

EVENING.

Lying here and gazing upward,
One can watch the shadows fall,
As the deep'ning, dawning twilight
Softly gathers over all.

With the shadows comes a silence
That relieves the soul from care,
Sending peaceful, restful quiet;
No such peace is found elsewhere.



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As the daylight into twilight
Slowly sinks, and fades away,
So the twilight fades to darkness,
And accomplishes the day.

In the firmament of Heaven
One by one the stars appear,
Twinkling orbs and shining jewels,
Answering God with—"I am here."

Thus from turmoil, strifes and troubles,
Of the hours that make the day,
Turn we to the hours of evening,
Which our better feelings sway.

—Yale Lit.

CLIPPINGS.

Upon a modest gravestone in the Vincennes (Ind.) cemetery appears this plaintive legend: "His neighbor played the cornet."—*Ex.*

Mary—"Stop your flattery, or I shall hold my hands to my ears," John (wishing to be complimentary)—"Ah, your lovely hands are too small."—*Beacon.*

Motto for young lovers—So-fa and no father.—*Rochester Campus.*

This is the way one Fresh. argues: "Great men never knew anything while going to school; I don't know anything; consequently I'll be a great man."—*Ex.*

WHISKERS.

The hair and the whiskers which our boys try to grow
Is like a field in the country after the first fall of snow.
To people at large, old men they would seem,
Oh! there's nothing like whiskers to cover the green.
—*The Chironian.*

In a description of a rhinoceros it is stated that he is a powerful beast, with a mouth ranging from an open valise to a candidate's smile.—*Burlington Free Press.*

CLASS PICTURES.

"Look pleasant, please," the artist said;
I whistled for a grin;
"Yet serious and bland" I sucked
My cheeks a trifle in.

"Draw in your feet," I, blushing, strove
To hide them in my hat.
"Your nose is large"—but I replied
I could not draw in that.

"Now smile again." I nearly smiled
The buttons off my vest;
The camera couldn't stand the strain
And entered into rest.

—*Yale Record.*



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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismissal will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

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Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

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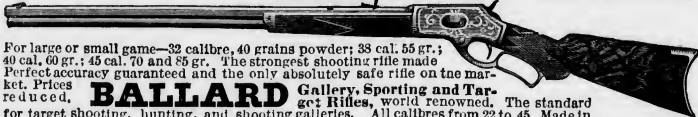
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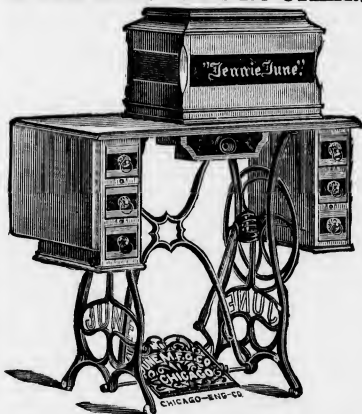
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VOL. XV.

NO. 4.

APRIL,

1887.

THE BATES STUDENT.



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AT present the eyes of many who are studying the political condition of the nation are turned to the State of Kansas, which is taking the lead toward universal suffrage. The results of a recent election in that State

seem to show that a vote in the hands of an evil-minded woman is just as dangerous as in the hands of a bad man. In several of the cities the low class women who came to the polls were so much in excess that the temperance issue, the stronghold of woman suffragists, was voted out of sight. In another the women of wealth, taking offense at a remark made in a temperance lecture, combined with the liquor element to defeat temperance. These are of course particular cases and by no means universal, but they seem to say that good and bad will be combined about as now, whether universal suffrage shall ever be adopted or not. Whoever throws the vote, the great need is that it be an intelligent vote. An increase of numbers is not strength, if the good and bad be equally reinforced.

FOR the benefit of our exchanges and all friends abroad we take a little space to explain our position in regard to base-ball. The unanimity of sentiment among the students in favor of a nine in the league, which has characterized the past two years, seemed to be absent this spring; for on the final vote to put a nine into the league the motion was defeated by quite a majority. The reasons for putting a nine into the field this year are, of course, the same as ever, and are too familiar to need rehearsing here. Some of the reasons for maintaining the other side of this question were mentioned in last month's *STUDENT*. But perhaps the chief one which induced this action on the part of the students was the desire to bring about a more diversified and general

recreation than base-ball tends to produce. To define this point more clearly, we mean that a nine in a small college practicing and playing through the whole summer term with the avowed purpose of gaining the championship in the league, naturally cause the attention and interest of all the students to be centered upon themselves. Everybody turns out morning, noon, and night to see the nine heroes wax strong and skillful. Students easily nurse themselves into the belief that their presence there is necessary in order to encourage the "*boys*," and in this way, as one of the professors remarked, "Most of the students take their exercise by proxy." Now would it not be better for each student who does not play ball to take some other regular exercise? We hope, and believe, that our number of tennis courts will be doubled this summer. It is a game which affords the best of exercise, and is also susceptible of as much skill as base-ball.

Field-Day sports will, if possible, be revived this season, and to encourage the boys in entering into this contest with a will, the Faculty have offered to give one hundred dollars in prizes on these sports, the same to be apportioned by a joint committee from among the students and themselves. We doubt not that the offer of these generous prizes will arouse a friendly rivalry among the students in the various athletic sports of Field Day, and that to this contest, tennis playing, and other out-of-door sports the usual enthusiasm for base-ball will be transferred. The Faculty are in full sym-

pathy with this movement, and offered the Field-Day prizes on condition that we should not send a nine into the league.

Neither students nor Faculty wish to kill out athletics at Bates, on the contrary they wish by this course to improve them. For if the chief aim of all college athletics is physical development, then must it be acknowledged that the more diversified these athletics the more perfect will be the physical development.

IN an unlucky hour some one gave a declamation in a theatrical manner and won the prize, since that time each year has seen the number of actors increased. This year it was worse than ever. In the prize division there were only a few parts that could strictly be call declamations. The remaining parts were too strained, too dramatic, altogether, and the agony gone through was something terrible. What minister in the pulpit, what lawyer in court, what orator upon the rostrum, ever went through such convulsions? To strike attitudes; to wildly wave the arms; to wring the hands and utter blood-curdling yells, seems to be considered excellent declamation. Is this the style of declamation taught by our professor? By no means. He teaches declamation not dramatics. How, then, do our students acquire this style? A few learn it at the fitting schools; others take lessons from teachers outside the college; while still others drill themselves. They do this not because they like that style of declamation but in order to "strike" the committee;

and, usually, the committee are struck and the next year a still larger number join this Agony School of Oratory, because in so doing lies their only hope of winning the prize. How can this be remedied? There are always a few in each class that have a talent for dramatic pieces. It would be unjust to bar them from competing for the prize or confine them to prosy pieces. It is equally unfair when others, who can take an ordinary declamation and put into it all the feeling of the author, and bring out of it all the meaning it was intended to convey, have to feel that it is no use for them to declaim because they have not the right kind of a piece. The only remedy we can see is to offer two prizes; one for each style of declamation. Let six of each kind of declaimers be put over into the final division and the prize given to the best in each set. This would obviate all difficulty. Students would then select pieces suited to them and we would cease to hear the murmurs of dissatisfaction so common after prize declamations.

COMMON sense, or the faculty of seeing things as they are and forming opinions accordingly, is a rare quality. There are few who put aside whatever is not essential, and make up their minds from the facts in the case; few who by the force of honest purpose penetrate to the core of a subject to discover the existing facts, and form their judgments according to those facts, regardless whether the decision be prejudicial or beneficial to themselves. When such a man is found we

instinctively trust him and go to him for counsel. In public as in private we trust to his integrity and good sense. No amount of book lore can take the place of this. A man must show his willingness and ability to grapple with facts, before people will trust him. Nothing is more difficult than to pronounce an unbiased judgment. Habits, passions, prejudices, and selfishness are the discolored mediums through which we gaze upon the world around us. What wonder then that things assume exaggerated proportions, and occupy apparently inharmonious relations? Yet we must divest ourselves of all these and form just judgments, if we would lay claim to common sense. How many false judgments are formed under the illusion of some strong excitement? We catch the tone of the most excitable or most dogmatic persons around us, and without sifting their statements or examining into the facts of the case we jump to a conclusion. Thus it happens that in nine cases out of ten men are governed by their wishes or feelings rather than by their reason. Where this is true a man cannot be said to have exercised common sense. There is no better field for the display of this faculty than in college. Questions are constantly arising that are of vital importance to students as a body. That such questions should be fairly met, candidly considered, and judiciously decided, is of the utmost importance. When students show that they are willing to treat all subjects in this common-sense manner, then we think they may reasonably claim a share in college government.

LITERARY.

THE SWAN-MAIDEN.

By A. C. T., '88.

In the mythical days, in a magical land,
Dwelt a beautiful maid by the lake's green
strand,

With a magical cloak of the cygnet's down,
And a magical necklace with rubies set round.

Whenever this magical cloak she put on,
In a moment became she a beautiful swan;
And when weary of sporting in lake and in
fen,
The necklace would make her a maiden again.

Thus joyful she lived, now a maid, now a swan,
And of either the fairest the sun ever shone on,
Till a knight once surprised her with cloak
laid aside,
And bore her away as his beautiful bride.

The cloak in a closet fast locked he away,
And wooed the swan-maiden for many a day;
Her hand had he captured, her heart he now
won,

Never more would she seek to be changed to a
swan.

In his castle they dwelt, for one long happy
year,

And daily became to each other more dear;
Then the knight went to hunt over mountain
and lea,

And left in the lock of that closet the key.

His bride wandered lonely through chamber
and hall,

And often the name of her dear one would
call;

Then seeing the key in the knight's closet door,
She entered and found her swan-mantle once
more.

Ah! now could she take one aerial flight,
Returning again ere her husband at night;
The old recollections came tempting once more,
She yielded and flew as a swan from the door.

Through the soft summer sunlight how free
did she fly!

Over mountain and lake through the bright
summer sky,

On the lake's crystal bosom anon did she float,
By the zephyrs borne on, like a bright fairy
boat.

Then away o'er the forest, and over the moor,
Where the knight and his hunters were chasing a boar,
When the knight aimed a shaft at the bird in the sky,
That pierced to her heart and she sunk down to die.
Expiring she fell to the earth at his side,
But he knew not, alas, 'twas his swan-maiden bride,
Till he found the gold chain on the neck of the bird,
When the notes of her death song had ceased to be heard.
Sweet maiden, once queen of one heart and one home,
Oh, why in three elements sought thou to roam?
But perhaps modern maids, when aspiring for flight,
May be found as much out of their element quite.

HIS OWN CHOICE.

BY ALIQUIS, '88.

EDMUND BERKLEY was the son of wealthy parents living in the vicinity of Boston. He was a young man of more than ordinary ability, and his friends prophesied for him a brilliant future. More especially was this predicted because he was the only child and the heir of his father's immense wealth. No pains had been spared in his education, and, unlike many of the sons of wealth, he had taken high rank in school and university. Now school and college days were behind him, and before him lay the great problem of life.

It had long been the wish of his parents that he should make a successful marriage; one, in fact, worthy of the position he was to fill. In their desire for his welfare and fear lest he should make a mistake for life, they them-

selves committed the mistake, too often made by parents or friends, of attempting to control his choice.

Edith Sibley was the daughter of wealthy parents, moving in the same circle of society as the Berkleys; and to her did Edmund's parents seek to direct the affections of the young man. In the eyes of any third party no union could be more appropriate than this. Edith was beautiful and accomplished, possessed of all the graces that can adorn fashionable society.

Yet, although the young people were frequently thrown together—either from design or accident—no intimacy sprang up between them. Though each enjoyed the association and friendship of the other, yet that indefinable something by which one soul recognizes and goes out to a kindred soul found no awakening there.

In the summer after his graduation, Edmund, weary of study and tired of the tinselery of fashionable life, had taken a trip for pleasure and recreation, away among the hills of New Hampshire. One bright summer morning he started off from the little village where he had taken up his abode, for a long ramble in the mountains, with the intention of visiting a very beautiful water-fall that the villagers had described to him. He had wandered far up one of the wild mountain gorges, when, crossing a little eminence or spur of the mountain, he found himself on the summit of a steep bluff overlooking a scene in the valley, that would rival the scenery of Switzerland or Italy.

Before him lay one of those little valleys that seem set apart by Nature,

where busy man may flee and find the rest and meditation, for which sometimes he so eagerly longs. In the midst of the valley lay a little lake or pond, like a silver mirror set in a frame of rich green verdure, in whose clear depths could be seen the images of distant mountains, pointing downward to a cloudless sky that it seemed must somewhere meet and make complete the great blue sphere left incomplete above it.

Edmund had a keen sense and appreciation of the beautiful, and was now so enraptured by the scene before him that he unconsciously stepped to the very edge of the cliff in order to obtain a wider view of the landscape. In this preoccupied state of mind he was not sufficiently careful of himself, and, stepping upon a loose stone, he suddenly lost his balance and fell over the cliff.

A clump of sumacs growing half-way up the cliff broke the force of his fall, and he at first thought himself not much injured, but on attempting to rise, a sharp pain shot through his right arm, and he found it was broken. He grew faint, and sank down unconscious.

When he slowly awoke he became conscious of the presence of some person who was bathing his head with water. He slowly opened his eyes and looked into those of a young woman bending over him. He was soon able to rise, and with the help of his companion, to walk slowly down the valley. In a short time, but which seemed long to the young man, they reached the cottage by the lake that had at-

tracted his attention from the summit of the cliff.

Medical aid was summoned from the nearest village, and the young man's injuries attended to. It would be several weeks before he would recover, and where could he find a more agreeable retreat than in this secluded valley? The cottage, he learned, had but three occupants, an aged couple and their daughter, the young woman who had rendered Edmund such timely assistance. This young woman, whose name he learned was Agnes, established herself as Edmund's nurse, anticipating his every want, and spending many hours in his presence. He had now abundant opportunity to notice her more particularly than he had done on the day of the accident. She could not be called a beauty. Indeed one would scarcely know whether to call her a blonde or a brunette. Yet one would hesitate to call her plain. She displayed a delicate taste and a cultured mind that seemed scarcely to harmonize with her surroundings. Edmund frequently found himself wondering how so perfect a lady could have been reared in that cottage. We have said that she was not a beauty, but there shone from her every look and act a beauty of soul that must ever surpass the fleeting beauty of a pretty face.

During the week of his convalescence, Edmund found himself often looking eagerly forward to the afternoon, when Agnes was accustomed to come and sit by his side and read, or talk with him. If he had thought of it at all, he doubtless believed that

the difference of their social positions would prevent his falling in love with her. But when the time drew near for him to leave the cottage, he suddenly awoke to the fact that his life would be incomplete without Agnes. For a time his pride and his love had a severe struggle; but love triumphed, and when he left Agnes, it was as his promised bride.

But now a question arose that he had not hitherto considered. How would his parents look upon his engagement? His father was a man with an iron will that sometimes amounted to downright stubbornness. When Edmund told him his story, his indignation burst all bounds, and he gave the young man the alternative of renouncing all thought of Agnes, or of being turned out without a penny. This was the young man's crucial hour, but love again triumphed, and he determined to face the battle of life for himself and for Agnes. He saw now for the first time what life really was. Hitherto he had seen only a reflection of some of its fairer scenes in the gilded mirror of wealth. But youth is hopeful, and with his education and the purpose for which he was to work, he felt confident of success.

He would go first to Agnes and tell her all, and if her love was as great as his, he knew she would wait until he could turn his education into some means of support. His confidence in her had not been misplaced. She did not spurn him because he was now poor, but with a sweet smile she told him a secret,—she was not the daughter of the old couple at the cottage, but

the daughter of a wealthy banker in New York, and she had been spending the summer here in the mountains with her old nurse. "But why did you not tell me this before?" asked Edmund. "Because I wished to prove you. So many have sought my hand only for my money that I had nearly lost faith in men; but you have chosen poverty out of love for me. Forgive me for deceiving you, but I now know that true hearts are not spoiled by wealth. Only those of a baser metal prove wanting in the crucial test."

In the autumn there was a brilliant wedding at the Berkley mansion, for the father's views had suddenly changed, so potent is the smile of wealth to those who worship at its shrine.

HAVE LABOR ORGANIZATIONS BEEN A BENEFIT TO THE LABORING PEOPLE?

By G. W. S., '88.

THE world is at a crisis. The questions to be determined have never before in its history been so prominent. The voice of popular rights has been making itself heard through the past few centuries, growing louder under oppressive labor systems. The discord has grown more chaotic as the laborer has discovered his power; and now it is not, as in the past, a question whether the rich and powerful shall dispense rights to the poor and weak, but a struggle between two mighty powers.

Therefore I say the world is at a crisis. How that crisis is to be passed, and the antagonistic forces brought into

harmony, is not for us to determine ; but the mutual bearing of labor and capital proves that there has been a decided change in their relations. It would not be too presumptuous to assert, without appealing to history, that these changes have been produced mainly by labor organizations. But what, at the beginning of the present century, brought about those changes in the laws of Great Britain, where the laborers were obliged to work from thirteen to fifteen hours daily, in mills whose lack of sanitary appliances and unguarded machinery placed their lives in jeopardy ; or in mines poorly ventilated, even for the advantages of the times ; where children down to the age of five years worked in brick-yards under strange task-masters ; where women worked in the mines these extremely long days ; where the capitalists were free to combine to lower the price of labor, and increase the length of a day's work ; and where it was a criminal offense for the laborers to combine to gain better terms for themselves ? What, I ask, brought about these changes which limited the length of a day's work for women and children to ten hours ; forbade the employment of children under the age of nine years ; caused improvement to be made in the sanitary arrangement of the mills ; and in various ways bettered the condition of the laborer ? The uprising of laborers in defiance of law, in what we term "strikes," says the economist.

Now have these changes improved the condition of the laborer ? This question is both economical and ethical. Regarding it in either point of view,

we will admit that serious outrages have been perpetrated under the name of labor difficulties.

The greatest bugbears to those who see only the dark side of the labor struggle are strikes. In fact this is about all the phase they consider. They ask : How about the ditching of trains in the South-west in the beginning of last year, the outraging of "scabs," and the destroying of property in riots. In the first place it shows that laborers have been oppressed, and that some of the oppressors' force has been removed. For license has always followed freedom given to the ignorant, as Nihilism followed the emancipation of the serfs of Russia.

In the next place, people fail to observe the difference between evils which are the result of organization and those which arise in spite of it. The acts of violence are more numerous and more terrible without organization than with it. We have had nothing in the United States to compare with the outrages in England at the beginning of this century, when labor unions were there forbidden by law. Our labor riots in 1886 were not to be compared with those in Belgium in the same year ; yet here is what a Belgian writer stated at that time : "There is a total want of direction and organization. There are no trades unions, and no socialist groups. This, indeed, constitutes the terror of the situation. They seem to want leadership, and if this is not forthcoming, will resort to violence simply because they have not enough initiative or intelligence to do anything

better." The occasion for organization comes first, then the organization. No association can exist long without sufficient reason.

It is claimed that seventy-five per cent. of the strikes are failures; and that the laborers lose money through enforced idleness, through the increased price of articles which they themselves must consume, and through the loss to employers reacting upon the employed.

It is *not* true that seventy-five per cent. of the strikes are failures. What is the failure of a strike? Is it the fact that the specific demand of the laborers is not openly granted while the principle at stake is tacitly yielded?

But let it be granted that those claims are true. Taken in its broadest sense the conflict is about a principle, and not for selfish, personal gain. Suppose, for example, that during one month the loss because of strikes in the United States, through decrease of production and trade, to be \$20,000,000, and the most of this to be borne by the laborers, but the principles at stake to be triumphant. Now there are in the United States twenty million wage workers. That would make one dollar per month for each laborer. Is it not worth twelve dollars per year to the laborers of this country to have labor and capital placed on the proper footing, and to know that no manufacturer will hereafter strive to grind his employes, and that the price of labor is to be determined by the question: What part of the products rightfully belong to the laborer?

It is said that the establishment of prices by labor unions tends to create

a "dead level," and while it may increase the wages of some it must decrease those of others. Now not a single instance can be found where labor organizations have hindered men of superior skill from the receipt of high wages. They fix a minimum rate. For example, carpenters may have a minimum rate of \$2.50, but may receive \$3.00 or more. If any one from any disability is not able to earn \$2.50, he is given permission to work for less.

It is also said that men are ordered to strike just to satisfy, or in some way to benefit the leaders. This is not true. The leaders are the servants of the organization, and simply carry out the wishes of the majority. In a meeting at which the most conservative and intelligent are present, a member is chosen to visit an employer and state the wishes of the laborers. If these are not granted, this member informs the workmen that the time has come to put their own plans into execution. Mr. Powderly discourages strikes. The fact is, labor agitators have set in motion a force which they themselves can not control.

Having considered some of the objections raised against labor organizations, let us turn to the benefits.

Heretofore the employers have been "few, rich, powerful, and united, or at least having a tacit understanding;" the laborers have been "many, poor, weak, and mutually distrustful." Organization has united the laborers as the capitalists are united. The two are hereafter to be on an equal footing. Both recognize the power of the laborer. Much has been said in the past of the

freedom of contract for the laborer, and of the workman being as free to negotiate the price of his labor as the merchant the price of his goods. This is absurd. The merchant is not obliged to make sales to-day. The laborer must dispose of his commodity to-day or it is forever lost. Two years ago the Bureau of Labor Statistics made this report: "It is absurd to say that the interests of labor and capital are identical. They are, however, reciprocal, and the intelligent comprehension of this reciprocal element can only be brought into fullest play by the most complete organization, so that each party shall feel that he is the integral part of the whole working establishment." Viewing the conflict as it was two years ago, and as it is to-day, we can see how this statement was more than prophetic.

Labor organizations keep the price of labor quoted, and by means of their traveling fund enable workmen to pass to more favorable localities. Depressions in the labor market are almost always local, and not general. The quoting of the price of labor all over the union tends in two ways to keep the demand and supply equalized. First, it causes laborers to demand the current price; second, it causes, and, as I have said, aids the transfer of labor from the overstocked market to the place where the demand is good. Again, by their mutual aid, the organizations relieve the distress of laborers in enforced idleness.

They are from their very nature, temperance societies. Says Richard Ely, "These despised organizations

are now doing more than any other agency to promote temperance." Although he has doubtless exaggerated it, it is plainly true that laborers will be influenced to a greater extent by any movement if it originates among their own numbers.

Such are the direct results of organization. The indirect are greater. What has caused, in the past few years, the establishment of a Bureau of Labor Statistics, the ten hour law in several states, laws in regard to child labor, the establishment of evening schools, the schemes for profit sharing, etc.? Labor organizations. It is a question whether the demand of the laborer for an eight hour law is wise. Mr. Powderly condemns it. He says the reduction of hours must come gradually. It will come gradually. Be that as it may, we hear a complaint that labor organizations do not make intellectual improvement of enough importance. But we beg to ask a question: How much chance was there for mental improvement for those who worked in mills twelve hours per day? Some one has said, "Evening schools and power machinery do not go hand in hand." It was simply work, eat, and sleep.

We might go on almost indefinitely to show movements that in a large degree owe their origin and usefulness indirectly to labor organizations.

But most important of all is the ethical part of this question. Once a week the laborer goes to a meeting of his fellows, and discusses, in a crude manner it may be, social, industrial, and political questions. He gets new

ideas; actually begins to think. Instead of blindly feeling his hardships, he begins to reason concerning their origin. He begins to understand the true sense in which it may be said that "all men are born and created equal." It was designed that all should have equal possibilities. He begins to feel his individual responsibility. Nothing so stimulates the good and the manly in men as responsibility. He is getting free from the inclination which he used to have to vote as his employer does. He is really a free moral agent. He is a man.

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THE CHAPEL.

[From the German.]

By J. H. J., '88.

There, up yonder, stands the Chapel;
Looks down o'er the vale, you see,
Where by mead and fountain joyous,
Sings the shepherd boy in glee.

Tolls the bell now low and softly;
Chant the choir their dirge of awe;
Chimes that hold the boy in silence,
And his bright eyes upward draw.

On the hill, a funeral pageant;
In the vale, blithe, thoughtless glee.
Shepherd lad! O, youthful shepherd!
One day tolls the bell for thee.

◆◆◆
SKETCH.

THE residents of cities, when they take vacations in the woods, often meet with strange experiences and with some strange characters.

A party of students were once spending a few days in the vicinity of one of the famous lakes of Maine, and enjoying themselves as they alone can, who, after a long application to study, give themselves up to the freedom of the

woods. Among the party was one whom we will call H, who was the wit and wag of the party; and many a severe practical joke did his companions suffer at his hands. But it is a long lane that has no turning.

One day in their rambles the party came upon what was to them a strange sort of dwelling. It was one of those primitive log houses, such as the early settlers were accustomed to erect, with a low roof, and a massive stone chimney at one end, giving to the structure the appearance of a huge short-stemmed black pipe. On a log in front of the cabin sat the presiding genius of the place, in the person of an old woman, who might have posed for one of the Fates of Michael Angelo. Here was a chance to see nature in the rough, and the party approached to have a chat with the old lady. Undisturbed by the presence of company, she continued to fill her pipe, while she entered into conversation with the party. True to his nature, with an eye for the ludicrous, H noticing the dimensions of one of the old lady's brogans which was displayed very conspicuously, patronizingly asked her who made her shoes, adding that he wished to have some made like them.

Another member of the party then told the old lady that H was making fun of her, and advised her to thrash him. The old lady finished filling her pipe, calmly laid it down, and without a moment's warning, made a dash at the culprit, who was obliged to seek safety in flight, scaling a neighboring fence with more agility than grace.

The party then told the old lady that

He was a mean fellow who had been following them about all day, and added that they would give her a dollar if she would keep him where he was until they could reach their boat. To this she agreed, and the money was paid over. The party then withdrew to the woods, where they were entertained for the next hour by watching from a distance the attempts of the would-be joker to escape from pound; but the old lady was true to her promise, and wherever he presented himself at the fence he was met by that incorrigible Amazon. When the party had, as she thought, had sufficient time to reach their boat, she released her prisoner, who it is safe to say, perpetrated no more jokes during that vacation.

JUVENAL AND ROME.

By I. J., '87.

THE perusal of the ancient classics together with the modern masters of the pen can not fail to present a striking contrast. In the former one looks in vain for that divine spirit of purity, brotherhood, and devotion, which, pervading recent literature, furnishes its chief potency and charm. Nevertheless it would be the merest folly to deny the grandeur of Homer, the gracefulness of Sophocles, the beauty of Virgil, or the manly daring and high moral dignity of Juvenal, lord of burning satire, whose voice rang like that of an accusing conscience in the ears of corrupt Rome. Mad-denied by his truth-speaking, she hurried him away, gray-haired and infirm, to perish either amid the sultry wastes

of Africa, or, as some think, in the wilds of Britain. And all this under the ill-dissembled guise of doing him honor.

To write satire at Rome in Juvenal's time was like writing satire to-day at St. Petersburg. That he deeply realized the risk he ran there can be no doubt. He himself tells us that tyrants' ears are ticklish things. Had not Caligula, in whose reign he was born, burned alive in the center of the amphitheater a Roman citizen for no other reason than because he was the author of some witty verse? And did not Domitian, after putting Hermogenes to death on account of some unpleasant reflections in his history, crucify the scribes engaged in copying the work? Surely Juvenal could not have been incited to write satire by ambition. He knew, as well as Horace, that flattery, not censure, was the price of imperial favor.

What then did actuate him? A noble indignation at the degeneracy he beheld on every side. Sweet, indeed, had been the blossoms of opulence and idleness put forth in the Augustan Age. In later years how unutterably bitter was their fruitage! In one of his charming letters, Pliny the younger, who was living at this time, deploras what it was useless to deny, that social position depended on wealth and wealth alone. Children were trained to a demoralizing money-worship. On every side flaunted the insolence of low-born foreigners who sought Rome in order to display their ill-gotten gains. Even cowards in the glittering armor of triumphant gold fearlessly trampled under

foot the majesty of the law, and dis-solute tyrants proclaimed themselves gods. Worst of all, Juvenal saw the serpent of sensuality wreathing its fatal coils about the city of his heart, world-vanquishing Rome, and he could not remain silent. His warning might be unheeded; it should be heard.

He would give Rome the lie. He would say to her nobility, "You are not noble"; to her Emperor, "Thou art not kingly"; to her gods, "You are not Godlike." He would cry aloud that to be virtuous is noble; to be kind, kingly; to be just, Godlike. His clear vision beheld Jove high enthroned, holding in his hand the lightning, swift avengers of his broken law. Oh! could he have had that grander, Christian conception of the soul's Sovereign, —could he have known that not the thunderbolts of wrath, but the lightnings of love, shall yet subdue evil in the earth, and draw its perfect music forth, we may well believe that his invective would, at times, have been softened into tones of compassionate tenderness.

To Horace, no less than Juvenal, the decline of patriotism and the degraded condition of the state had been apparent, but the manner in which the two were thereby affected differed most strikingly. Horace attempted to banish melancholy by entering gay society, by mingling in the noisy mirth of wine and repartee. Juvenal, we have reason to suppose, maintained by practice as well as by precept the stern simplicity of Rome's early fathers. When Horace writes satire—if to call it satire be not a misnomer—it is to amuse.

He jests at vice, and points out the inconvenience of discovery. Not so with Juvenal. His noble aim is to elevate. Fiercely he denounces evil, and seeks to lend virtue additional loveliness by bringing it into contrast with the soul-harrowing and loathsome consequences of wrong-doing. Horace, indeed, reveals the greater genius; Juvenal, by his fidelity to truth shows himself the better man. This fidelity to truth, so great that his satire has been aptly termed historical, no one has ever doubted. What right, then, has envy to question his sincerity?

All honor to Juvenal, and all honor to those who at the present day bear forward, amid the smoke and dust of conflict, the banners of truth and righteousness.

COMMUNICATIONS.

[The following letter recently received by the Y. M. C. A. from our college missionary, though of especial value to those who decided last fall to enter the foreign field, will, we think, be of interest to all readers of the STUDENT in general.]

MIDNAPORE, Feb. 14, 1887.

To the Members of the Bates College Christian Association:

You may be assured that it was with no common feelings that I took up a *Morning Star* last November, and read: "Twenty-three of Bates' students have signed an agreement of willingness and purpose to go as foreign missionaries." A letter begun at that time must now be written. To express my joyful feelings at the knowledge of the above fact, would be impossible, but I must at least write to you what I hope may be a few acceptable words from a

brother of Bates. I feel that as the first of Bates' sons to go as a missionary, I may well rejoice, not because I was first, but because I am not to be alone, and others besides Bro. Stiles, now in Andover Seminary, are coming to labor here or in other lands. I know that you may belong to another division of the Lord's army than Free Baptist, and that I may never meet many of you, but that does not at all limit my earnest thanksgiving to God for the anticipated success of his church through your full consecration to the master. Bates may well rejoice that the day has come when twenty and more of her sons have buckled on "The whole armor of the Lord," saying, "Here Lord am I; send me wheresoever thou wilt, I will go." Followers of a common Captain, some of you may come to India to convince these unbelieving Hindus that Christianity is superior to all religious faiths and eminently worthy of their acceptance. Think not my brethren that the best education you can obtain will be useless here. The skepticism we have to fight here is an educated one, very much of it at least. Our Christian ethics are very readily received, but at the name of Christ, "that name above every other name," there is much opposition. The foe is well established here, and the contest is liable to be protracted, in face of Europe's infidelity and agnosticism, which finds too often ready acceptance with many. As in the past two years, I have been preparing for work and rather looking on as a spectator, I have more than

once asked, "Why can not I work where progress is more marked and the gospel more readily accepted," but I recognize that it is not my first business to question "why?" but rather to work, and I am glad to say that as I am beginning to work, with a tongue not yet even well accustomed to a new language, I find a peculiar and satisfying joy in the work.

To convince that Christ and his teachings are superior to all, is a work that stimulates and strengthens. Such is in some sense our work here. I write of it to show you something of what is before you and hope that you may be ready to consider it a joy to be where the battle gives promise of the warmest and hardest conflict, if Providence leads any of you to India. From an intellectual and indeed a philosophical point of view, India is one of the most interesting of fields. I would be glad to write more of the work here and will some other time, when opportunity offers.

To all the members of the Christian Association, I want to express my joy that the Association is so prosperous, and above all, that Bates is doing so much more than it did ten years ago in giving her students a moral as well as an intellectual training. Her present promising temporal prosperity may indeed seem to be a just fruit of her spiritual life. My prayer is that you and all Bates students may learn first and best from the greatest Teacher of all, "who spake as never man spake." The other learning that Bates gives, thus sanctified, will surely re-

dound to the glory of Bates, and best of all our Father above. Ever your brother in Christian fellowship,

F. D. GEORGE.

To the Editors of the Student:

Having promised you a letter, I suppose that I cannot go back on my promise, yet as I take my pen to write, it is no light task to know what to write that will interest the readers of the STUDENT. Then, too, it is unsafe for a resident on the "Hill" to express himself in public, lest he be arraigned for being *heterodox*. *Orthodox* editors, *orthodox* councils, *orthodox* Joseph Cook, the "Jupiter touans" of orthodoxy, stand ready to pounce upon the luckless wight who ventures to have any ideas of his own, especially if he happens to hail from Andover.

Perhaps, however, I may venture to say something about the town and the schools without wearying you or incurring any risk.

As early as 1639, or 1640, an appeal was made to Governor Winthrop for permission to form a settlement in what is now Andover; and it is pretty certain that in 1641, or 1642, a settlement was begun. The town was incorporated in 1646, and named Andover for a town of the same name in England, whence several of its principal settlers had come. A few extracts from early records may be more interesting than any attempt at a connected history. In the early days it seems that there were common pasture lands, and that cattle often strayed from the common land into that of some individual, necessitating the appointment of

persons to keep watch of them. The herdsmen were assisted by boys and girls. Here is a decree:

"1642. The court doe hereupon order and decree, that in every towne the chosen men are to take care of such as are sett to keep cattle, that they be set to some other employment, withall, as spinning upon the rock, knitting, and weaving tape, etc.; that boyes and girls be not suffered to converse together."

We have a relic of this last custom in our young ladies' school now, none of the young ladies being allowed to walk or talk with the students of the academy or seminary. The following seems to show that the S. F. P. O. C. T. A. had not then been formed. Wolf killing is thus described:

"A great mastiff held the wolf. . . . Tying him to a stake we baited him with smaller doggs, and had excellent sport; but his hinder leg being broken, they knocked out his brains. . . . Their eyes shine by night as a Lanthorn. . . . The fangs of a wolf hung about children's necks keep them from frightening, and are very good to rub their gums with when they are breeding of teeth."

The servant question also seems to have been a burning one among the early settlers. In 1656, Rev. Ezekiel Rogers, of Rowley, wrote: "Much ado I have with my own family; hard to get a servant glad of catechising or family duties. I had a rare blessing of servants in Yorkshire, and those I brought over were a blessing, but the young brood doth much afflict me."

Further on I find an interesting ac-

count of household economy. It is said of the Rev. Dr. Moore "that he blew out the candle when he began his evening prayer, and re-lighted it at the conclusion, which, no doubt, in the course of a year would amount to considerable length of time saved in the burning." Space forbids any details with regard to the part which Andover played in the witchcraft of 1692, or in the early Indian wars, and later in the Revolutionary War. Suffice it to say that in the former it has a shameful record, while in the latter it holds an honorable place.

The present town of Andover is one of the most beautiful in New England. As one leaves the Boston & Maine station, and begins to climb the hill toward the village, his attention is arrested by a substantial brick building in the midst of neat grounds; this is Memorial Hall, the town library, and public reading-room, erected by citizens of the town in honor of those who had fallen in the late war. From this point one naturally turns his steps up Main Street, a long, shady street straight as an arrow, running over the hill by the Phillips Academy, so named from its founders. This famous school from whose doors so many of our illustrious men have gone forth, was founded in 1778. At present it has about three hundred students from all parts of the world.

Nearly opposite the academy are the grounds and buildings of the seminary. It has a magnificent campus, surrounded by a high hedge. Its well kept graveled walks are shaded by grand old elms, while the buildings are so disposed that from any one of them the view is unsurpassed. High, quiet, sightly, no place could be better

adapted for a retreat in which to study the great facts of revelation.

Since the opening of the seminary, in September, 1808, nineteen hundred and nineteen have been graduated, and are now scattered as missionaries, preachers, and teachers, throughout the whole world.

The course of instruction covers three years, with a fourth year for special study for those who wish to go further. The instruction is nearly all in the form of lectures, so that it is left with each man to decide how much studying he will do.

I must say that I have never enjoyed study more than I have under my present instructors. Their method is the scientific method. They begin with facts and deduce their principles from the facts. The favorite method among many theologians is to dogmatize first, and then twist facts to correspond with their theories. This method of dealing with truth is a fruitful cause of bitterness and controversy. It also tends to narrowness and bigotry. Truth is absolute, and needs not that men should put forth their puny hands to keep it from tottering; nor will any examination of it, however critical, disturb it. Our age needs men who think for themselves, and Andover Seminary is doing a good work in training men to supply this demand.

As regards the "New Theology," I must say that I should not know that there was such a thing, but for the kindness of the *Orthodox* religious press, which shows a woeful lack of the Christian spirit, and a woeful ignorance of the question at issue. The authors of "Progressive Orthodoxy"

are not condemned for what they have said, but for what they are supposed to have said. So rare is it for any one to forget his prejudice, and recognize the merit of the book, that I gladly quote from the "book table" of the *Morning Star* a paragraph which is fair, and in harmony with my own views:

"The work is creditable to American Christian scholarship. If one can not indorse its every sentiment, he can heartily indorse it for the thought it awakens on the fundamental truths of the gospel, and for the general correctness of its trend."

There is one other school that deserves attention, the Abbot Academy, for young ladies. Here, more than one hundred young women from various States are kept under the watchful eye of Miss Philena McKeen, who looks after their morals and manners while they are being trained in the various branches that make up the curriculum of a young ladies' school.

This school gives the Theologs a reception every fall, after which they are allowed to call on any of the acquaintances which they may make. The hour for calling is from 9.40 to 10 P.M. There have been no engagements during the last two years.

For amusements, tennis takes the lead. Several of the professors are fine players, and may often be seen testing the physical ability of the students. Then, too, good roads and fine scenery makes walking a pleasure.

This letter has already been too long drawn out, so I will "stop right here."

Yours truly,

EDWIN B. STILES, '85.

LOCALS.

Solvitur acris hiems grata vice veris et Faroni.

Senior B— says that Senior R— has got up to A^b.

"See if it isn't so with that *thing* that you have drawn."

To Bates boys, Aprilis is the opening month in more senses than one.

What made Blanchard maximus so happy the afternoon before the Senior Ex?

The Senior exhibition was no April fool, although it occurred on that inauspicious day.

"A repeater," says one, "is something to strengthen a current after walking a long distance."

Why do we put a tax on tobacco and whiskey? asked the Prof. Mr. A.— "Because they are luxuries."

Prof.—"There is a little discrepancy in that." Mr. T.—"What, do you mean there is a mistake?"

The Sophs. are beginning to oil up their spy-glasses, preparatory to their ornithological observations.

The mum-sociable is a nice place for a bashful man. But the talkative man feels as uneasy as a colt with a head-check.

Any student who receives a box of maple sugar from home, and does not divide it among his fellows is a foe to society.

The Seniors; during the time of the good crust, went out sliding every morning with their gir—no! no! no! their sleds.

"As spring advances lessen the men-

tal pressure a little," is the advice of one of the leading educational journals of the day, *Attendant Doctores*.

The following letter was received by our editor in charge of the Personals:
 Fuimus septem. Septem sumus. Sed ubi
 Deus unus scit. Vale.

GEORGIUS SILEX, Class '71.

Prof.—“Mr. J., supposing you send a current into that coil, how far will it go?” Mr. J. (slowly and thoughtfully)—“I should think—it would go—till it stopped.”

One of the Juniors thinks he has at last found a reasonable claim to greatness. Darwin, Gladstone, Tennyson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and his grandfather, were all born in the same year.

One of the boys having heard that aconite was good for colds, thought he would go down to the drug store and get some. Evidently he had not quite understood the word, for he asked for dynamite.

The following passage of German—“gross und stark über seine jahre”—was rendered thus by one of the Juniors: “Great and strong above his ears.” The class applauded, and the young man tried to look modest.

At a recent Cyniscan meeting a vote of thanks was returned to the members of the Reading-Room Association for their kindness in admitting the ladies. It was, however, unanimously decided by the ladies to pay the usual dues.

Junior T. met with quite an accident while out sliding on the crust, the other day. In his first attempt he was thrown off his sled a distance of ten feet. This sudden and violent move-

ment resulted in an enlargement of the proboscis.

R. was translating a passage in De Immortalitate, on the various methods which the ancients employed in disposing of their dead. “The Egyptians, the Egyptians,” said he, “they (not recognizing the next word) they—*pickled* their dead.”

The following are those of the Sophomore class that received prizes for studying the habits and characteristics of the winter birds: Blaisdell, Blanchard, Buker, Call, Cox, Daggett, Fernald, Guphill, Hutchinson, Knox, Libby, Stevens, Thayer, Worthley.

For primeval barbarity the new humaniphone takes the cake. We saw the thing at the Main Street church. Its composition is as follows: Eleven beautiful young ladies, and one “bass” young man, kneel upon the stage with cards hung on their heads, indicating the key in a piano to which each one’s cry of pain corresponds. Then the operator steps behind them with a long handled mallet in each hand, and proceeds to rap them on the head, as one would thump so many piano keys. The music is sweet, but we cannot shut our eyes to the agony it costs.

We noticed, recently, a couple of Seniors coming up street with their newly purchased plugs, and just behind them a third Senior, plugless. O, that with a painter’s genius we could have placed upon breathing canvas the contrast of expression in their features. Pride and happiness “lit out” from the faces of the first two like light from the reflector of an engine. But

the face of the third was suffused with a deep melancholy, and his under jaw drooped visibly. O, ye Seniors! let not the spring pass without tasting of the joy inherent in the possession of a tall hat.

The first division of Sophomore declamations came March 16th, and the following pieces were well rendered:

Scene at Niagara Falls.—Tarson. H. L. Knox.
The Black Horse and His Rider.—Sheppard. T. M. Singer.
Tribute to Dr. Howe, the Philanthropist.—Hale. A. E. Hatch.
Scott and the Veteran.—Taylor. S. A. Norton.

MUSIC.

Selection.—Patrick Henry. C. D. Blaisdell.
The French Revolution.—Eells. J. I. Hutchinson.
Kentucky Belle.—Woolson. M. S. Little.
The Baron's Last Banquet.—Green. H. W. Small.

MUSIC.

Spartacus to the Roman Envoys.—Kellogg. F. W. Newell.
Adams and Jefferson.—Webster. E. J. Small.
William Tell.—Anon. J. H. Blanchard.
Count Candespina's Standard.—Boker. B. E. Sinclair.

March 23d, the second division spoke, with the following programme:

Over the Hill to the Poorhouse.—Carleton. E. J. Daggett.
Appeal for Ireland.—Clay. E. Blanchard.
American Laborers.—Naylor. W. E. Kinney.
Only the Brakes. Miss B. A. Wright.

MUSIC.

Flying Jim's Last Leap.—Banks. H. S. Worthly.
Salathiel to Titus.—Crolyr. E. L. Stevens.
Sandalphon.—Longfellow. Miss E. A. Given.
Corrupt City Government. F. W. Buker.

MUSIC.

The Downfall of Cardinal Wolsey.—Shakespeare. E. T. Whittemore.
Extract from Longfellow. G. H. Libby.
Death of Abraham Lincoln.—Beecher. G. W. Hayes.

March 26th, the last division spoke. The following was the programme:

Coronation of Inez De Castro.—Anon. O. B. C. Kinney.
England's Doom.—Spalding. W. R. Miller.
The Rhyme of the Dutchess May.—Mrs. Browning.
Miss E. I. Chipman.
The Roman Sentinel.—Florence. C. J. Emerson.

MUSIC.

The Fireman's Prayer.—Conwell. E. H. Thayer.
Joan of Arc.—De Quincey. H. E. Fernald.
Justice Inevitable.—Carlyle. I. N. Cox.

MUSIC.

Vox Populi, Vox Dei.—Lovejoy. F. J. Libby.
Crime its own Detective.—Webster. A. B. Call.
Trial of Queen Katharine.—Shakespeare. Miss I. M. Wood.

The prize division spoke March 30th, at the Main Street church. All the speakers did themselves credit. The prize was awarded to Mr. Worthley. Yet many would have been as well satisfied if Miss Wood had won it. Mr. Small and Mr. Singer also deserve especial mention. The programme was as follows:

Trial of Queen Katharine.—Shakespeare. Miss I. M. Wood.
Kentucky Belle.—Woolson. Miss M. S. Little.
Eulogy on Lincoln.—Beecher. G. W. Hayes.
The Downfall of Cardinal Woolsey.—Shakespeare. E. T. Whittemore.

MUSIC.

Flying Jim's Last Leap.—Banks. H. S. Worthley.
William Tell.—Anon. J. H. Blanchard.
The Rhyme of the Duchess May.—Mrs. Browning.

Miss E. I. Chipman.
The Black Horse and his Rider.—Sheppard. T. M. Singer.

MUSIC.

Adams and Jefferson.—Webster. E. J. Small.
The Fireman's Prayer.—Conwell. E. H. Thayer.

The Roman Sentinel.—Florence.

C. J. Emerson.

Only the Brakes.—Anon. Miss B. A. Wright.

The Senior Exhibition, April 1st, in point of excellence, was equal to any we have heard. We make no mention of any one part, because as there is no prize for these parts, comparison is needless. The music, by the Euro-sophian Quàrtette won much deserved praise. The following is the programme :

MUSIC.

Come, Let's Dance, etc.—Wentworth.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

Lead Kindly Light.—Buck.

John Winthrop.

F. Whitney.

Spectrum Analysis.

P. R. Howe.

The Heroic in American Character.

C. S. Pendleton.

Juvenal and Rome.

Israel Jordan.

MUSIC.

Maria's Lambkin.

The Poetry of Burns.

Miss L. S. Stevens.

Conscience and Law.

L. G. Roberts.

Our Need of Spiritual Heroism.

Miss N. E. Russell.

National Progress Dependent on

True Scholarship.

Jessie Bailey.

MUSIC.

March.—Becker.

Obedience or Slavery.

*E. C. Hayes.

Oratory in a Modern Democracy.

A. S. Littlefield.

True Education Develops Character.

G. M. Godin.

Woman Suffrage.

F. W. Chase.

MUSIC.

Bates.

*Excused.

Thinkers are scarce as gold ; but he whose thought embraces all his subject, who pursues it uninterruptedly and fearless of consequence, is a diamond of enormous size.—*Lavater*.

PERSONALS.

'70.—E. A. Nash has been elected president of the board of aldermen of this city.

'80.—Dr. O. C. Tarbox has recently been in the city. He has been obliged to give up his practice in New York on account of ill health, and is now visiting friends in Minnesota.

'80.—Dr. M. T. Newton has a steadily increasing practice in Sabattis.

'82.—W. H. Dresser is principal of a high school in Cherryfield, Me. He is the president of the West Washington Teachers' Association.

'82.—R. H. Douglass has returned from Dakota, where he has been traveling for a few years. He has been teaching this winter in Farmington. Mr. Douglass has recently invented and patented a trunk strap.

'82.—D. E. Pease is succeeding well in the job printing business. He has brought out his partner and is carrying on the business at 148 Shawmut Avenue, Boston.

'82.—F. L. Blanchard was married to Mrs. Louie M. Bricker of Milan, Ohio, at the Church of the Strangers, New York City, on March 9th, by the Rev. Dr. Charles Deems. The wedding trip was spent at Washington and Baltimore. Mr. Blanchard is an editor employed on the *Commercial Advertiser*.

'83.—W. H. Barber expects to join the Maine Conference next year.

'85.—C. A. Washburn, is principal of a free high school at Livermore.

'85.—R. E. Atwood is reading law with N. W. Harris of Auburn.

'85.—C. W. Harlow is studying

medicine at the Bowdoin Medical School.

'85.—J. M. Nichols has recently been in the city. He has been for two years first assistant in the high school at Rochester, N. H.

'85.—A. F. Gilbert has been visiting the public schools of the city. He is the principal of a large grammar school in Newburyport, Mass., at a salary of \$1000.

THEOLOGICAL.

'81.—G. A. Burgess is at work on an Encyclopedia of Free Baptist ministers, schools, etc.

'87.—H. F. Young has under consideration a unanimous call to the Free Baptist church at Waterloo, Iowa.

'87.—W. F. Getchell will remain at Sabattis for another year.

Rev. J. W. Burgin will supply the Free Baptist church at West Falmouth for a year.

STUDENTS.

Several of the students assisted in the high school alumni entertainment, April 14th.

'87.—P. R. Howe has been studying dentistry with Dr. E. H. White of this city.

'87.—Israel Jordan spent the vacation in Boston.

'88.—F. A. Weeman has returned. He has been teaching with good success in Yarmouth.

'89.—W. T. Guptill has been traveling in New York, visiting Niagara Falls and other places of interest.

'89.—A. L. Safford is principal of a high school in Westminster, Mass.

'89.—W. F. Grant is keeping books for Ara Cushman of Auburn.

'90.—A. F. Gilmore and J. H. Welch have returned.

Several of the class have been canvassing during the vacation.

EXCHANGES.

The *Dartmouth* is always sure of a welcome to our sanctum. As a rule it is spiey and interesting, but the "Literary" in the April number is decidedly weak. The poetry, however, is excellent.

The *Syracusan* contains a thoughtful article on "The Study of English." The writer believes that a more "minute and extended attention" should be given to the study of the English language and literature.

The *College Rambler*, from Illinois College, is before us. The candor of the Ex. editor is refreshing after reading the twaddle in some exchange columns.

The *Wabash* publishes the Illinois intercollegiate prize oration. The subject is "John Brown," and, for so hackneyed a subject, is treated in an interesting and skillful manner.

The *Southern Collegian*, Lexington, Va., is a very creditable publication. The editorials are sensible and well written. Several, so called, poems contain the minimum of sense and maximum of nonsense.

The *Atlantis*, Lexington, Ky., contains an article on "The Negro," that is at least thirty-five years behind the times. Our advice to the writer would be: Choose a subject that you can treat in an unprejudiced manner.

The *Pacific Pharos*, mentioned in our

last number, has suspended publication, because "The Faculty have denied the students the privilege of expressing their opinions on college topics." A college paper minus college topics would indeed be a curious production. If this had taken place in the East we might have charged it to New England conservatism, but happening, as it does, in the land of boasted freedom, it is beyond our comprehension. Evidently the men who think that college students should be treated like infants are not all dead yet.

During the four months that we have been connected with the STUDENT, the following papers, that are on our list as regular exchanges, have not put in an appearance: *Argosy*, Sackville, N. B., *College Courier*, *Cap and Gown*, *Cornell Review*, *College Journal*, *Hebron Semester*, *Harvard Lampoon*, *Michigan Argonot*, *Peddie Institute Chronicle*, *University Portfolio*, *University Monthly*, Frederickton, N. B., *Williams Jewell Student*, and *Yale Record*. Are you dead or only sleeping? If you still exist, please put us on your list and send us your papers; otherwise we shall take it for granted that you do not wish to exchange, and govern ourselves accordingly.

Hamilton College Monthly, by the young ladies of Hamilton College, is always welcomed to our sanctum. The editorials cover a wide range of subjects, including as they do "The American Nation," "The Press," "Faith Cures," "Salvation Army," etc. We do not see why so many of our exchanges are opposed to such sub-

jects in a college paper. For our part we think they are a decided improvement on the articles upon "The Gym," "Reading-Room," "Societies," and "Base-Ball," that are the constant themes of most college editorials.

COLLEGE PRESS.

The latest craze is for a college to become a university, "in fact as it is in name;" so runs the common expression. Harvard and Yale, Columbia and Princeton, all desire the *eclat* that the higher position would bestow. While not at all clear that education would be to any great extent benefited by conglomerating various schools into one corporation in a single centre, and though long continued residence in a single place may be detrimental to a student, yet the idea is here, and the prospect is sufficiently brilliant to tempt any institution that can command the money to assume university pretensions.

The confession may at first hurt college pride, but it must be admitted that there is soon to be a drawing apart between the old institutions which have so long been classed together. Some will have the incidents of wealth and size as universities; many must continue moving in about their present spheres. These latter may improve in equipment, and may be strengthened by the addition of scientific schools, but they will not develop.

College work must still retain its place, and the need for colleges will not be lessened. In their field these institutions may do as thorough and

as creditable work as their more pretentious neighbors. The need for universities is a limited one, and all who expect to gain position must complete plans rapidly. For all that remain behind, the consolation will be in this, that they are accomplishing honest work for intellectual development.—*Brunonian*.

The question of secret societies in American colleges seems again to be pushing itself to the front. An eastern journal has the announcement that there is soon to be a meeting of college presidents in the city of Chicago, to see what can be done toward breaking up these societies.

It seems that all men, even college presidents, are not agreed as to the best method of dealing with these institutions, and all are not in favor of their entire abolition, even though such a thing were possible.

President Seelye, of Amherst, in a letter to the *Christian Union*, takes occasion to speak a favorable word for the secret organizations, as conducted in that college. Whether President Seelye's remarks are applicable to like organizations in other colleges and universities remains to be seen.

Even to an Oberlin student, whose knowledge of college fraternities is supposed to be very limited, such a movement cannot help being full of interest and significance, and it will be watched with still greater interest by those who have been more directly connected with some one of these many secret societies.—*Oberlin Review*,

COLLEGE WORLD.

HARVARD :

Harvard is soon to lose two of its instructors in the Greek department, Professor Croswell and Professor Dyer. —Leavitt, '90, has again broken the Harvard record in the pole-vault, clearing 9 feet 8½ inches. The Princeton record made last June is ten feet and six inches.—The average price of rooms at Harvard is about \$145, while the average price at Yale is less than \$90.—Until 1786, students at both Harvard and Yale were ranked entirely according to social position. Rank lists of the classes were posted in the battery at the beginning of Freshman year, and were eagerly awaited. Yale was the first to abolish the system, and Harvard followed suit five years later.

PRINCETON :

Twenty-two members of the present Senior class at Princeton intend to enter the ministry; the largest proportion in many years.—All college bills have to be paid in advance.—The prize offered by *Lippincott's Magazine* for the best essay on "Social Life at Princeton," has been awarded to E. M. Hopkins, '88. The article appeared in the April number of the magazine.

AMHERST :

Seventy per cent. of Amherst's undergraduates are members of the church, while twenty per cent. of the recent graduates have entered the ministry.

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trained the Williams nine for a time,
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prominent pitchers in the league.

AMONG THE POETS.

MY SECRET.

When it contains no harm,
A secret hath its charm.
She laughing told me one,
All full of sparkling fun.
It ne'er shall be revealed,
Because my lips are sealed.

It happened thus one day,
When folks were all away,—
"Promise, you'll never tell,"
Then on my ear it fell.
It ne'er shall be revealed,
Because my lips she sealed.

—Fortnight.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

Of by thy pure and gentle light I've strayed,
O Moon, mild cheerer of Night's sullen hours,
And many a scene of love and joy have laid
Amidst thy silver lakes and fairy bowers.

For I have borne on Fancy's truant wing,
The loved who earth once tenanted, away
To dwell with thee, among the joys that spring
From an unclouded and unfading day.

And I have longed to break the ties that bind
And chafe my spirit, panting to be free,
And soaring on some fleecy cloud, to find
Myself enfranchised, and at home with thee.

—Syracusan.

THE ANEMONE.

O first soft passion-kiss of Spring—
Trembling, sweet anemone!
Beautiful, shivering little thing
Firmly yet so timidly

Peeping out from the old stone-wall
Into the shuddery, chilly air,
I silently wonder how at all
You grow in your cranny there.

Sweet forerunner of sweeter days,
Scattering light and hope and cheer



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Out on the dead things of the ways—
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Is it to tell us of coming flowers
Fairer than you, if fairer grow,
Whose buds will swell in the April show-
ers
Bringing nepenthe of snow?

Or is it that Love may draw
Out of the hearts of stones
Beauty and order and law,
Seen in such frail, sweet ones
As you, peerless anemone!

—Yale Lit.

CLIPPINGS.

A Harvard professor has made the calculation that if men were really as big as they sometimes feel there would be room in the United States for only two professors, three lawyers, two doctors, and a reporter on a Philadelphia paper. The rest of us would be crowded into the sea and have to swim for it.—*Ex.*

HER INVITATION.

In the parlor they were sitting—
Sitting by the firelight's glow;

Quickly were the minutes flitting,
Till at last he rose to go.

With his overcoat she pattered,
From her eye escaped a tear:
"Must you go so soon?" she muttered;
"Won't you stay to breakfast, dear"

—*Life.*

Three weeks ago an Indiana man taught his dog, a very fine, well behaved setter, to chew tobacco. Now the dog comes into the house by the back door, never scrapes his feet on the mat, never goes to church, is careless at his meals, gets burrs in his tail, goes with the lower grade of dogs, and it is feared he is beginning to take an interest in politics.—*Philadelphia Herald.*

THAT LITTLE WORD.

You naughty little word,
To me me you just occurred,
As on the icy path
I left my step in wrath.

You're short and very cute,
Between my lips to shoot
You seem inclined to-day
Because you feel so gay.

Your taste and sound is sweet
For cooling anger's heat,
But you're a wicked sham,
Although you rhyme with lamb.
—*Williams Fortnight.*

"Dates are no more history than
a line of mile-stones are a turnpike."



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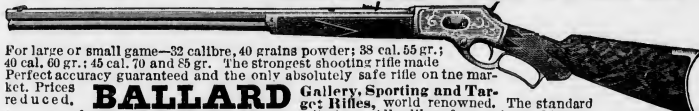
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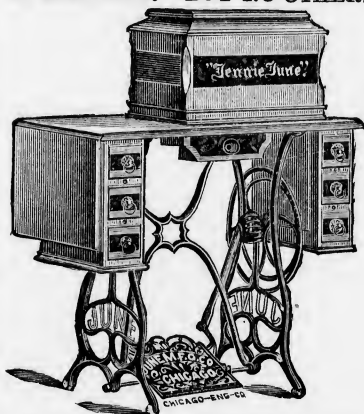
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VOL. XV.

NO. 5.

MAY,

1881.

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There were great principles at work
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battles of history; there is a power
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causes the forces of nature to display
themselves in phenomena; there must
have been a truth in the soul of the

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Education is not permanent if it is content with facts, without piercing through the external and grasping the principles—and they are few—on which those facts depend. Principles will last through time and eternity. They are the education which is permanent.

IN the years gone by, and we doubt not it will be the same this year, it has been the custom of many of the boys to leave town before the end of the term. But very few undergraduates, except those that have parts, remain to the Commencement. To be sure there are many that are obliged to leave, having positions for the summer that call them away early; but we are just as certain that many go that are not obliged to do so. Doubtless they think that as soon as the final examinations are passed, their work is ended, and that they have obtained all the benefits of the year. Now their work is not completed, for they should remain to assist their classmates by their presence at least. Moreover, there is more advantage to be derived from the exercises of Commencement week, if they are faithfully attended, than from those of any other two weeks of the year. Besides the graduating exercises, there is the pleasure of attending the alumni meetings, and coming in contact with the former graduates. Then there are always three or four addresses, any one of which we should be very glad to attend at any other time in the year. Every one should remain that possibly can.

It is a duty we owe to ourselves and to our college, and one we shall have the privilege of performing only four times in our life.

BEFORE our next issue, the Trustees of the college will probably meet to make appropriations for the ensuing year. It is this fact that leads us to give expression to what we believe is the sentiment of the students as a body, and that is the desire for new apparatus in the gymnasium. We have a building, but a building without apparatus is not very conducive to muscular development. The apparatus in the "gym." at present may have been good in its day, but that day is long past. We had no idea how deficient our "gym." was in this respect, until we visited several gymnasiums and saw the advantages they offered for exercise. At least, \$1,000 should be appropriated for this purpose. This may seem a large sum, but it is in reality very moderate as compared with the amounts expended at other institutions. We think that this sum judiciously expended would put the "gym." into such a condition that it would be a pleasure to exercise. The present lack of interest in athletics may be attributed, in a large measure, to the poor facilities for exercise.

When a student has been running, jumping, and developing muscle in the "gym." throughout our long winter, he is anxious to exhibit his attainments on the ball field, or in the field-day sports. But, when the only exercise he has taken is to walk to his meals three times a day—if it isn't too

stormy,—and to carry an occasional hod of coal, he cannot be expected to have much interest in athletic sports. We sincerely hope that the Faculty, who have always been disposed to listen to the requests of the students, will think of this subject, and lay the matter before the Trustees in such a manner that they will recognize the crying need of the college, and grant this appropriation.

DURING the past few weeks, the members of the Intercollegiate Oratorical Association of Ohio, have been greatly agitated over a misaward of prizes. The winner of the third honor is proven to have stolen a great part of his composition. This leads us to speak of the advisability of giving prizes. In the case just cited, it has had a tendency to make the young man dishonest, not an unusual effect, if we have been rightly informed. American institutions, seeing the apparent success of the prize system in English universities, have adopted it, but in doing so they have made a mistake. There are many defects in this system, sufficient, indeed, to warrant its removal. Prizes are intended to incite students as a whole to higher endeavor. But they do not have this effect except upon a very few. It is seldom that more than five or six enter for a prize with a real desire or hope to win it. The prize incites only a few of the more ambitious. Upon these few, moreover, the power brought to bear is too energetic. Prize winners often make such strenuous efforts to win the goal that they

completely undermine their health. We call to mind a Harvard man that won six thousand dollars in prize money. These great exertions were followed by softening of the brain, which unfitted him for any of the active walks of life. Then this giving of prizes makes a merit of that which is not, superior natural gifts. It is no merit for a man to be endowed with ability above his fellows, for he is just as God made him. But it is difficult to make students realize this while our institutions teach just the opposite. College students ought not to need the momentary pressure afforded by prizes. They should possess such a love of study for its own sake, that that alone might arouse them to their highest endeavor.

DR. McKENZIE, in his opening remarks said, "I expected to speak to Bates College students in Bates College chapel." In these few words two thoughts seem to be implied which perhaps are worth consideration.

First, the most natural and fitting place for the exercises of the college is the chapel connected with the college. The practice of taking declamations and lectures designed for the students down town has very little to recommend it. It may be that a larger audience is secured, but, at the same time, the impression may be conveyed that if the college has anything of special merit to present to the people it will bring it to them, and thus the difficulty of gathering a good audience at the college on ordinary occasions may be increased.

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EDITORIAL.

IN order to give an account of the Commencement exercises, the next number of the STUDENT will be delayed till after Commencement. The number will be greatly enlarged, and will contain much that will be of interest to alumni and friends. All desiring this number will confer a favor by sending their names to the Business Manager. Subscribers will also rejoice the heart of our manager by paying their subscriptions at once, thus enabling him to settle all bills before vacation.

ACCORDING to Dr. McKenzie, who recently lectured before our college, the permanent element of education is not a mass of facts, but the spirit and principles underlying those facts.

A string of dates is not history; a series of experiments is not science; imitation of form in marble is not art. There were great principles at work that fixed the dates and caused the battles of history; there is a power behind the scientific experiment that causes the forces of nature to display themselves in phenomena; there must have been a truth in the soul of the

artist to be brought out by his chisel, else he is but a stone-cutter.

Education is not permanent if it is content with facts, without piercing through the external and grasping the principles—and they are few—on which those facts depend. Principles will last through time and eternity. They are the education which is permanent.

IN the years gone by, and we doubt not it will be the same this year, it has been the custom of many of the boys to leave town before the end of the term. But very few undergraduates, except those that have parts, remain to the Commencement. To be sure there are many that are obliged to leave, having positions for the summer that call them away early; but we are just as certain that many go that are not obliged to do so. Doubtless they think that as soon as the final examinations are passed, their work is ended, and that they have obtained all the benefits of the year. Now their work is not completed, for they should remain to assist their classmates by their presence at least. Moreover, there is more advantage to be derived from the exercises of Commencement week, if they are faithfully attended, than from those of any other two weeks of the year. Besides the graduating exercises, there is the pleasure of attending the alumni meetings, and coming in contact with the former graduates. Then there are always three or four addresses, any one of which we should be very glad to attend at any other time in the year. Every one should remain that possibly can.

It is a duty we owe to ourselves and to our college, and one we shall have the privilege of performing only four times in our life.

BEFORE our next issue, the Trustees of the college will probably meet to make appropriations for the ensuing year. It is this fact that leads us to give expression to what we believe is the sentiment of the students as a body, and that is the desire for new apparatus in the gymnasium. We have a building, but a building without apparatus is not very conducive to muscular development. The apparatus in the "gym." at present may have been good in its day, but that day is long past. We had no idea how deficient our "gym." was in this respect, until we visited several gymnasiums and saw the advantages they offered for exercise. At least, \$1,000 should be appropriated for this purpose. This may seem a large sum, but it is in reality very moderate as compared with the amounts expended at other institutions. We think that this sum judiciously expended would put the "gym." into such a condition that it would be a pleasure to exercise. The present lack of interest in athletics may be attributed, in a large measure, to the poor facilities for exercise.

When a student has been running, jumping, and developing muscle in the "gym." throughout our long winter, he is anxious to exhibit his attainments on the ball field, or in the field-day sports. But, when the only exercise he has taken is to walk to his meals three times a day—if it is't too

stormy,—and to carry an occasional hod of coal, he cannot be expected to have much interest in athletic sports. We sincerely hope that the Faculty, who have always been disposed to listen to the requests of the students, will think of this subject, and lay the matter before the Trustees in such a manner that they will recognize the crying need of the college, and grant this appropriation.

DURING the past few weeks, the members of the Intercollegiate Oratorical Association of Ohio, have been greatly agitated over a misawardal of prizes. The winner of the third honor is proven to have stolen a great part of his composition. This leads us to speak of the advisability of giving prizes. In the case just cited, it has had a tendency to make the young man dishonest, not an unusual effect, if we have been rightly informed. American institutions, seeing the apparent success of the prize system in English universities, have adopted it, but in doing so they have made a mistake. There are many defects in this system, sufficient, indeed, to warrant its removal. Prizes are intended to incite students as a whole to higher endeavor. But they do not have this effect except upon a very few. It is seldom that more than five or six enter for a prize with a real desire or hope to win it. The prize incites only a few of the more ambitious. Upon these few, moreover, the power brought to bear is too energetic. Prize winners often make such strenuous efforts to win the goal that they

completely undermine their health. We call to mind a Harvard man that won six thousand dollars in prize money. These great exertions were followed by softening of the brain, which unfitted him for any of the active walks of life. Then this giving of prizes makes a merit of that which is not, superior natural gifts. It is no merit for a man to be endowed with ability above his fellows, for he is just as God made him. But it is difficult to make students realize this while our institutions teach just the opposite. College students ought not to need the momentary pressure afforded by prizes. They should possess such a love of study for its own sake, that that alone might arouse them to their highest endeavor.

DR. McKENZIE, in his opening remarks said, "I expected to speak to Bates College students in Bates College chapel." In these few words two thoughts seem to be implied which perhaps are worth consideration.

First, the most natural and fitting place for the exercises of the college is the chapel connected with the college. The practice of taking declamations and lectures designed for the students down town has very little to recommend it. It may be that a larger audience is secured, but, at the same time, the impression may be conveyed that if the college has anything of special merit to present to the people it will bring it to them, and thus the difficulty of gathering a good audience at the college on ordinary occasions may be increased.

The time and place of any exercise

should be such as to accommodate those most interested in it. It is a question whether students should be required to walk a mile to attend a lecture prepared for them, and one that has a direct bearing upon their work, when it might as well be given a few feet from the rooms of most of them.

Again, when a lecture or entertainment is designed to benefit or amuse a certain class of individuals, it is given only at a disadvantage before a different audience. If a speaker comes from a distance for the purpose of interesting and instructing the students of Bates College, he expects his audience to consist of those students, or at least that they shall constitute a prominent part of it. A lawyer asked to address law students would very likely feel his inspiration oozing out at his fingers' ends, if, when he rose to speak he should find the law students in two galleries high above his head on each side of him, and before him in the body of the house a mixed assembly in which the few whom he was prepared to benefit were lost in the throng of judges grown old in the legal service, children, and others who, without giving his subject a thought, came to kill time or to please their friends.

It seems as if the students owe it to the men who come here to help them, as well as to themselves to take the front seats in the body of the house on the evening of a lecture.

It would perhaps be well if the managers of the lecture course should see that a sufficient number of these seats are reserved to accommodate all the students, that no one may feel obliged

to go a half an hour early to secure his place.

IT is undoubtedly true that a man is never possessed of so much restless ambition as when he is very young. The overflowing energy of a young man will carry him over obstacles which, in after life, would be insurmountable. The reason for this is obvious. Most young men fix the goal of their ambition at some point in the scale of human attainment far above them. Life has just blossomed forth, and many pleasant years seem to lie before them. But in spite of the exhilaration of manhood, an unrest fills the young man's breast, because the goal is so far distant. "Up! up!" says that nameless something within, "and to the work. Those years may all roll by, and yet the goal may not be reached." With such thoughts as these, the young man begins his life-work, and in the majority of cases pursues it with all the energy he is capable of. He surmounts the difficulties, which in after years would be insurmountable, because his spirit has not been weakened by hard encounters. But here comes the crucial test of his ability to reach the mark of his ambition.

If the young man is not possessed of enough latent force to carry him over the obstacles in his path, and even to accelerate his former rate of advance, the evening of life will find him many a day's journey from the goal. But when one really possesses this intensity of nature, which has characterized all great men, he will

generally accomplish his life-work in early manhood. All the productive force of his life seems to be concentrated into a few years' work.

This rule is of course not an absolute one, but yet the lives of a majority of great men demonstrate its truth. Alexander at thirty-three years of age, "wept for more worlds to conquer." Scipio Africanus had finished a career of glory before he was thirty-four. At this same age, Papinianus became an oracle of Roman law. Charlemagne had made himself master of France and most of Germany at twenty-nine. Raphael was less than thirty years of age when he began to be called the "Divine Raphael." Milton had written his best miscellaneous poems at twenty-six. Isaac Newton had reached the pinnacle of his knowledge and fame at the age of thirty. Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood before he was twenty-four. The elder William Pitt waged war with Walpole at twenty-seven. Napoleon achieved his victories in Italy at twenty-eight, and wore the imperial crown at thirty-five. Byron had produced his most brilliant works at the age of thirty-four. Henry Kirk White was in his grave at twenty-one, and Mozart at thirty-five. Lafayette was but twenty-three at the siege of Yorktown, and was commander-in-chief of the French National Guards at thirty-three. At the age of thirty-two, Hamilton was Secretary of the United States Treasury, and John Jay was Chief Justice of New York. These are but a few of the notable instances of the attainments of young men.

LITERARY.

THE PINE AND PALM.

[From Heine.]

By E. F. N., '82.

A pine tree standeth lonely,
Bleak is the northern height;
It sleepeth while the ice and snow
Wreathes it with robes of white.

It dreameth of a palm tree,
Remote in lands of dawn,
The lonely cliff is scorching,
The palm grieves, mute, forlorn.

POETRY OF BURNS.

By L. L. S., '87.

A LITTLE more than one hundred years ago there came to Edinburgh a man of humble birth, whose sole companion was poverty. His presence, conversation, and boundless love of the beautiful united in calling forth the sympathy of the people, and insuring for him a hearty welcome. His unmistakable genius received the homage of the most learned.

Our brawny stranger, the Ayrshire bard, was unpolished by art, unenlightened by science. Incessant drudgery was his hard lot. He composed his poetry at the plow, in the field, or by the ingle-side. An ardent lover of Shakespeare and Shennstone, his access to books in general was exceedingly limited. In his earliest years the volume he most prized was an old song book, which he always carried with him, whether driving his cart, or strolling over hill and dale. Alone, as it were, in a vast wilderness, without help, without instruction, and with only the poorest models, he hewed out his

own materials, and rose by his own strength.

Now what was the secret of his popularity, and why has his name become immortal?

It may shed some light on this question if we compare him with his predecessors. Pope, the idol of the time, was affected, stately, and severely classical. With the exception of Cowper, who wrote in a comparatively narrow range, all the writers of the age made him their model.

Utterly unlike Pope, Burns at once charms us with his naturalness, his spontaneity. He went back to nature and was truly a poet of her own making. He beheld her in all her varied aspects, his soul now plunged in the deepest gloom, now raised to the heights of joy. He looked up to Nature's God, and burst forth in soul-animating strains of worship. It is said of him, "He sings because he must." He must tell what he has seen, and express what he has felt. This is poetry in its purest and intensest form, an outburst of the individual emotions.

He did not go abroad for his subjects, as "Goethe in the Stars," or "Byron on the Ocean," he saw poetry in everything about him. Whatever meets his eager gaze, or lies beneath his feet, he gloriously transfigures. At his touch "the holly leaf turns into emerald."

In his own but "homely rustic jingle," he describes those scenes, rude and humble, which have kindled emotions in his own soul. And this is the secret of his genius. Moved himself, he can move others. The moorland

farmer, the shepherd, the "owrie cattle," are sufficient to inspire him.

Vivid imagination, gracefulness, and strength characterize all his descriptions, and clothe them with the garb of reality. No languid poet was he, spurring his genius with fictitious joys and sorrows. Well may the poor claim him as their poet! Himself, a child of poverty, he associated with the lowly, and was amply qualified to portray their experiences. What an exalted picture of true Scottish piety, and the love for home, is his "Cotter's Saturday Night!" Nor does it describe an unusual experience, for, as he says, "From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs." Before Burns, the Scottish peasant's life was cheerless and low. He made the humblest plowman a king, and the merry milkmaid a queen. By the power of his genius the dumb brute is lifted into the range of human sympathies. How strikingly is his peculiar humor displayed in the "Twa Dogs." The habits of their masters are clearly brought out, and the dogs give gratitude to Heaven that they are "na men, but dogs."

The human heart feels no emotion with which Burns can not sympathize. And sympathy it is which is the grand quality of the man. He sees beauty in universal nature. His poetic soul goes out in pity at the slightest intimation of distress on the part of any one of God's creatures. He does not forget the "owrie cattle," the sheep, or the helpless birds in the pitiless storm. The "Daisy" cut down by the plowshare is to him an emblem of his own sad fate.

A poet for all men and all times, his

memory is the peculiar heritage of Scotland, for he loved his country dearly, and it was the height of his ambition to benefit her. As long as Scotland exists, the hearts of her countrymen will thrill within them, as "Scots wha hae wi Wallace Bled," or "Auld Lang Syne" is sung.

We have found that learning and wealth are not essential to a true poet, and yet we exclaim, "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the sadest are these: it might have been." If Burns, in his short life, exerted such a lasting influence on literature, what might he have done had he been true to his own ideals! We know not but his poetry might have equaled that of a Milton, and might have changed the whole course of British literature. While we love him, we pity him! But, even as it is, he will always be enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, and through the halls of time will sound forth his varied and melodious strains.

THE LORELEI.

[From the German.]

By A. C. T., '88.

I know not what it signifies,
Myself so sad I find,
A legend of the olden time
Goes never from my mind.
The air is cool, and it is dark,
And silent flows the Rhine,
The distant mountain tops are bright
With evening's soft sunshine.

The loveliest maid is sitting
Up yonder, wondrous fair,
Her golden garments glitter,
She combs her golden hair.
She combs it with a golden comb,
And sings a song meanwhile,
A song that has a melody
Of wondrous power and wild.

The sailor in the little boat
It fills with wildest dread,
He looks not for the sunken ledge,
He only looks o'erhead.
I fear the waves will swallow up
At last both boat and man!
And this, with her weird singing,
The Lorelei has done.

CONSCIENCE AND LAW.

By L. G. R., '87.

DEEP in the human soul God has implanted the divine faculty of discriminating between right and wrong. This intuitive faculty we call conscience. When men listen to all its whisperings they do right; when they refuse to listen they do wrong. For a faithful conscience is the voice of God, and its utterances are His laws—the decalogue written on the tablet of the heart. Of these changeless laws it has been truly said, "all human statutes are but copies," more or less imperfect, according as the conscience that treasures and reports them is pure and unperverted.

Thus from the laws of a people we may know to what degree their consciences were enlightened. The laws of the anscient Persians, in spite of the obscuring myths and traditions of ages, shed the truest light on their character. The laws of Lycurgus met the approbation of the Spartans. His code, then, is the expression of the Spartan conscience. By this system the weakly children were exposed to perish, while the strong were separated from their homes to be educated in the art of war.

Solon's laws gave to all Athenian citizens a share in the government, but they secured a preponderating influence

to the higher orders. Contrast these with the laws of our country, under which the ballot of the humblest citizen is as potent as that of the highest. "Equal rights to all men" is the expression of the American conscience.

It is interesting to note the development of the Romans' conscience, as shown in their civil polity. First they were ruled by absolute kings. Then as the Roman conscience became more enlightened, they had the consuls. This gave the people more voice in the government. But the consuls were selected from among the patricians. The plebeians, not satisfied, began to ask for equal rights. When a majority united in the demand, the Licinian Rogations became law. By this system, one of the consuls was always to be taken from the plebeians. Henceforth Roman citizenship opened to all the avenue to the highest offices in the Roman state.

In France for more than a century before the French Revolution, the conscience of the people was being educated against tyranny and despotism, until at last, like the resistless sea, it broke forth in a great popular cry for representative government.

Even in England, the father once had the power of life or death over his child; so dark were the consciences of our remote ancestors! Through the circling centuries, the English conscience was being enlightened and educated. Yet only about two hundred and fifty years ago, English kings denied freedom of conscience to their subjects. Accordingly our fathers came to this country. When George III.,

with the laws of centuries of despotism as precedents, denied to the American colonies the right to free themselves from the thrall of his rule, the voice of these men's conscience was heard mightily to cry out:

Up, up, trampled truths; it's a lie, it's a lie,
They may carve State and Altar in characters
golden,
But tyranny's symbols are ceasing to win.

Thus it has been in the development of the great conscience of humanity. As people have advanced in intelligence, and as their consciences have become enlightened, laws manifestly unjust have been one by one repealed. So that back over this *débris* of unreasonable, unjust, sometimes cruel laws, we thread our way to the rough life, the savage customs, and the crude consciences of our ancestors. May we not then expect that from the laws of different nations, time will spare only those that are good; those that, emanating from the true conscience of man, have their seat in the bosom of God?

In our country, a real law is an expression of the best conscience of the majority, put in authoritative form to protect society. As we become intelligent and kind, this intelligence and kindness find expression in law. As our conscience so will be the laws we make. Only when they come from the oracle of truth, placed by the Father in the human heart, will their justness and perpetuity be assured.

Thus conscience makes the law. But the law creates nothing. It does not make men charitable or just. Our forefathers attempted to make men re-

ligious by law. They failed. So we cannot by mere law make men temperate. This great evil of intemperance can never be extirpated until the consciences of the majority of the people have been aroused to its harmful effects. Nor can minorities, however earnest and respectable, banish the evil by any appeal to law. As well might they attempt to gather up with their hands the light that has burst through the crevices of a ruined edifice and throw it without the walls. Any law, whether it be good or bad is of no use unless it expresses the will of the people. As we have said, the people's conscience makes the laws. Therefore to make the laws better, you must first make the people's conscience better. Here must begin all legal reforms, in the education of the public conscience, for only thus may we hope to guard "the delicate pearl and the adamantine jewel of the law."

THE MOHAMMEDAN EMPIRE.

CARLYLE says, "A man's religion is the chief fact in regard to him,—a man's or a nation of men's." The mention of Mohammed, or of the Mohammedan Empire, calls up at once the strange religion which has influenced so many men, gaining ground through twelve centuries, and which still holds its sway over one hundred and eighty millions of mortals.

Mohammed was born in the year 570 of the Christian era. He was an Arab, with all the wild earnestness of the Arab nature. He has been called a dishonest and false schemer, but his

first motive seems to have been sincere and earnest.

He saw with disgust that his people were given up to the worship of dumb, painted blocks of wood. He felt that these could not create life nor forgive sin. Like Paul at Athens, like Luther at Wittenburg, he felt that he must speak out against these things. It was the spirit of Paul in the untutored Ishmaelite. But after he had lost faith in idols, whither should he turn to quiet the wild yearning of his earnest nature? He wandered away into the solitudes of the desert and there communed with Nature, till he seemed to hear the voice of Nature's God. Perhaps "the wish was father to the thought." And shall this man be censured because he did not draw from Nature what it has required miracles and inspiration to unfold to us?

There was much that was false in the religion that he formed; but there was also strong, deep, majestic truth in it. The watchword of his followers, "God is God; there is none but God," might well have come from lips that were inspired. The progress of his cause, like that of every reformation, was slow. In three years, he had gained but thirteen followers. But his doctrine was becoming troublesome to the leaders of the old religion. Like the idol-makers of Ephesus, they saw that their means of gain would be taken away. They therefore persecuted Mohammed, and he was forced to flee from his home, and became a fugitive, hunted and hated. The Mohammedans now dat

their era from this flight of their prophet.

It was now that he resolved to draw the sword in defense of his religion. In his wanderings he had gained some followers, and he determined to strike a blow at his persecutors with the weapons they had drawn on him. He was in a measure successful. The successful cause is, with such a people, the popular cause. Moreover, many of the people were ripe for a religious change. Mohammed had but uttered the thoughts that many had wished to express. Many now flocked to his standard.

It may have been at this stage of affairs that Mohammed became ambitious and dishonest. He was, after all, but a semi-barbarous, uneducated, narrow-minded man. He was tempted to grasp an empire, and he yielded. It was no longer the spirit of Paul, but of Cæsar. The Koran was dictated by Mohammed during his campaigns, after his flight to Mecca. It is said to be a crude jumbling-together of tradition and fancy. In it are found traces of what Mohammed had heard of the Jewish prophets and religion, but it is all confused and confounded with fancied prophets and kings. Much of it was written on the shoulder-blades of mutton, and thrown promiscuously into a chest. It was put together without order, and published without method. It is a wonder to all that this book should have such an influence over its adherents.

Through these causes, and through the influence of this man, arose the Mohammedan Empire. It is founded

among a people that, from time immemorial, have been fickle and changeable; among the same nations that so easily yielded to the conquests of Cambyses, of Alexander, and of the Romans. Nor could they long retain, save in name, the religion of Mohammed. One seeks in vain for the strict monotheism, and the hatred of idols that he would expect after hearing the story of Mohammed. The Mohammedans to-day are worshiping, not Mohammed's God, but Mohammed's old shoes, or a hair from his beard.

Mohammed's religion has done its work. It displaced one which was worse, and who shall say it was without its purpose? His religion and empire are falling into decay. There will come a time when they will be things of the past. But it will only be the false part that will be lost. The true will remain, for truth is immortal; and the watchword "God is God" will blend and harmonize with that other watchword, "Christ is risen."

IS AN INTERNATIONAL COPY- RIGHT DESIRABLE?

By J. H. J., '88.

THAT renowned sage, Æsop, in one of his fables, presents to us the picture of a dog, which, in carrying a bone over a bridge, was attracted by the image of the bone that the dog in the stream was carrying. Dropping his burden he plunged after the coveted treasure, only to find when too late that it was only a shadow, and that he had lost even that which he had at first possessed. Thus, I fear, Amer-

ican authors, in releasing the substantial privileges they now possess and plunging after the phantom of an international copyright, would find that while they grasped at a shadow, their former possession had drifted beyond their reach.

The reasons that lead us to this view, consider the question from three standpoints, Moral, Economic, and Literary.

The moral sentiment, with which the affirmative profess to regard the present system, is expressed when they speak of the reproducers of foreign works as "Piratical Publishers," and "Literary Thieves."

Let us first inquire who the accusers are. They are, in a majority of cases, either British publishers who are fighting for the benefit that they (not their authors) would reap from a copyright between the nations; or American publishers, who want a monopoly of the publication of foreign books, and an opportunity to regulate prices accordingly. Let us see if they practice what they preach. A manufacturer sends spies to foreign countries to learn the secrets of his business, new inventions, secret processes, and improved machinery. No word of reproof is offered in regard to this, and why? This it is. The results benefit not only him, but us as a nation, and no one's individual scheme is injured. This is economy of nations; but is the publisher's sin greater, viewed with the impartial eye of Justice?

"When an author writes a book," they say, "he creates value; the ideas are his property." Let us see to what

extent this is true. If ideas are property, they must belong to the one with whom they originated. A great portion of the literature of to-day, considered as new works, is in fact but old ideas clothed in a new dress. Take for example Macaulay's History of England. The facts and data are all taken from other historians, who receive nothing for the result of their labors, thus appropriated. So, too, in the historical novel, to use Prof. Carey's figure, "the author but plucks from the garden of history and arranges a bouquet for the gratification of the reader. The arrangement is his, but to whom belong the flowers?" Men of science who have spent their lives and fortunes in scientific research, adding priceless treasures to the common fund of knowledge, have died poor; and the man who dresses up these ideas and introduces them to the public, demands, or his publisher demands, a world-wide monopoly of this, the common property of mankind. These are the moral men who pursue the reproducers of foreign works with the cry of "Stop Thief."

In looking at the question from the economic standpoint we first notice the effect upon the author. The fame gained in America, from a wide circulation under the existing system, gives a foreign author greater fame, and consequently greater sales at home. Under this international agreement, he would not stand an even chance, by any means, of selling his copyright in our country. As this is a national question, we must further consider whether the people who compose the

nation would be benefited by the change proposed.

To establish an international copyright would be to grant a monopoly to a few wealthy publishers. The author would receive but a trifle, in comparison to the amount claimed by the publishers. And is it economy to tax the people ten dollars for the sake of giving the foreign author the one dollar claimed for him?

Many of the best authors, those whose works are perhaps sold most widely, are out of reach of a benefit from such protection. How much could Shakespeare, or Milton, or their heirs receive from such protection. This question, from our own point of view, is principally between America and England. This latter country is very desirous that we should adopt an international copyright; and for this reason, she knows that America is the greatest market for literature in the world, therefore she wishes to get control of this market. Her own is comparatively a very poor market. Her authors, as a rule, are poorly paid. Now, to adopt the proposed system would be to put our own authors upon a level with the poorly-paid writers of Great Britain. Competition would then be open; prices would come to a level; raising the pay of the British author, and diminishing that of the American. Thus our authors would exchange their present condition of protection and prosperity for the barren field of England. Prof. Carey shows the result of the extra "few cents" in the cost of five books, computing on the number of copies sold,

estimated at a minimum. On an aggregate of about 650,000 copies of the different books, he shows a difference of about *two million dollars*. Now if the nations were to adopt a system of copyright, the people would have to be taxed for this extra amount, or greatly diminish their purchase of literary food.

Coming now to our third division, we find it alleged that the want of this international protection injures and depresses literature; that our native authors cannot develop their genius; that they are unable to get publishers. How do these statements compare with the facts? Can they not all be answered at once? If an American author writes anything worth reading, the fact is, he can easily find a publisher, for there are many houses that agree to carefully examine manuscript and return it when desired, if not found satisfactory. Some periodicals of a high order offer very attractive prizes to encourage young authors. In regard to remuneration, our publishers prefer American books, for of those they can have control. Does this present a gloomy prospect to American writers?

A eminent English mechanician, who visited America to report the progress of manufacturing and the mechanical arts in the United States, was obliged to confess to his countrymen that he found a degree of intelligence among the manufacturing operatives, and a state of things in the mechanical arts which convinced him that if his country were to hold its own in the race of nations, they must educate their people

to put them on a level with the educated artisans of the United States. But what has caused the difference between the two nations? Is it not common schools, cheap books, cheap newspapers, cheap literature? Have not these aided in the production of authors, and in creating a demand for their works? And having created so great a market, is it not likely to increase, if allowed to follow its present course? Yet this market our opponents urge us to exchange for the market that allows Leigh Hunt to live a poor man, that permitted Hood almost to starve, and makes its Poet Laureate a pauper, who receives annually one hundred pounds from public charity.

Thus we see that by adopting an international copyright our authors would lose their present protection, and that consequently we should lose them; that it would be but granting a monopoly to wealthy publishers, and taxing the people ten dollars, to give the author one dollar; that the reproducers of foreign books give as much to the authors, as the authors themselves gave to those with whom the ideas originated; and the morality, that for the sake of putting money in the pockets of wealthy publishers—under pretense of giving a “few cents” to the author,—would deprive the poorer classes of the abundant supply of literary food now within their easy reach, is the morality that turns the Irish tenant out of doors, and such as forged the chains of slaves.

◆◆◆
“If you are not a thinking man, then to what purpose are you a man at all?”

COMMUNICATIONS.

[The friends of Mr. Perkins, who is now studying in Europe, kindly permit us to publish in this number of the *STUDENT* an extract from a private letter recently received by them.]

MARBURG, April 18, 1887.

To the Editors of the Student:

How I wish you could walk in upon me this fine morning, but you would have to make quite a climb, because I am so far above everything else, high in the air. I am really in a castle.

This little town of Marburg, now with about 12,000 inhabitants, was until 1604 the residence of the princes of Hesse, and here in this castle where I have a room, they used to live. Marburg is beautifully situated on a bend of the Lahn river, and this hill is right in the bend, rising several hundred feet above the river. You can hardly imagine what a view I have from my window.

The old castle, built in the thirteenth century, was restored in 1866, or about that time, and is now used for preserving the archives of Cassel, Fulda, and Marburg. This is a pretty old region historically. At Fulda was the first Christian church or monastery, founded by St. Boniface in the eighth century, when all the people north of Italy were heathen. Here is a fine university of about a thousand students, founded in 1527, and the first university founded without a decree of the pope. This country was faithful to Luther, and in this castle where I live, Luther, and Melancthon, and Zwingli, were summoned by Philip, Prince of Hesse, who lived here at the time, to

decide some great question about the substance of the sacrament, I think it was.

I shall matriculate here, I think, in the Theological Faculty, and that this week. Professor Hamach is the professor I have come here especially to listen to, and from what I hear, although a young man, is the rising professor in church history. I shall hear his lectures on the History of the Early Church, and of Romanism in the last three hundred years. And, by the way, speaking of Romanism, you can't have any idea at home how important Romanism is becoming in Germany. One of the political bodies is called the Centrum (or Catholic) party, and in the Parliament at Berlin this party is very strong, holding so many votes that its members have things pretty much in their own hands; and to them the Pope sends special messages how to vote, although the leaders are not always satisfied to have the Pope interfere. But on the whole they keep together very well, and the papers speak of the Pope as sending a message to the Bishop of Cologne, or some other place, exactly as centuries ago, before the time of Luther. Never since the time of Luther has the Catholic church, and of course the Pope, had so much power in German politics as at the present time. The Emperor and Bismarck favor the Catholics, and the reason is that they are a help. The opposition party is composed of the Social Democrats, and of these the Emperor is afraid. So he uses the Catholic party to hold them in check.

THE BATES ALUMNI OF NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, April 12, 1887.

To the Editors of the Student:

It will doubtless be a matter of surprise to the majority of the students and alumni of Bates, to learn that New York City now has a full-fledged Bates Alumni Association. It will be more of a surprise still, to hear that within an hour's ride of City Hall there are seventeen graduates of Bates engaged in building for themselves a name and fortune.

Five years ago, when I first came to this city, there were living here, if I remember rightly, four other Bates men besides myself. This number has grown from year to year until now we number nearly a score. It was soon after the Boston alumni had organized their association, that it was suggested that a similar association be started here, but our numbers seemed to be too few to give encouragement to the carrying out of the suggestion. After considerable effort, a dozen names were obtained, and on February 16th, the first meeting of the Bates College Alumni Association of New York was held at Clark's restaurant in 23d Street. It is a singular fact that no enterprise of any note is ever inaugurated here without the spreading of a lunch or dinner. Men are always more apt to agree upon a measure after having dined well, than before. In accordance with this custom, the ten men who assembled at Clark's found a well-laden table awaiting their consideration. Graduates who had not looked

into each other's faces since the day on which they received their diplomas, greeted one another again, and fell to discussing college days, as they discussed the soup, the roasts, and the other good things which were set before them.

E. W. Given, '79, presided at the table, and his face fairly glowed with pleasure as he looked down the board on either side and saw how happy everybody seemed to be. Seated at the table were Prof. Geo. C. Chase, who represented the Faculty; Joseph W. Perkins, who represented the Trustees; and F. H. Morrell, '70; Geo. H. Stockbridge, '72; Chas. S. Haskell, Geo. L. Record, and C. L. McCleery of the *Boston Journal*, '81; L. M. Thompson and F. L. Blanchard, '82.

When the cigars were lighted, speeches of an informal nature were made, and kindly greetings between members were exchanged. Then college songs were sung with a heartiness which recalled the days of the Glee Club, of '81.

The following officers for the ensuing year were elected: President, E. W. Given; Vice-President, F. H. Morrell; Secretary, L. M. Thompson; Executive Committee, Geo. H. Stockbridge, F. L. Blanchard, L. M. Thompson.

The initial meeting of the association proved to be of such an interesting and profitable character that Mr. L. M. Thompson generously invited the Bates graduates to enjoy an evening's hospitality at his rooms in 23d Street, on Friday evening, April 8th. In addition to those who attended the inaugural dinner, there were present:

Frederick B. Stanford, '74, the editor and founder of the BATES STUDENT; John Rankin, '76; Frank H. Bartlett, '78; Oliver L. Bartlett, '83; Walter A. Morton, '86. It did not require a very great effort of the imagination, as we sat about the open fire-place and watched the glowing coals in the grate, or, glancing around the room, saw the curious things which Mr. Thompson has collected from his rambles over Maine, to fancy ourselves once more at college. The smoke from our cigars and pipes curled upward in graceful rings just as it did of a winter's night in Parker Hall, the stories of experience or wit were just as enjoyable, and the songs which we sung were, I am sure, just as jovial as they were in the olden time. Everybody felt at home. We pressed each other's hands and felt new interest in the lives of those who at one time or another had been associated with us in college halls.

One feature of the occasion was the reading of a letter from W. P. Foster, whose graceful verses were highly complimented in the March number of the *Century*, in reply to a congratulatory message of appreciation forwarded him by the association. It was a late hour when we bade each other good-night and pledged ourselves the pleasure of attending the next annual meeting.

Yours truly,

FRANK L. BLANCHARD.

♦ ♦ ♦
"He that does a base thing in zeal for his friend, burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together."

LOCALS.

PARODY.

The shades of night were falling fast
As through a large church parlor passed
A youth, who bore upon his arm
A maiden blessed with every charm.

Tucker.

In happy eyes he saw the light
Of Cupid's fire gleam warm and bright.
Above the brilliant gas-light flashed,
And he appeared completely mashed.

Tucker.

"Try not the game," the mammas said,
While frowns their faces overspread,
"The carpet rends at every stride,"
But loud that clarion voice replied:

Tucker.

"Beware the way you spend your time,
For we must go, 'tis after nine."
This was the deacon's last good-night.
A voice replied with all its might,

Tucker.

At ten o'clock, as homeward bound
The city fathers, gazing round,
Passed the church front, they heard a cry
Which seemed to pierce the very sky,

Tucker.

A company, by the faithful band
In a large ring was seen to stand,
As if of all their wits bereft,
Until one cried, "Grand Right and Left!"

Tucker.

Then from the gas-light, bright and gay,
Two by two they wended their way,
And through the air now strangely chipper
Voices of spirits seemed to whisper,

Tucker.

Has Jessie got that pitcher yet?

Guptill counts himself a Junior.

If it has "not-o-chord," what has it?

The latest nickname among the Juniors is Punc.

Wanted a reliable man for monitor
of the Junior class.

It is tennis everywhere on the campus. Tennis love all.

The girls are beginning to immigrate from New Hampshire to Lewiston.

What's the matter with the Switzerland road for a nice little Maying party?

P. H. is said to be undergoing his sentence of banishment with great fortitude.

What's the matter with putting the Freshman base-ball nine into the league.

A neighbor of ours calls a one-tenement house "a self-contained house."

Freshman translating in Horace:
"The pleasing smile arises from a corner."

Prof.—"What is the composition of the word Remego?" Student—"Rem and ego."

Sunday, May 1st, was the day of days when the new spring bonnet blossomed out.

"Who were the Crusaders any way?" was the cry of a Freshman coming out of the lecture-room.

One of the Freshman girls began her demonstration in Geometry, as follows: Pass the right section J-O-K-E through a parallelopiped.

The high water at the falls during the first of the month was quite an attraction to the students.

One of the Juniors was heard talking the other day about his "Hibernum." Perhaps he came from the Emerald Isle.

Several of the students were absent

on the morning following Fast-Day. It was feared by one of the Profs. that they had kept the letter of the law too closely.

The following bit of Latin has been proposed as the Freshman class motto :

Malo malo malo
Quam vivere malo.

Translate it.

A friend of the "late Mr. Pierce" was surprised to receive a letter of inquiry about Mr. P.'s death. He had seen the obituary notice in the *STUDENT*.

Prof.—"Mr., you may give some examples of ruminant animals." Mr. (thoughtfully)—"The ox—the cow." It is needless to say there was an explosion.

Freshie (inquiringly)—"When do we get through with Latin?" Junior—"Next summer term, when you read Juvenal." F.—"Let's see, who wrote that, Pindar?"

The young man who took a seat on the girls' side the other morning, was surprised when a fellow-student greeted him with, "Every animal is perfect in its kind and its place."

The Prof. was explaining how leeches could be used a second time to draw blood, by putting salt on their backs, whereupon M. inquired if that was done to make them thirsty.

The Juniors have come to the conclusion that if the crocodile is the connecting link between birds and reptiles, it must be a longer one than that between man and the monkey.

If you are around the corridors of

Parker Hall in the evening, it is wise to carry an umbrella over your head. The stairways have of late been subject to intermittent rain-fall.

Prof.—"We are here to use our intellects. Well, Mr. G. seems to think that absurd." Mr. G.—"I didn't say anything." Prof.—"People's looks speak sometimes."

Senior (to alumnus who is studying law)—"Say G., if you should find a skunk crossing your field could you collect damages of him?" Alumnus—"Yes, you would be liable to."

Prof.—"Where do men go when they wish to study the structure of animals?" Miss C.—"They go into uninhabited countries." Prof.—"No—no—no—they go to a museum."

A new version of the Golden Rule has been given by a six-year old: "It is no reason other folks should be hateful, because I am." It is a poor rule that won't work both ways.

Straws tell which way the current flows, they say, and if that is so we have reason to believe that the Theologues had a regular breakdown Fast-Day night, for on the afternoon of that same day we noticed several of them marching down their long plank walk with fiddles under their arms.

The tennis players at their several courts were recently visited, at ten minutes of eleven A.M., by one of the Professors and kindly granted a leave of absence from exercise during study hours.

In Zoölogy, the other morning, some one said that he did not believe

that any one ever found a frog blasting a rock. It makes very much difference how one punctuates that sentence.

The Seniors are enjoying (?) a relief from their accustomed habit of asking one hundred and eighty-seven questions each recitation, for an edict has gone forth excluding this privilege to all save the Prof.

A picked body of May-basket suspenders, on the night of May 4th, having taken refuge in one of the frog-ponds of Elm Street, were there discovered by their victim and driven "en masse" into the house.

A man who was going to give a sleight-of-hand entertainment down town recently, sent word to that effect up to the college, adding, that doubtless the boys were all acquainted with him. It was rather suggestive.

Boy in Lewiston High School is translating Greek, but hesitates at the word meaning "only child." Teacher tries to help him out by asking, "Now what would you be if you had no brothers or sisters?" Boy (promptly) — "An orphan."

Prof. Jordan recently gave a very instructive talk on "Teaching and Its Opportunities," to the members of the Eurosophian Society. Two weeks later the members enjoyed a talk on "The Law and Its Opportunities," by W. H. Judkins, Esq.

It was almost a sublime passage in the "Maid of Orleans." The student who had just been translating, gave a very poetical rendering, but the next

one came near spoiling it all by saying, "Get up Johanna." It was a strange mixture of the sublime and the ridiculous.

Prof. — "You may describe the olfactory nerve." Student — "The olfactory nerve consists of three parts, the tympanum, the middle part, and the labyrinth, and in hearing" — Prof. — "Stop right there; evidently you have a very clear conception of your subject."

The lecture by Dr. McKenzie, on May 2d, was a most able one, and fully sustained his reputation as a large-minded progressive man. All his thoughts were nineteenth century ones, and so clearly and forcibly were they expressed that he left no one in doubt as to his meaning.

Prof. — "Mr. P. you may omit the pronunciation, and translate." Mr. P. doesn't quite understand what was said and begins to pronounce. Prof. — "Now, Mr. P., you just translate." Mr. P. — "Oh! I thought you said to omit the translation and only pronounce." (Laugh here.)

The Freshmen were correcting faulty sentences which were arranged alphabetically. The Prof. asks Mr. C. to correct the first one, beginning with B. Mr. C. — "I didn't know we had only to B." Prof. (repeating this answer) — "Can't you make a better sentence?" Mr. C. — "I knew we had only to B."

Arbor Day was observed by every four students setting out a tree on the campus. About forty trees were

planted. Appropriate ceremonies were held around many of them, and some of the companies buried a bottle under their tree, containing a paper which stated the date of planting, and names of those who planted the tree. In the evening there was a display of fire-works around one of the Junior trees.

The girls are destined to disappointment in the matter of gymnastic apparatus. They were recently informed by one of the Professors that a barrel had arrived containing the much desired articles. Gleefully they surrounded the barrel, and watched the Prof. stave in the head. But, lo! their eyes were greeted only by the sight of a well packed bundle of old clothes, which one of the boys had packed up to send down South.

May 17th, Dr. Emerson, of the Munroe School of Oratory, delivered the third lecture in the course arranged for this term. His subject was "Preaching." He dwelt upon good health, a large sympathy, benevolence, and veneration, together with a thorough preparation, as the essential qualities of a good minister. The next morning he briefly addressed the students at the chapel, and among other things, said that at no college had he found among the students such a spirit of genuine earnestness in their work as at Bates. Two of the students purpose to attend the summer session of his school.

A lady in the suburbs of Lewiston was recently called to the door by a vigorous pull at the bell. On opening it a Sophomore breathlessly inquired of

her if she could lend him a gun. She told him she had none. "Oh! but madame," persisted the Soph., "won't you just step out here and watch this bird on your roof while I go somewhere else and borrow one. I must have him sure." Moral: never go hunting without a gun.

One of those itinerant dispensers of the sweet spring music that causes "a young man's fancy to lightly turn to thoughts of love," thinks he has at last found an Eldorado. He appears annually on the campus, and the boys regularly give him a quarter to play before Hathorn Hall during the eleven o'clock recitation, and the Prof. just as regularly comes out and gives him another quarter to go away. The poor grinder thinks that if he only had a sufficient number of disguises he could quickly make his fortune.

The lecture by Carl Braun, May 6th, on the "Wonders of the Insect World," was both interesting and instructive. Mr. Braun is a German and a graduate of one of the gymnasia of Berlin. His lecture plainly showed that he was an enthusiast in the science of Entomology, and that he had made much original research in it. We are informed that an arrangement is likely to be made to have him with us a part of next term to give instruction in this science. He also offered to give the college five hundred specimens, if cases would be provided.

They were telling stories in the Zoology class one day about the ridiculous mistakes people have made in thinking they have discovered a very

old skeleton whenever they find some human bones. Then Hatter told his story. He said they found a skeleton out in Virginia which one naturalist pronounced to be eight thousand years old. But while an old negro was examining the skull he noticed some tobacco on the teeth, and pointing it out to the scientist, he exclaimed: "Lor, bress ye massa, yer don't meant to say dey schewed tabacca eight tousand years ago. Wha?"

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'75.—A. M. Spear will lecture to the students June 20th, on the "Relation of College Education to the Profession of Law."

'76.—We are pained to record the sudden death, from heart disease, of Rev. A. L. Morey of West Derby, Vt.

'76.—R. J. Everett, formerly the successful principal of the High School at Paris Hill, has been teaching for the winter in Poland.

'83.—Galen M. Beals was married April 12th, to Miss Lotta B. Graham, of Palatka, Fla.

'84.—Aaron Beede is supplying the union church at Athens.

'86.—G. E. Paine has entered the Theological School.

'86.—D. C. Washburn is on the editorial staff of the *Churchman*, of New York City.

'86.—T. D. Sale has purchased an interest in the *Odd Fellows Register and Masonic Journal*, of Portland.

STUDENTS.

'88.—Miss F. M. Nowell is teaching in Woolwich.

'88.—Hamilton Hatter has employment in the Lewiston steam mill.

'88.—Miss Minnie E. Wheeler is teaching in Bethel.

'89.—F. J. Libby has entered Bowdoin College.

'89.—H. W. Smith has entered Tufts College.

'89.—Miss B. A. Wright is teaching in Stratford, N. H.

'89.—Miss S. A. Norton is teaching in Milton Mills, N. H.

EXCHANGES.

Many of our exchanges have changed editors during the past month. The old editors have finished their work, made their bows, and descended from the lofty height of college editorship to the plane of ordinary students. The new editors have come forward blushing, made their introductory speeches, and with more or less enthusiasm entered upon their duties. This yearly change of editors is perhaps the chief reason why college journalism makes so little progress. A certain number of men are chosen for editors, and after a year's work, at a time when their experience is beginning to be of service, their term expires, and other inexperienced men take their places. These changes are detrimental to advancement, but are unavoidable.

There is, however, less difference, between the last number issued by an old board and the first issued by a

new, than one would suppose. The new editors make up in enthusiasm what they lack in experience. They have high ideals of college journalism, and a great many theories as to how a paper should be managed. They soon learn, however, that it is one thing to have an ideal, quite another thing to realize it. When they become convinced of this they are usually willing to tread in the footsteps of their predecessors. We welcome all the new editors, and hope that you will not abate one whit of your enthusiasm during the year before you.

We have received the following new exchanges: *University Tablet*, Lexington, Ky.; *De Land Collegiate*, De Land, Fla.; the *Collegian*, Gambier, Ohio. We are glad to exchange with you, especially with those from the South. The charge is sometimes made that Southern college papers are very much inferior to those published in our Eastern colleges, and as a rule the charge is true. If, however, succeeding numbers of the *De Land Collegiate* are equal to the one before us it will not be liable to this charge.

The subject matter in the Kentucky *University Tablet* is interesting, but the typography is poor.

The *Collegian* rises from the ashes of the *Kenyon Advance*, and hopes to be interesting and instructive to its friends. We wish you had chosen some other name than "Collegian," as we already have eight exchanges of that name.

The *Williams Fortnight* has undergone a metamorphosis, and come forth as a weekly. The *Fortnight* had a

strong attraction for us, especially when we were in search of poetry, and we shall miss it. But the *Weekly*, will no doubt, fill a place that the *Fortnight* did not fill, and will be less likely to infringe upon the *Literary Magazine*.

LITERARY NOTES.

In the *Art Amateur* for May, several illustrations are given of American pictures at the forthcoming Paris Salon, including a double-page drawing by Henry Bacon, "At the Capstan, Etrétat," and a striking dog picture, "Comrades," by Elizabeth Strong.

To the May *Outing* Charles E. Pratt contributes a valuable addition to the bicycling literature of the day in discussing the legislative rights of American wheelman to the highways of the country. The article is most opportune, and will serve to bring the question to the impartial discussion of the general public at the time when the Legislature is taking action in the matter.

Sixty years of a busy journalist's life at Washington are epitomized in Maj. Ben: Perley Poore's two superb volumes. One of the admirers of the Major recently said that "at a judiciously ripe period of life the Major stopped growing old, and since then, like some of the choice Maderia of which he writes with so much feeling, he has only been accumulating bouquet and flavor." Maj. Poore has been one of the best known and one of the most knowing men in Washington society for a half century. His is the sunny

temperament delighting in bright, social intercourse. Yet his connection with daily journalism and his position in the United States Senate placed him always in the thick of political affairs and social gossip. He was ever in the Washington "swim," breasting the waves with jovial vigor, and never failing to hear or see what was said and done.

The Major could never be very solemn, and in his ripened sketches of Washington life every phase reminds him of half a dozen amusing anecdotes. He has a rare gift in telling a story, and his anecdotes are inexhaustible.

His book will not only add lustre to his fame as a writer, but is of so unique a character and so intensely interesting in matter that it will prove a valuable contribution to the literature of the country. It has mirth for the mirthful, wit for the witty, information for all, and we doubt if it has been equaled by any subscription book since the war. It is being issued by the well-known house of Hubbard Bros., and is sold exclusively by subscription.

COLLEGE WORLD.

CORNELL:

The Sophomore and Freshman classes at Cornell have voted to have no wine at their banquets. The Junior class will give annually a prize of fifty dollars to the best general athlete.

YALE:

Yale was pulled over two feet in the tug-of-war contest with Columbia. The Kent Laboratory at Yale will, it is said,

when completed, be the finest building of the kind in the country, and will cost \$80,000.

HARVARD:

Fifty per cent. of the former editors of the Harvard *Daily Crimson* are now engaged in journalism. Harvards' library contains 473,000 volumes and pamphlets.

PRINCETON:

A college for women will be established at Princeton next year, Rev. J. H. McIlvane will be president of the college, and a large portion of the instruction will be given by Princeton professors.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY:

This university will have quite a novelty in student's quarters. Handsome and well built cottages will take the place of the usual college dormitories.

IOWA COLLEGE:

The girls of the Sophomore class have adopted a uniform, and are trying to surprise their brothers by coming out in dark blue cloth stitched with red silk.

MISCELLANEOUS:

These are the costs of various college gymnasiums: Harvard, \$110,000; Yale, \$125,000; Princeton, \$38,000; Amherst, \$65,000; Columbia, \$156,000; Williams, \$40,000; Cornell, \$40,000; Lehigh, \$40,000; Dartmouth, \$25,000; University of California, \$15,000.

All that a man gets by lying, is not to be believed when he speaks the truth.—*Anon.*

AMONG THE POETS.

OUTWARD BOUND.

The first faint flush of dawn is creeping
Where the silent stars are keeping
Vigil in the sky.
The distant light-house fire is sinking,
Light a drowsy Cyclops blinking
With a sleepy eye.
The land breeze strong, the sails are swelling,
All the fisher boats impelling
Far away from shore.
A lusty song the wind is humming,
Through the creaking cordage coming,
With a rush and roar.
Hurrah! for the west wind free,
Hurrah! for the shining sea.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

The evening shadows slowly falling,
From the breezy pastures calling,
Homeward come the cows.
The fisher boats are slowly sailing,
For the sea breeze now is failing,
Shoreward turned their prows.
A treasure fleet: the sunset gilding
Sail and spar, and fancy building
Golden argosies.
Across the dusky waters gleaming
Lights of home and love are beaming
Happy auguries.
Praise God! for the restful night.
Praise God! for the dear home light.
—The Dartmouth.

FOOLED.

The time was summer (this of course),
The place was Mount Desert,
A simple student then was I,
And she a giddy flirt.
We boated on a quiet lake,
Played tennis on a lea,
And evenings sat and watched the ships
Fade into night and sea.
The weeks sped by like arrows swift,
Till cool September came;
My suit no longer could I hide,
But told with heart aflame.
* * * * *
Now probably you think she changed,
And being but a flirt,
Gave me the mitten on the spot

With manner cool and curt;
Alas there lies my present grief
For came no answer slow;
She smiled, put up her lips to kiss,
With: "Charley, it's a go."
—Harvard Lampoon.

MY SUIT.

We left the merry dancing hall
With all its brilliant light,
We turned our backs on one and all,
On that bewitching night.
A cozy corner then we sought,
Of light quite destitute;
And there with arm around her waist,
I warmly pressed my suit.

She said I was her closest friend,
(Of course I felt that true.)
But never did she once intend
To marry me, she knew.
Alas, next day a wrinkled wreck
My clothes I did recruit;
I sent them to my tailor's straight,
And had him press my suit.
—Williams Weekly.

AT NIGHT-TIME.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

I wept in my dreams at night-time,
For I dreamt that thou wert dead;
I waked with fears for thy safety
Ah, many the tears I shed!

I wept in my dreams at night-time,
For I dreamt thou wert false to me;
I feared the dream was a true one,
And wept most bitterly.

I wept in my dreams at night-time,
But I knew thou wouldst faithful stay;
I wakened, and now forever
My tears are wiped away.
—Harvard Advocate.

DREAMING.

Softly through my soul to-night,
Flows a mystical delight—
Flows a mellow, pleasant light,
Softly, gently beaming;
And the sweetest music floats,
As from distant angel throats,

JOHN C. HATCH,

(Successor to Johnston & Hatch,)

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LEWISTON, ME.

Swelling with seraphic notes
 For a soul that's dreaming.

Tender eyes that seem to glow
 With a love that angels show,
 Far too deep for man to know,

On me now are beaming ;
 And my soul in sweet surprise,
 Calmly resting gently lies
 Gladdened by those tender eyes—

Ah ! I'm merely dreaming.

—*Nassau Lit.*

CLIPPINGS.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

A jovial swain should not complain
 Of any buxom fair,
 Who mocks his pain and thinks it gain
 To quiz his awkward air.

Quixotic boys who looks for joys
 Quixotic hazards run;
 A lass annoys with trivial toys,
 Opposing man for fun.

A jovial swain may rack his brain,
 And tax his fancy's might;
 To quiz is vain, for 'tis most plain
 That what I say is right.

If an ambitious writer undertakes to
 parallel this he will find it no easy task.
 Each verse has in it all the alphabet
 save the vowel most used in the lan-
 guage, which does not once appear in
 any of them.—*Ex.*

"I want a wife with flashing eye—
 But one that can look melting, too,—
 An oval face, brow arched and high,
 Long ringlets of the raven's hue,

A manner neither bold nor shy,
 A dimpled hand, a heaving breast—
 The form of Helen. Lastly I
 Will take a fortune with the rest."

Just such I met. "She'll do," said I.
 But O, alas ! I found, you see,
 She too for beauty had an eye,
 And wouldn't even look at me.

—*Ex.*

"Ma," said a little boy, "pa's in the



Crayon Artist and Photographer,

As he is now situated in his

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soap-barrel up to his ankles!" She replied, "Oh, well, sonny, if he's in no deeper than that he can get out." "Yes, but his head is turned the wrong way," said the boy.—*Ex.*

Once to every college student
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife with Greek and Latin,
If he walk or if he ride.
Youth forever wed to study;
Wrong forever wed to play;
"Ponies" carry for the moment;
But upon the final day,
When there comes a test of knowledge,
Oh! the "ponies" where are they?
—*College World.*

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temperament delighting in bright, social intercourse. Yet his connection with daily journalism and his position in the United States Senate placed him always in the thick of political affairs and social gossip. He was ever in the Washington "swim," breasting the waves with jovial vigor, and never failing to hear or see what was said and done.

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COLLEGE WORLD.

CORNELL:

The Sophomore and Freshman classes at Cornell have voted to have no wine at their banquets. The Junior class will give annually a prize of fifty dollars to the best general athlete.

YALE:

Yale was pulled over two feet in the tug-of-war contest with Columbia. The Kent Laboratory at Yale will, it is said,

when completed, be the finest building of the kind in the country, and will cost \$80,000.

HARVARD:

Fifty per cent. of the former editors of the Harvard *Daily Crimson* are now engaged in journalism. Harvards' library contains 473,000 volumes and pamphlets.

PRINCETON:

A college for women will be established at Princeton next year, Rev. J. H. McIlvane will be president of the college, and a large portion of the instruction will be given by Princeton professors.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY:

This university will have quite a novelty in student's quarters. Handsome and well built cottages will take the place of the usual college dormitories.

IOWA COLLEGE:

The girls of the Sophomore class have adopted a uniform, and are trying to surprise their brothers by coming out in dark blue cloth stitched with red silk.

MISCELLANEOUS:

These are the costs of various college gymnasiums: Harvard, \$110,000; Yale, \$125,000; Princeton, \$38,000; Amherst, \$65,000; Columbia, \$156,000; Williams, \$40,000; Cornell, \$40,000; Lehigh, \$40,000; Dartmouth, \$25,000; University of California, \$15,000.

All that a man gets by lying, is not to be believed when he speaks the truth.—*Anon.*

AMONG THE POETS.

OUTWARD BOUND.

The first faint flush of dawn is creeping
Where the silent stars are keeping
Vigil in the sky.
The distant light-house fire is sinking,
Light a drowsy Cyclops blinking
With a sleepy eye.
The land breeze strong, the sails are swelling,
All the fisher boats impelling
Far away from shore.
A lusty song the wind is humming,
Through the creaking cordage coming,
With a rush and roar.
Hurrah! for the west wind free,
Hurrah! for the shining sea.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

The evening shadows slowly falling,
From the breezy pastures calling,
Homeward come the cows.
The fisher boats are slowly sailing,
For the sea breeze now is failing,
Shoreward turned their prows.
A treasure fleet: the sunset gilding
Sail and spar, and fancy building
Golden argosies.
Across the dusky waters gleaming
Lights of home and love are beaming
Happy auguries.
Praise God! for the restful night.
Praise God! for the dear home light.

—The Dartmouth.

FOOLED.

The time was summer (this of course),
The place was Mount Desert,
A simple student then was I,
And she a giddy flirt.
We boated on a quiet lake,
Played tennis on a lea,
And evenings sat and watched the ships
Fade into night and sea.
The weeks sped by like arrows swift,
Till cool September came;
My suit no longer could I hide,
But told with heart aflame.

* * * *

Now probably you think she changed,
And being but a flirt,
Gave me the mitten on the spot

With manner cool and curt;
Alas there lies my present grief
For came no answer slow;
She smiled, put up her lips to kiss,
With: "Charley, it's a go."
—Harvard Lampoon.

MY SUIT.

We left the merry dancing hall
With all its brilliant light,
We turned our backs on one and all,
On that bewitching night.
A cozy corner then we sought,
Of light quite destitute;
And there with arm around her waist,
I warmly pressed my suit.

She said I was her closest friend,
(Of course I felt that true,)
But never did she once intend
To marry me, she knew.
Alas, next day a wrinkled wreck
My clothes I did recruit;
I sent them to my tailor's straight,
And had him press my suit.
—Williams Weekly.

AT NIGHT-TIME.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

I wept in my dreams at night-time,
For I dreamt that thou wert dead;
I waked with fears for thy safety
Ah, many the tears I shed!

I wept in my dreams at night-time,
For I dreamt thou wert false to me;
I feared the dream was a true one,
And wept most bitterly.

I wept in my dreams at night-time,
But I knew thou wouldst faithful stay;
I wakened, and now forever
My tears are wiped away.

—Harvard Advocate.

DREAMING.

Softly through my soul to-night,
Flows a mystical delight—
Flows a mellow, pleasant light,
Softly, gently beaming;
And the sweetest music floats,
As from distant angel throats,

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Swelling with seraphic notes
 For a soul that's dreaming.

Tender eyes that seem to glow
 With a love that angels show,
 Far too deep for man to know,
 On me now are beaming;
 And my soul in sweet surprise,
 Calmly resting gently lies
 Gladdened by those tender eyes—
 Ah! I'm merely dreaming.

—*Nassau Lit.*

CLIPPINGS.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

A jovial swain should not complain
 Of any buxom fair,
 Who mocks his pain and thinks it gain
 To quiz his awkward air.

Quixotic boys who looks for joys
 Quixotic hazards run;
 A lass annoys with trivial toys,
 Opposing man for fun.

A jovial swain may rack his brain,
 And tax his fancy's might;
 To quiz is vain, for 'tis most plain
 That what I say is right.

If an ambitious writer undertakes to
 parallel this he will find it no easy task.
 Each verse has in it all the alphabet
 save the vowel most used in the lan-
 guage, which does not once appear in
 any of them.—*Ex.*

"I want a wife with flashing eye—
 But one that can look melting, too,—
 An oval face, brow arched and high,
 Long ringlets of the raven's hue,

A manner neither bold nor shy,
 A dimpled hand, a heaving breast—
 The form of Helen. Lastly I
 Will take a fortune with the rest."

Just such I met. "She'll do," said I.
 But O, alas! I found, you see,
 She too for beauty had an eye,
 And wouldn't even look at me.

—*Ex.*

"Ma," said a little boy, "pa's in the



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soap-barrel up to his ankles!" She replied, "Oh, well, sonny, if he's in no deeper than that he can get out." "Yes, but his head is turned the wrong way," said the boy.—*Ex.*

Once to every college student
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife with Greek and Latin,
If he walk or if he ride.
Youth forever wed to study;
Wrong forever wed to play;
"Ponies" carry for the moment;
But upon the final day,
When there comes a test of knowledge,
Oh! the "ponies" where are they?
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The Bates Student.



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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismissal will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

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Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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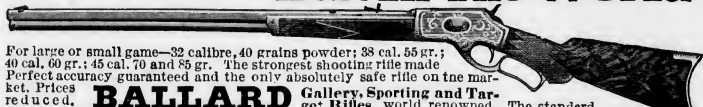
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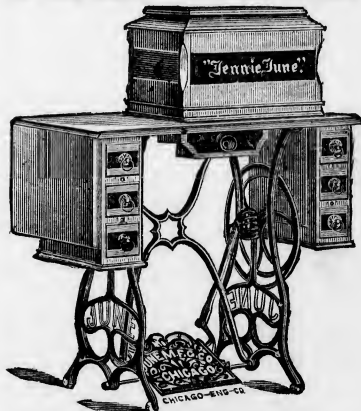
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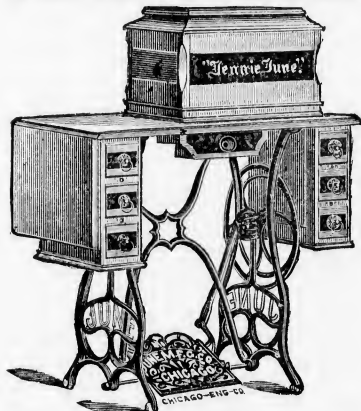
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VOL. XV.

NO. 6.

JUNE,

1881.

THE

BATES

STUDENT.



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EDITORIAL.

SURPRISE is often expressed that so many of those that enter college leave before the course is completed, and we often hear queries as to the cause of it. Of course there are many causes, but one suggests itself to our mind more forcibly than the others, that is discouragement. But we must take a step back of this to find its cause. In the majority of cases it is not, as one might suppose, the result of ill-health, or want of means to carry on their work. In college, as in the world, it is mainly because students do not realize the high ideals which they set up for themselves. Basing our arguments upon this, are we to say we are to have no ideals? No! no, a thousand times no! Rather our ideals should be such that they may be a source of continual inspiration to us; they should be such that their influence upon us may be seen and felt every day. Edward Everett Hale, in his recent address before the students, struck the key-note of this matter, when he said, “Do not live for yourselves alone! Live with God, for man, in Heaven.” The great fault is that our ideals are too narrow; they embrace too trivial objects; they want to be broad and

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expansive. Let the last clause quoted be your motto and there will be no danger of failure from want of courage.

THE need of the present day is not more men, but more manliness. The call for human agents to open up the resources of our country has brought from the old world an abundant supply. The demand now is for noble characters. With an advanced learning, classical, scientific, and literary, with our progress in civil liberty, we need the elevating principles and the example of the noblest men to give tone to society, and stability and permanence to government.

Manliness consists not alone in behavior, not alone in physical strength or courage. It is neither dependent upon dress, nor upon rank. It is something wrought out within us, deeply within. Reputation does not affect it. Character alone determines it.

The opposite of manliness is meanness. The one seeks the good of others; the other their injury. The one is truthful and honest; the other false and deceptive. The one blesses in the light; the other stabs in the dark. Want of manliness is often the result of a faulty education. The training of the heart is of more importance than the training of the head. A perverted conscience at the helm is sufficient to wreck the otherwise seaworthy craft. It often results from a lack of independence. Moral courage and a strength of character sufficient to resist the lead of the passions are essential to manliness. Unyielding firmness is its truest support.

THE name of Daniel Pratt, the Great American Traveler, has long been familiar to college students. It has never been our fortune to meet him, but thinking that his recent death may recall to many of the alumni his former visits to Bates, so that a short reminiscence of his life would be of interest, we clip the following article from the *Boston Transcript*:

A figure familiar for more than half a century on the streets of great American cities, on the campus of many a college, seen occasionally in the backwoods of Maine, and at remote Western military posts, has disappeared. Daniel Pratt, the Great American Traveler, died at the City Hospital, June 17th, aged seventy-eight. He was, as he had informed millions of hearers in his time, a native of Prattville, Chelsea. He came of distinguished Revolutionary ancestry, and is represented to have been a youth of much promise. Whether the mental aberration that made him a wanderer over the face of the United States was due to sickness or to a crushing grief and disappointment is uncertain, as both theories have been advanced by those who remember him when young. Nearly sixty years ago he disappeared from his native town. He was not seen again for twelve years, when he re-appeared, returning from a journey, which, according to his story, comprehended the greater part of the settled United States. By that time his insanity manifested itself in the form it ever afterwards maintained, a belief that he had been elected President of the United States, and was kept out of the office by a combination of unscrupulous rivals. For fifty years he lived on the charity of those who found amusement in the spectacle of a distorted mind. The general—for the Great American Traveler was very tenacious of this military title, which he took at a time when there were more "generals" than soldiers at every militia muster—claimed to have traveled fully 200,000 miles; to have been in twenty-seven States; among sixteen tribes of Indians; and to have visited Washington nineteen times; to have seen five presidents inaugurated, "and got back alive." His special favorites were college students, whom he declared he had found "the most liberal

young men in America." Peace to Daniel's ashes. His life was a sad one.

THERE is one factor that is frequently omitted in solving the problem of college life. We hear of the discipline of the class-room, of the molding power of an energetic professor, and of the refining influence of classic halls, but we seldom hear of the boarding club. It is so common a thing for students to meet three times a day at their meals, that it has been overlooked. But common things have the greatest molding influence. The uncommon may startle, but rarely produces any lasting change.

We do not wish to speak of the influence of the club upon the physical development of students, but just a word as to its influence in molding college sentiment. In his own room the student is an individual who will cling tenaciously to all his pre-conceived notions and hobbies. In the class-room there is a kind of restraint, and many will never venture an opinion, but at the club all this is reversed. In the pleasure of eating, the student forgets his notions and hobbies, and talks freely—too freely, perhaps. The restraint of the class-room is gone, and the student who had nothing to say has now a well-laid plan. Meeting in large numbers, and cheered by the music of the knives and forks, they are ready to discuss anything, from the weightiest matters of state to the last ball game or worst "flunk." Everything that happens around the college comes in for a share in the discussion. New light is flashed upon the subject, and it

is no unusual thing to hear a man who went to dinner advocating one side of a question, return arguing the other side just as strongly.

Thus day after day these seemingly trivial discussions go on, until each one has been compelled to take sides, and a sentiment is formed either for or against some measure of college polity.

FAREWELL, '87! And it is with genuine feelings of sadness that we pen these words. The common bond of association as fellow-students, and in many cases of firm friendship, which has heretofore existed between us cannot be wholly severed by your departure. Yet when we casually meet hereafter, if our past observation has been correct, that peculiar chord of sympathy existing between college students will be absent. Inside the college our interests were all common, but when you go out, and the great world comes between us, we feel that memories of the past are the only common grounds for us to meet upon. But those we shall ever cherish. Neither do we think that any class differences, for which adjacent classes in college are proverbial, have been strong enough to lessen our mutual regard. We fancy that most of us have laughed in our sleeve at the mock heroic style in which we have, on divers occasions, decided to renounce all friendly relations, and to become mortal enemies, because, forsooth, some one did wear upon his head a hat of a forbidden style, or carried in his hand a harmless bit of wood.

You have left a good record behind

you, '87. And we do not imply by that, a good record in your routine studies alone, but in the Y. M. C. A., the literary societies, and all the outside opportunities for growth, which college life offers young men and women. Go in now, boys, and win your spurs! You are well equipped for the battle. You all have something of real worth to offer the world, and that is what the world wants. Our best wishes go with you, and may fortune smile upon you, as you pursue your chosen vocations.

“**W**HAT hotel are you going this summer?” is the question frequently asked among students as summer approaches. Within the past ten years or less, working in summer hotels has become a regular employment for self-supporting students.

Ordinarily the only question considered is the financial one. This, from its uncertainty, has been condemned by some as engendering a desire for speculation or the lottery, but in a majority of cases it cannot be maintained that the waiter or porter receives more than his due. There are not many Vanderbilts to distribute their thousands to the hotel employes, and though the reports of some such rare gifts may have enticed some to engage in this occupation, only to be disappointed, yet the student who engages, expecting to receive only what he earns, will often receive more than he expected.

Another side of this question, though seldom considered, yet demands serious attention. This is the moral side.

The young man with habits fixed and purposes formed, will find hotel work a good school of experience and a good place to study human nature, but to him who is open to temptation—and who is not?—there are many evils thrown in his way. The fashionable society that frequents summer resorts has too often nothing but its money to recommend it, and fashion with them, dictates custom, that would once have shocked old puritan New England. The employé must, from the nature of his position, pander to these vices, and fortunate is he whose mind is strong enough not to be influenced by them.

The hotel waiter must also, in a measure, pocket his conscience in regard to the Sunday question. The hungry must be fed, and fashion demands, as a part of its devotion, a more elegant dinner for Sunday.

In short, there are temptations and evils in hotel life, as in every other, but he whose purpose it is to walk uprightly may preserve his honor and principle there, as well as elsewhere.

AT our request President Cheney has favored us with some of the advance sheets of his annual report to the trustees of the college.

The President says that this year completes a work of thirty-three years in founding the institution. The college proper is twenty-four years old, and graduates this year its twenty-first class. The Divinity School was established seventeen years ago. The whole number of graduates is 389. The whole number of graduates from the Divinity

School is 70. Total number of graduates from the institution is 459.

Two graduates have died during the past year—P. R. Clason, M.D., of Gardiner, and Rev. A. L. Morey, of West Derby, Vt. Out of the 459 graduates twenty-three men have died.

Four gentlemen, who have been trustees of the college, have died during the year—Hon. N. W. Farwell of Lewiston; Hon. Theodore Wells of Wells; Rev. I. D. Stewart, D.D., of Dover, N. H.; and Rev. C. H. Smith of Somerville, Mass.

The financial standing of the college is as follows: Receipts for the past year are \$19,140.91; expenditures, \$22,095.54. This shows a floating debt of \$2,954.63. The permanent fund is \$157,549.32, which, of course, is made less by the sum of the floating debt. The amount received for tuition the past year is only \$4,375. The tuition is very low, only \$36 a year, not half the students paying anything.

A few of the President's friends have paid nearly one-half of his salary. The President, in speaking of the subscription of \$25,000, made a year ago by the Hon. J. L. H. Cobb of this city, says that the sum of \$18,825 has been added to that subscription, thus leaving \$56,175 to be raised to make the pledges binding.

He makes mention of the \$30,000 conditionally subscribed by a gentleman in Boston to build an astronomical observatory on David Mountain. The \$30,000 will be payable when the above named \$56,175 shall be raised, as Mr. Cobb and the Boston gentleman attach the same condition to their pledges.

The President recommends that Prof.

Hayes be released from his work in the Theological School in one year from this time, to devote his whole time to work in the College. Also, that a new professor be appointed to the Theological School, to take his chair in a year.

The report contains other items which will be of interest to the friends of the college. The reports of the professors, treasurer, librarian, principal of the Latin School, examining committees, and president of the Christian Association connected with the college, are included in the President's report.

The President allows us to say that he will furnish a copy of his report to any student who may call for one.

LITERARY.

IVY POEM—THE CATHEDRAL.

By A. C. T., '88.

Where the Rhine, for ages guarded
By its battlements of stone,
Half its course has run to ocean,
Soft it glides beside Cologne.

Yonder stands a great cathedral,
Greeting the astonished eye,
Like the finger of the city
Pointing upward to the sky.

In the old heroic ages,
So the legend has been told,
Lived and reigned the good King Conrad,
Pure in faith, and rich in gold.

And he formed a noble purpose
To erect a temple grand,
To the Christ and the religion
Of his life and of his land.

Architects were then invited
To produce a grand design,
That should be the pride of ages,
And the glory of the Rhine.

Many came, but none succeeded,
 No one met the King's ideal;
 And they murmured in impatience,
 "'Tis his fancy, 'tis not real."

One, a youth, his plan presented,
 'Twas rejected like the rest.
 He had built his hopes upon it,
 Now dependence filled his breast.

As he wandered silent, thoughtful,
 By the Rhine at eventide,
 Satan, ever tempting mortals,
 Glided softly to his side;

Whispering in his ear the promise
 To produce the wished-for plan,
 That should make his name immortal,
 Known in Heaven, revered by man.

In return for this demanding,
 That the youth should give his soul
 For eternity to Satan,
 When his years on earth were told.

Long the young man pondered, doubting,
 Floating on the whirlpool's edge,
 Till at last ambition conquered,
 And he signed the fatal pledge.

In the blood drawn from his right arm,
 To the bond he signed his name;
 Sold the priceless gift of Heaven
 For a breath of empty fame.

On the next night, by the river,
 Satan met the youth again,
 Bringing what he long had sought for,
 Bringing the desired plan.

This one met the King's approval,
 'Twas received with greatest praise;
 And the young man stood in honor,
 Praised and feasted many days.

Came there not sometimes before him,
 Like a dark funeral pall,
 Warnings of that fatal promise,
 Like the writing on the wall?

Soon, ah, soon did Satan claim him;
 Then the youth, in wild despair,
 Held the cross of Christ before him,
 Meeting Satan baffled there.

But the fiend, though vanquished by him,
 Fiendish, baleful vengeance sought,

Like a fiend he cursed the young man,
 Cursed him and the work he wrought.

May thy work be ne'er completed,
 Be thy name on earth forgot,
 May the temple be unfinished,
 'Till its very stones do rot!

Years passed on, the youth had perished,
 Soon his name no more was known,
 And the temple stood a useless,
 Crude, unfinished pile of stone.

And to-day, to dunce or scholar
 Of the dwellers at Cologne,
 Who designed the great cathedral
 Is a mystery still unknown.

And the great cathedral waited
 Age on age, and still to-day,
 Though men say 'tis now completed,
 'Tis but varnish on decay.

'Tis but as some great memorial
 Of all things that might have been,
 Did not pride and false ambition
 Thwart the noblest plans of men.

Life, thou art a grand cathedral,
 Through whose vaulted roof should roll
 Anthems sung by choirs celestial,
 Fit companions for the soul.

May none seek to build life's temple
 By the help of guilt and sin,
 Lest his guilt recoil to curse him,
 And life have no joy within.

CLASSMATES:

In these halls we've labored, searching
 For life's great cathedral plan,
 To present the King Eternal,
 Vying with our fellow-man.

He who would by fraud obtain it,
 Founding life on deceit,
 Cursed by self, must be forgotten,
 With life's temple incomplete.

Rather, then, by faithful striving,
 True to self and true to Heaven,
 May we build life's temple grandly,
 Wheresoe'er life's work is given.

IVY ORATION.

HIGH MENTAL ACHIEVEMENTS DEPEND
UPON MORALITY.

By S. H. W.

IT is rarely, if ever, that we feel so much pride as when contemplating the achievements of the human mind.

Looking down the centuries and beholding the conquests of mind, in the heavens, the earth, and the waters under the earth, we feel a thrill of joy that we belong to the human family, and that we possess a measure of that mind that is without limit in its powers. There is no wall or boundary on which it is written of the mind, "Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther." The mind can remove its operations to any sphere of the universe, or any point of time. With untired pinion it visits Venus, and sports amid the satellites of Saturn. It penetrates space to discover new worlds in the illimitable immensity. The pre-historic earth appears before its vision as clearly as the face of a friend. Swifter than light or the lightning's flash it becomes familiar with creation, and looks upon the original chaos as it was ere Jehovah had said "Let there be light."

It speaks with the sages of every age and clime. Milton, old and blind, sits in a little room, now in London, now in Chalfont, but his mind roams unrestricted through the vast field of the classic ages, and heaven and hell are encompassed by his imperial fancy.

John Bunyan is chained in Bedford jail, but his soul is free from bondage. Chainless and swift it soars the delectable mountains, sweet zephyrs fan his

brow, and the joys of paradise greet his enraptured vision. To such a man

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."

But who at all able to translate the triumphs of mind into words?

It has caused "the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose." It has covered the barren, wild, and unmeasured wilderness with fields of golden grain and populous cities. It has hewn high-ways through mountains, spanned mighty rivers, stretched out bands of iron and steel, and sent the steam horse to race with the winds across continents. And "the end is not yet." Its progress from the past to the present, so marked by the memorial stones of civilization and of knowledge, is but the hint of a broader, higher, and deeper growth. The "march of mind" is ever onward. There are other worlds to conquer, other heights to scale, and none need despair that there will ever be a lack of employment for thoughtful minds.

But, while we glory in the conquests of mind and admire the wide range of its powers, we believe that there is something higher and nobler than mental ability. Something upon which mental greatness depends. No man ever left any lasting monument of his greatness, who was not governed by moral principle.

Moral principle is to man what the regulator is to the watch. A watch may be ever so carefully constructed, every wheel may be placed upon jewels, and the whole adjusted in an elegant case, but if the regulator is left out the watch is valueless as a watch, be-

cause it fails to perform the function for which it was made. So it is with men. A man may have a sound body and a well-stored mind, nay, he may even be a genius, but if he lack moral principle to govern and control his life, that life will be a failure.

The highest achievements can not be effected by one whose soul is dark, troubled and diseased. There is a law, holy and divine, that genius and talent must obey or fail. Morality gives the power to rise in thought and imagination into regions of perfect light and purity, to commune with the wise and good of other ages and other worlds, to explore the realms in which the noblest sentiments find their corresponding objects: to know the source of all knowledge, and to mark the progress of eternal wisdom as it goes to and fro in the earth, establishing and executing its immutable decrees. Now this power has no security, no protection, if indeed it can be said to have any existence outside the moral nature—in the conscience and soul of man. Where the moral nature is utterly neglected it cannot exist.

To produce anything that will outlive the occasion that gave it birth, a man must have a heart to feel what is true and beautiful, brave and holy. He must draw inspiration from the warm and glad, from the pure and lovely spirit of nature. He must commune often with himself, and learn the height and depths of his own nature, if he would discover those principles, old as the eternal sun, that rule the hearts and minds of others.

He must understand the sorrows,

temptations, and joys of those around him, and not be a stranger to the heroic and eternal in man's nature.

And can this be the work of intellect alone? Is it within the possibilities of mere intellectual culture? Can there be any true and living inspiration to a heartless bosom, a frozen soul? Can there be heart-stirring utterances where there has been no inspiration and no moral experience? Alas! the experiment has been tried too often to leave room for doubt.

The gifted genius, who might have enchanted the world with the sweetness of his numbers, and electrified the ages and thrilled the eternities with his influence, had he but listened to the heavenly voices speaking in his soul,—but he has closed his ear to them and thus
*"Profaned the God-given strength and marr'd
 the lofty line."*—

Byron furnishes an instructive example of great intellectual powers coupled with a dwarfed moral nature. He had talents that would have commanded admiration and respect in any field he might have chosen for their exercise. But he began his career by tearing away the foundation stone of all true greatness. He broke the golden chain of moral control, and then "snapped the strings of his angel harp." The divine instrument was shattered, but so skillful was the hand of the player that its sound echoed through the civilized world, causing the friends of truth and purity, everywhere, to lament the discord. Sad is the tale of Byron's genius. A failure it certainly was, a mournful though splendid failure. We observe him as sad and disconsolate he

wanders from place to place, a stranger among friends, an exile from the land of his birth. We hear his murmuring discontent in every new condition, and listen while he pours his distempered soul into his lofty but embittered song. At length, stung to desperation, he rushes into the camp of Mars, and battles for the sons of ancient freedom. We observe him with pleasure as he pauses to breathe the air of Attica and Phoeis, once surcharged with the electric fire of poesy. And when at last he hangs up his discordant harp, lies down in despair and dies, we feel to weep with the thousands that deplore him; and the question is forced upon us: What has he done at all commensurate with his abilities? Where are the trophies of his greatness? Had his moral nature been as well developed as his mental, he could have produced works that would have been cherished and admired till the end of time; as it is they will scarcely survive the passing age. He must have recognized the cause of his failure, when he wrote those sad lines:

"Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness,
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or oceans of excess;
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain,
The shore to which their shivered sails shall never stretch again."

This is only one of the many examples that might be mentioned to prove that the highest mental achievements are possible, only when moral principle exists to guide and control the life. And then the pleasure of possessing this moral nature! The healthy soul

drinks in the songs of birds, and the tones of the wind enrich it with joyous health. The dawn is to it a daily feast. It revels in the azure of the sky, and its fires are kindled by the light in which the planets roll. It glories in the majesty of the ocean. It is nourished by the events of history, enlarged and ennobled by the truths of science, crowned and glorified by the commanding sentiments of religion. Truly, the man who has carefully cultivated his mental and moral powers possesses a talisman that makes the humblest life sublime.

GHIBERTI'S SECOND GATE.

"Ghiberti, from the beauty of thy thought
Let now for us in lasting bronze be wrought
A massive gate, that weary passers by,
Forgetting care, may pause to feast the eye;
And dust-stained pilgrims, when they shall retrace
Home-bringing ways, may gladly find a place
In recollection for its sweet designs."
Heedless of cost, so spake the Florentines;
And great Ghiberti toiled, and made for them
Ten goodly panels, each a storied gem.
Ye countless artists, be not envious;
Not sigh, "Alas! few are commissioned thus!"
For One far wealthier than Florentines
Whispers, "Begin, carve beautiful designs."
—I. J., '87, in *New England Magazine*.

TO CHOOSE IS TO CREATE.

By J. H. J., '88.

ALL is darkness. God, wrapped in the silence of His own eternity, reigns alone. The first act of creation is a choice. He chooses: "Let there be light," and space is studded with

worlds, the rolling spheres swing in their orbits, and the morning stars, clad in robes of light, sing the glory of a Creator.

A human being stands at the beginning of his career. His inherited powers and tendencies are without form and void. His whole being is chaos; darkness rests upon his world. With his first choice, he launches into his universe. He has separated light from darkness; something begins to stand out as his. His first choice is a creation. Although he has not rolled worlds into being, he has brought out of the chaos of his own mind a decision; has wrought the greatest achievement possible to man; for to make a choice calls into action the whole being of the man. He is conscious of the native impulses of his heart, and of the emotions awakened by the outer world, appealing to his imagination and judgment. He feels, compares, decides—a deliberate act of the will, and having made his first choice, is no longer the same being; he has begun his world.

Without this power, he would be, at least, a brute or an idiot; only mechanically, and not as a creative force, able to fashion in any degree himself or anything about him. In the first recorded choice of man, how momentous the result! All nature breathless awaits the issue of that first conflict in the breast of her chief. The choice is made, and the black-winged angel hovers over the infant world. God, choosing, foresaw instantly the whole course of ages; but finite man must fashion his world by degrees. He cannot see the end from the beginning.

Yet the lamp of experience throws its light far into the misty future, and the scales of judgment indicate with precision the probabilities in every crisis.

In the youth unformed in character, light hearted, free from responsibility, the creative power of choice is greatest. His choice of knowledge may fashion a life of usefulness, for knowledge, like youth, is progressive. The choice of good may make him the model and pride of his friends; of evil, the bane and detestation of society; for as a great novelist has said, "reiterated choice determines character." True alike, be it ignoramus or scholar, criminal or saint. A choice in youth made a Voltaire, and a Wesley, an Ingersoll, and Spurgeon. A choice to develop genius may change the face of the physical world. James Watt chooses, and the iron horse goes thundering through every land; Franklin, and the lightning becomes our messenger; Columbus, and Europe hails a New World.

But of transcendent importance is the influence of choice upon the world of intellect and character. Cæsar chose to cross the Rubicon, and the civilization of Rome spread over Western Europe; Garrison, Phillips, and Lincoln chose, and the Stars and Stripes no longer floated over human beings in fetters; Luther chose, and the world trembled in the throes of the Reformation.

Choice is a cumulative force, not only molding our own character, but, through our influence, the character of others. However much we shirk the responsibilities, we are each our "Brother's Keeper."

A man chooses an ideal, incarnates it in his life, and mingling with his fellows leaves the world other than he found it. His choice determines what his family shall be, his neighbors, his community. His creative force projects itself not only into latitude but into longitude, for his creatures in their turn become creators, perpetuating his works not only through time but through eternity.

Choosers of to-day! Creatures in the realm of choice! You are now fashioning for eternity. A conscientious choice will bring light upon your world; the light of a noble character. Under the creative hand of your choice, chaos may give place to order and beauty. By molding the character of others you may help the Great Creator to fashion His world aright. In the balance of your choice hangs the welfare of our nation. What an inspiration may you impart to others! What a monument rear! more enduring than marble shaft or sculptured bust! The immortal creation of a wise choice!

TRUE STANDARD OF NATIONAL GREATNESS.

By L. E. P., '89.

IT has always been the one great aim of nations to hold the palm of greatness; and the means to secure it have been as numerous as the trials. The most common means is military power. Forts, armies, and navies, for generations, have been the standard of national greatness, but it is far from being the true standard. It is easy to see how this power comes to be so regarded. By it the nation becomes

populous, gains wealth, extends its territory, and, in every way, assumes a prosperous appearance.

War, war, has been the cry. Men have blindly followed this phantom god until every land, every nation even, has been bathed in blood. Glories have been won and lost. The history of a nation has become only the recapitulation of its wars, its victories, and its defeat. This standard is certainly a false one. A nation may by force of arms establish a wrong principle, and yet, according to its standard of might, be the measure for all other nations. And this has been, and is, the criterion. No one would admit this as a true measure. If so, then Greece was once as noble as nation could be; likewise Rome, once mistress of the world. But their forces are gone, and other nations, each in its turn, have held the military palm.

In the late American struggle, had Jefferson Davis gained the title of hero instead of traitor, had his life been passed in a palace instead of a prison, would the chains and lashes of the slave have been right or more easily endured? No, might alone cannot make right. What is true of the individual is true of the mass; the measure for the man is the measure for the nation. One would never cite the man whose body is perfectly developed, whose muscles are hard and knotty, whose every limb is fit for the artist, but in whose heart there are all sorts of evil,—nor the infant, helpless, but innocent in its mother's arms,—as a true type of greatness. Still, in the one there is strength, and in the

other purity. There must be more than one quality to make up true greatness.

Education is another means whereby nations have tried to become great. This is a more noble means than the one mentioned. Grecian writings, whose authors are almost unknown, remain in literature as masterpieces; architecture and painting show their skill, but one can scarcely say they were true men. The hand and head may give every evidence of true development and still there may not be true greatness.

Surely education is noble, and without it no nation can be truly great; it is learning God's truths, and certainly He meant that they should be known. If men could see all that lies in and about them as evidences of Supreme Power, there would not be half of the unbelief in the world. Education is certainly leading man from darkness into sunlight, from unappreciation to appreciation of truths. But this must act in conjunction with other qualities to produce the best results.

The individual and national standard is the same. It is imitating, as nearly as possible for a finite being, an infinite God. As long as the weaker man is trampled down by the stronger in their onward race for glory, as long as there is strife in the heart of a nation, so long does it fall short of the true standard. The old idea that it was a shame for a man to sustain a defeat in war has a far greater significance when applied to spiritual struggles. There comes a pretty thought from the Grecian story, that one spot, at least, was kept free from war. War

was never to be carried into the island of Delos, sacred to the gods; the smoke of battle was never to vitiate the air, nor was the blood of the slain to redden the sod. One feels that one ray of God's light has shone into the darkness of that age, and that in a measure they acknowledged it.

Men say that a nation cannot follow such a standard as this would impose, but unless it does, it can never reach the highest and best standard. It is easier for the nation to follow the true standard than for the man. The little stream is bent out of its course by hill and vale, but the ocean has conquered valleys and mountains. So the man cannot overcome great evils alone, but it is easy when assisted by the nation. William Lloyd Garrison could not free a slave, but when the nation saw the wrong, the shackles fell from the slave and left him a free man.

Let the nation have great extent of territory, vast population, and great wealth; let it have strong fortifications, armies, and navies; let it be rich in architecture, science, and art; but it cannot be a true standard unless it has, in connection with these, a true love for the right. The smoke of battle cannot proclaim greatness or insure peace, unless behind the dark wreaths are hearts filled with noble purposes.

As well might the rose strive to cast its perfume on the air without the sunshine, as for men to exert right influences in the world without the great warming influence of God. The man or the nation is great only when he dares and does proclaim true loyalty to the King of kings.

CLASS-DAY POEM.

By I. J., '87.

At the great feast of knowledge, richly spread
By those kind ones within whose eyes we read
Deep earnestness and gracious welcoming,
When first we came, have we been banqueting,
As sons and daughters of one peaceful home ;
From whose protecting walls we soon must roam
Our several ways. Alas ! too soon ; and whence ?
No tongue finds answer, for no human sense
Can make the secrets of the morrow known.
Shall we then fear ? Not so. They rest alone
With Him who leaves no bark unpiloted,
Or garden dewless, or white flock unfed,
Or mist-hung crag without bright stars above,
Or filial breast lacking the father-love
That who so feels, therewith finds all, and more
Than jocund hope e'er garnered in the store
Of her blithe heart. Trustingly go we ; yet
Our sundering is fruitful of regret.

With eyes just lifted from some pleasant book,
Through college windows we no more may look
Over the campus, whose engirdling green
Shuts out the slaving world ; nor from them lean
In day's last sunshine, while the lines of trees
Lengthen their shadows, and the rising breeze
Lays cooling fingers on the brow, and brings
Hints of blown roses, and of all sweet things
Wrought into beauty, by the sun and dew,
To teach high thought, and make our old world new.
Nor may we hear on their benighted panes
The windy sallies of the rushing rains
That drench late travelers, while we within
Cozily sit, pleased with the outer din,
But better pleased to hear, along the hall,
Some classmate's tread that promises a call.

Not boastingly, though conscious of a strength
That makes us servants through its gift, at length
We choose our portions of that mighty task
Laid on the shoulders of mankind ; nor ask,

With those that stoop to petty rivalries,
Is mine the grander toil? or thine? or his?
Since all true service is divinely great,
Whether it be to lead the van, or wait
In silent chambers where the pallid lie
Long, patient nights, until the eastern sky
Brings yesterday's sad like; but can not bring
One of those days at whose remembering
The pale lip quivers, and the languid eye
Brightens a little between sigh and sigh.

A few of us, perchance, will choose to turn
Leathern-bound books of law, and haply earn
A place beside gray champions of right,
Who lead the tyro to a field of fight,
Where the high gods, as on Troy's battle plain,
Stand side by side with men. A few will gain
A noble knowledge of the art that steals
Disorders from the fevered frame, and heals
Those wounded sore, as was that luckless man
Whose wants were met by a Samaritan.
And some of us, with truth's unrusting key,
Will ope for eager eyes the golden treasury
Where lies the hoarded knowledge of the past,
Like spoils of war into wild medleys cast
For wisdom's future sorting. High, indeed,
The teacher's mission; but, forsooth, what need
Of words like these, when each of us recalls
This truth made fact within these very walls.
And some of us will at God's altars stand—
Will seal love's vows while hand is clasped in hand—
Will voice the comfort of the king of kings
In homes made sad by Azrael's dark wings,
And like a royal scribe who only writes
The lofty thought that majesty indites,
Will utter only what the spirit's ear
Hears from the throne in tones divinely clear.

Let me recall unto your minds a tale
That, rightly pondered, surely will not fail
To yield a lesson worth the little time
You grant a silence for my flowing rhyme.

One winter day, as sombre twilight fell
On that fair town great Dante loved so well,
With a soft wafture, slowly, round and round,
Snowflakes descended, making no more sound
Than gay-winged butterflies about the blooms
That hide in hedges. So through starless glooms,
While sleep's great blessing came, nor held aloof,
Save from the hapless, on each villa's roof,
Church, palace, garden, and deserted square,
Fell white-cloud crystals down the frosty air;
And when light came, Arno's unrippled stream
Wound through a landscape pure as is a dream
Of some calm, arctic vale, from distance seen,
Blindingly splendid in the morning sheen.
Then Piero de Medici in sport
Ordered that straightway in his palace-court
A slender stripling, known as Angelo,
Should fashion for him from that dazzling snow
A queenly form of such surpassing grace
As ne'er was seen. Though bearded was his face,
The curling lip betrayed the cruel mock.
Thereat his courtiers laughed; and then the common talk
Grew of the clown that, answering the call,
Took snow for marble, where the palace-wall
Gave a safe shade from the dissolving night
Of the high sun; but soon before the sight
Of those proud Florentines that flouted him,
A statue stood, in drapery and limb
A matchless marvel! a white loveliness!
A joy of vision! Circlewise did press
The ever-growing throng that trooping came
Into the court. In one short hour shame
Was turned to glory by young Angelo,
Who for his scornors wrought, in fragile snow,
With such sincerity and earnestness,
As to make masters of his art confess
In him their master, and proud nobles draw
Their mantles close in silence and in awe.
Thus princely souls prevail, although they know
The bitterness of scorn, and all their marble snow.

Scenting far-growing flowers, that, may be,
Make glad some green isle of the salt-breathed sea,

Mark how the bees go honey-harvesting,
Morn after morn, and at cool nightfall bring
Rich nectar back over the rolling swells
Unto the snug-built hive wherein the waxen cells
Wait to be filled against the time of snow ;
And likewise mark the vulture, when the woe
Of clashing steel has spent its fatal force,
Carrion-led, turn thitherward its course
From wheeling round some unscaled summit, where
The bright cliff flowers nod in seeming taintless air,
As that which fanned the fabulous abodes
Of high Olympus, tenanted by gods.
And what do these things teach the docile mind ?
Is it not this, what seekers seek, they find ?
Between dualities men daily choose,
And taking one, its opposite refuse,
For, be it known, the gates of Paradise
Now stand ajar for beauty-thirsting eyes ;
And, be it known, the noisome gloom of Hell
Now circles him within whose heart doth dwell
Grov'ling desires, though he seem to be
Gay as the gayest ; as the freest, free.

Bethink you how the feast of promises,
Found on the mid-May tree, too oft at fruit-time is
A hungry shame of thin and yellow leaves,
Through which the wind, blow as it may, but grieves ;
And how, from modest blossoms, nature shapes
Large, cone-like clusters of dark, globy grapes,
That, being pressed, brim with delicious wine
The chalices at sacraments divine.
And then bethink you what our lives are worth,
If each day see not love's rich wines poured forth.

Moments are wavelets on the ocean of Time,
That beneath and around us so silently lave ;
If now thou'rt engaged in the trough of the brine,
To-morrow thou'lt ride on the crest of the wave.
Be never dismayed at thy prospect, for lo,
Why thou wast so guided, at last thou shalt know.

COMMUNICATIONS.

[At our request, Mrs. Mosher, well known, through her literary work, to many readers of the *STUDENT*, gives us a little of her European experience. Prof. Wendell's communication will also be of much interest to students.]

AN AFTERNOON IN LONDON.

To the Editors of the Student:

It was in June, when the days are at their longest, that we approached London for the first time. There were no intimations of the dense fogs that often in winter and autumn make the city so dreary, and the sun was shining brightly as it could over a town so panoplied by coal smoke.

One o'clock, and the team drew up in the Paddington Station, an immense stone structure worthy the great city we had entered. A few moments later we were having our first experience in a London Hansom, a carriage peculiar to that place. It is like an old-fashioned chaise, only the driver has an elevated seat behind, and guides the horse by the reins extended over the top of the carriage. The horse is driven at a rapid speed, and one has the sensation, without any of the danger, of being run away with. "What 'otel?" asked the driver. But we were not ready for any hotel, either with or without an *h*, till we had driven to Cook's Tourist's Office, received our home letters, made arrangements for farther travel, and obtained a recommendation to a good boarding-house, which this time was the Temperance Angus House, at the end of Blackfriars' Bridge. A couple of slices of roast beef, cooked as only the English can, put us in good humor with the

world, and by three o'clock we were ready for our first walk in London.

We went direct to Ludgate Circus. I hope no Sunday-School scholar is shocked, for in this English metropolis a circus is simply the intersection of several streets; but we speedily made amends for any suggestion of frivolity by pursuing our walk through St. Paul's church-yard, an irregular circle of houses surrounding the cathedral. It was the hour for service. We passed into the area under the dome, affording seats for five thousand people, and remained a few moments listening to the organ, one of the finest in Europe. Visitors are requested not to walk about during divine service, so we could only glance at the monuments to Howard, Johnson, Bacon, Nelson, the Duke of Wellington, and other eminent men.

Passing out a side door, we walked along Threadneedle Street, rightly named, for we must carefully pick our way among omnibuses and carts, and reached the Bank of England, covering four acres, and the Royal Exchange, with its Corinthian portico. Opposite is the Mansion House, where the Lord Mayor of London lives. Here is the center of business; and we hastened out of the crowd; and ten minutes more walk brought us to the gates of London Tower. We looked at the buildings in the inclosure, guarded by an array of red coats, but resolutely turning aside from the historical associations of eight hundred years, which these stone walls and towers call up, we returned a short way along the docks of the Thames, and cross the

river on the famous London Bridge. Were the sun not shining so brightly we should be sure we were walking in books, and seeing these places in imagination, while our bodies were in some dim old library bending over Dickens or Hood, so familiar are all these places from the accounts we have read in English writings.

But everybody hurries too much on London Bridge to give opportunity for moralizing or sentiment, so catching a glimpse of the towers of Westminster, we walk briskly along the uninteresting Surry side to Westminster Bridge. We admire the beautiful Victoria Tower on the Parliament House, with its great clock, requiring five hours' time to wind it, and have just time to walk through Westminster Hall, built by William Rufus, five centuries ago, where Cromwell was inaugurated, Charles I. was condemned, royal revels were held, and great state trials took place.

Westminster Abbey is across the street, and we have twenty minutes to walk through its aisles and corridors before the church is closed; but how much an eye trained by education and observation, may see in twenty minutes! By chance, we strolled in through the poets' corner. Again we seemed leaving the world of reality, and wandering among deeds of history and fancy. The names of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Milton, Dryden, and Thompson rise from monuments and tablets. The custodian bids us hasten, and we may only raise our eyes as we walk down through the transept and the nave at the

magnificent stained glass windows and architectural grandeur of the Abbey.

It is not yet approaching sunset in the June days of this northern latitude, and we take a passing omnibus and ride up Regent and Oxford Streets, where we meet ladies returning from their fashionable shopping, and past Hyde Park and the Kensington Gardens, where the aristocracy of the town is taking its afternoon drive; and as evening comes on, we wander awhile through the South Kensington Museum, taking lunch at the restaurant, looking over the evening paper in the reading-room, listening to band music, and tiring the eye and mind among the multitude of rare and instructive objects making up this vast museum.

When weariness of body asserts the supremacy over interest and curiosity, we go back to our hotel along the Thames embankment, brilliant with electric lights, and gay with the evening excursions on the river. Surely, where there is so much to see, one can see much, even in one afternoon.

F. S. M.

SPECIAL ASTRONOMICAL PHENOMENA.

To the Editors of the Student:

Having been asked by the editors of the *STUDENT* for contributions in the line of my work, the following items may be of interest, as showing, in the first case, how near we are to the limit or dividing line of astronomical phenomena, and secondly, how relatively near cosmical bodies sometimes approach to us without actual contact.

Perhaps many will recall the solar

eclipse of the 29th of last August, which was visible as a partial eclipse in the southern part of New England and the Atlantic States. It lay principally to the south of us, the path of totality passing over the northern edge of South America, across the Atlantic Ocean and the southern part of Africa, while the southern limit stretched along the central part of South America and the Atlantic Ocean, and extended to a point south-east of Africa, in latitude about 54° .

Having reason to calculate the eclipse, I found that the deviation at Boston was only twenty-two minutes. In other words, we were very close to the northern line of contact. It then became interesting to find where the northern limit was, and this by calculation proved to be forty-three miles north of Boston. In other words, it ran between Boston and Lewiston, and about seventy-five miles south of the latter, showing how near both places came to the dividing line, one being a little within, and the other a little without the belt, while to a party on the line the moon just grazed the sun's limb.

The other case is that of Barnard's Comet, discovered February 16th of this year. A telegram having been received on the 17th, announcing its discovery, I observed it the same night, and found that, although faint, being about eleventh magnitude, it was moving in an angle very rapidly. In fact, its motion was very perceptible in five to ten minutes, which was quite unusual. It occurred to me at once that the comet must be relatively near the

earth, and upon calculating its orbit, I found that its distance from us on February 17th was only twenty-six million miles, while on the 22d, it had increased to thirty million, and on the 28th, to forty-five million, showing that it was relatively near, being less than one-third that of the sun's distance, and moving rapidly away from us. It may be asked how closely a comet is likely to approach, and what would be the consequences of a collision. In reply to the first question it may be said that a near approach, or even contact, is perfectly possible, but, according to the theory of probabilities, rather improbable, having only one chance in a great many.

To illustrate: from counts of stars of the brighter magnitudes and the deduction of a mathematical formula therefrom, expressing the number of the fainter stars, as well as from a partial count of the fainter stars themselves, it has been estimated that there are some two hundred million stars visible in our largest telescopes; but suppose we err on the safe side, and call the number sixty million, as some are inclined to do. We see that among so many, moving in all directions, a collision is perfectly possible. In fact, as Sir William Thomson says, it is as certain that collisions will occur in time, as that such will be the case with ships crossing the ocean, and this may be the cause of some of the sudden outbursts of light in so-called temporary stars. But, on the other hand, when we calculate the amount of room there is in space between these bodies, we see that, although a collision is pos-

sible, it becomes theoretically quite improbable and rare; and the same may be said of comets.

As to the consequences of a collision of a comet with the earth, if, as Prof. Peirce and some others have maintained, it contains a central core or controlling body within the nucleus equal to a ball of iron 100 miles in diameter, a collision would be fraught with disastrous consequences; but, on the other hand, if, as is quite possible, and even probable, in the present light of science, the whole comet is an aggregation or swarm of minute cosmical bodies, we should only get a magnificent display of celestial pyrotechnics, similar to the great meteoric shower of 1833.

IVY DAY.

Friday, June 10th, was the day appointed by the Juniors to observe Ivy Day. The day was a perfect one, and all the forenoon was spent by the class in decorating the hall. It was the universal expression that the hall was never so handsomely decorated before. The front of the stage, and both arches in the rear of the hall were draped with the class colors. On the stage, raised upon an easel was an elaborate shield of snow-balls and peonies, with "'88" worked in the center with buttermere. Promptly at a quarter past two the class marched in and took the seats which had been reserved for them. Music was furnished by Perkins' full orchestra, and Miss Helen Nash. We give the programme and odes. The

oration and poem we print in the front part of the *STUDENT*.

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Oration.	S. H. Woodrow.
Solo.	Miss Nash.
Poem.	A. C. Townsend.
Solo.	Miss Nash.
Presentations.	C. C. Smith.

CLASS ODE.

By J. H. JOHNSON.

Twice the rose has bloomed and faded,
Since we first as classmates met,
Fading, left 'mong mem'rys pictures,
Scenes we never can forget.

CHORUS.

Time can part the tendrils never,
Love around our hearts has twined,
Nought but death the vine can sever,
Or its tender folds unwind.

Many hearts as one united,
Bound in friendship ever true,
Time shall draw the chain but closer,
Weld each golden link anew.

[CHORUS.]

Like the vine of trailing ivy
Planted by this hall to-day,
Love, here in our bosoms rooted,
Tender, true, shall bloom for aye.

[CHORUS.]

PLANTING THE IVY.

After the singing of the Class Ode the class marched to the south side of the chapel, where the ivy was planted, and the Ivy Ode sung.

IVY ODE.

By J. H. JOHNSON.

Our dear college home, 'neath thy walls we assemble

To leave thee a token of love and esteem,
As now full of youth and with hopes that still tremble,

We look forth on life as a radiant dream;
And now we implore thy maternal protection,
To guard well this offering we leave to thy care,

A pledge of our love, of our filial affection.

A pledge that in future our memory may bear.

Thou delicate vine, thou so helpless and tender,
We plant thee an emblem our love to declare,

Our hearts fondly hoping thy branches so slender

May come to perfection a vine tall and fair,
And now as with earth we renew thy connection,

Each adding a portion the off'ring to share,
A pledge of our love, of our filial affection,
A pledge that in future our memory may bear.

In years that shall come when the spell has been broken,

And scattered our numbers in lands far and near,

Wilt thou ever bloom on in thy beauty, a token
Of tendrils that bound us in fellowship here.

With promise of care and of fond recollection,
We leave thee to flourish 'mid sunshine and air,

A pledge of our love, of our filial affection,
A pledge that in future our memory may bear.

PRESENTATIONS.

Linguist, Tuning Fork. B. M. Avery.

Lazy Man, Chair. Miss L. A. Frost.

Dig, Pick. G. F. Babb.

Handsome Man, Looking-Glass. F. W. Oakes.

Society Man, Card Case. F. S. Hamlet.

Punctual Man, Schedule of Stand-
ard Time. R. A. Parker

Innocence Abroad, Dark Lantern. B. W. Tinker.

Good Feeder, Loaf of Brown Bread. W. L. Powers.

Wit, Razor. Miss M. G. Pinkham.

Class Defender, Broom. W. F. Tibbetts.

COMMENCEMENT NOTES.

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY.

The Commencement exercises began Sunday, with the Baccalaureate sermon delivered by Dr. Cheney. The day was a beautiful one, and everything seemed to smile propitiously upon the brave youths and maidens, just prepared to enter upon the career of life. The President was at his best,

and delivered a very fine sermon. At its close the Class Ode was sung by the class. The singing was of unusual excellence, as three members of the well-known Eurosophian Quartette are of the Senior class, whose music will be much missed from the college halls.

In the evening, the annual address before the Theological students was delivered by Rev. E. W. Porter, who is well-known in all Free Baptist societies. The speaker is a man of rare power and eloquence, and his sermon was greatly enjoyed by a large audience.

CHAMPION DEBATE.

Monday afternoon, at two o'clock, the Champion Debate occurred in the Main Street Church. The parts were well sustained by all the disputants, and whoever gets the prize will deserve it. This exercise is one of the most interesting of Commencement week, and should be more fully attended. The following was the question: "Is the English civilization superior to that of ancient Greece?"

Aff.

E. L. Stevens,
E. J. Small,
H. S. Worthley,
W. E. Kenney,
F. J. Daggett.

Neg.

A. E. Hatch,
C. D. Blaisdell,
C. J. Emerson,
W. T. Guptill,
Thomas Singer.

JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

A large and attentive audience assembled in the Main Street Church, Monday evening, to listen to the Junior parts, which were fully up to the usual excellence expected at this exhibition. Mr. Southwick, of the Monroe College of Oratory, drilled the Juniors in their

parts. Excellent music was furnished. The exercises were as follows :

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

The To-Day and To-Morrow of the American Laborer.	F. W. Oakes.
Spartan Patriotism.	C. C. Smith.
Our Navy.	R. A. Parker.
The Struggle for Equality.	C. W. Cutts.

MUSIC.

Is a Great Social Revolution Impending ?	Miss M. G. Pinkham.
Influence of Faith in Molding Character.	S. H. Woodrow.
Function of the Public School.	
Art as an Educator.	Miss L. A. Frost.
	A. C. Townsend.

MUSIC.

A Defense of Cicero.	W. F. Tibbetts.
Vox Populi, Vox Dei.	G. W. Snow.
Silent Influences.	C. L. Wallace.
The Hebrew Character.	B. W. Tinker.

MUSIC.

CLASS DAY.

Tuesday afternoon the Class-Day exercises occurred in Hathorn Hall. Every seat was full. Many alumni and friends of the graduating class from out of town were present. The oration was scholarly, the history and prophecy were laughable, and the parting address was impressive. The following is the programme :

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Oration.	E. C. Hayes.
History.	L. G. Roberts.
	SOLO—E. W. Goss.
Poem.	Israel Jordan.
Prophecy.	Miss M. E. Richmond.
	SOLO—E. W. Goss.
Parting Address.	H. C. Cushman.

CLASS ODE.

PIPE OF PEACE.

On Tuesday evening, June 28th, a large audience assembled in Music Hall, where a rare musical feast was

enjoyed by Lewiston's worshipers at the shrine of Euterpe. The talent, consisting of Miss Frances Dunton, soprano, Mr. Leopold Lichtenberg, the great violinist, Herr Heinrich Schuëcker, harpist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and the Ruggles Street Church Quartette, were all of the very first class. The artists were all new to a Lewiston audience, with the exception of the Ruggles Street Quartette, who are always sure of a warm reception, to which Tuesday night was no exception. Although it was Miss Dunton's first appearance here, she was universally regarded as a favorite, and was repeatedly encored. The duet, "A Night in Venice," by Luncantoni, rendered by her and Mr. Johnson, was enthusiastically received. Herr Schuëcker was a novelty, and was very much enjoyed. Everything was of such superior excellence that it would be difficult to say that one part was better than another, and still more difficult to sustain such an assertion, yet we may venture to say, at least, that one of the greatest attractions of the evening was the execution of Mr. Leopold Lichtenberg, who at present is probably the first artist in his department. The programme was made up of a good variety of most excellent selections, and it was without doubt one of the best Commencement concerts.

On Wednesday forenoon occurred the examinations for admission to college. In the afternoon, the exercises of the graduating class of the Theological School occurred at the Main Street Church, which were as follows :

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Popular Amusements.

Ransom Eugene Gilkey, Bath.
Athanasius and The Nicene Council.

Walter Newell Goodwin, Northwood, N. H.
Discussion—Is the Present State
of the Church Adapted to the
Wants of the People?

(a.) In Respect to Her Forms of Worship.

Samuel Augustus Blaisdell, Franklin.

(b.) In Respect to their Economic
Condition.

Douglas Thorpe Porter, Barrington, N. S.

MUSIC.

Is a Theological Course of Study
Favorable to Independence of
Thought?

Richard Baxter Hutchins, Phillips.
The Conversion of Constantine.

John Ansel Wiggin, North Baldwin.
The Humanity of the Mosaic Stat-
utes. Horace Frank Young, Lisbon Falls.

MUSIC.

BENEDICTION.

In the evening the alumni held their
reunion. The oration was delivered
by G. B. Files of Augusta. A poem
was read by Rev. J. H. Heald of Ben-
nington, N. H.

Commencement, Thursday, at 10 A.M.
The following was the programme :

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Salutatory. Fairfield Whitney, Harrison.
Scott as a Delineator of Character.

Lura Susan Stevens, Lewiston.
(Mathematics—Second Honor.)

Christianity, the Final Religion.

Ulysses Grant Wheeler, Paris.
(Natural Sciences—First Honor.)

Success in Failure.

Leonard George Roberts, Sherman.
(Ancient Languages—Second Honor.)

MUSIC.

Gladstone as a Statesman.

Ezra Kimball Sprague, Lewiston.
(Class Honor.)

Can the Benevolence of Deity Be
Known from Nature Alone?

Mary Antoinette Chase, Buxton.
(Natural Sciences—Second Honor.)

How the New World Puzzles the
Old.

William Crosby Buck, Milton.
(Mathematics—First Honor.)

The Outlook for the College Grad-
uate.

Albert Stanton Woodman, Portland.
(Psychology—Second Honor.)

MUSIC.

The Answer for the Pessimist.

Charles Stanton Pendleton, Norwich, N. Y.
(Rhetoric and English Literature—Second Honor.)

Tennyson in Youth and in Age.

Martha Ellen Richmond, Camden.
(Modern Languages—First Honor.)

The Nerve of Missions.

Edward Cary Hayes, Lewiston.
(Modern Languages—Second Honor.)

The Function of the Imagination.

Arthur Stevens Littlefield, Vinal Haven.
(Rhetoric and English Literature—First Honor.)

MUSIC.

The Secret of Personality.

Herbert Ernest Cushman, Lewiston.
(Ancient Languages—First Honor.)

Our Greatest American Poet.

Nora Elvena Russell, Wilton.
(Psychology—First Honor.)

Valedictory—Mirabeau and the
French Revolution.

Roscoe Nelson, Canaan.

MUSIC.

CONFERRING DEGREES.

BENEDICTION.

Commencement dinner at 2 P.M., in
the gymnasium.

Address before the Literary Socie-
ties, by H. B. Carpenter.

Friday evening Commencement ex-
ercises close with the President's re-
ception to the graduating class.

A committee has been appointed by
the Cambridge (Eng.) University Boat
Club to arrange with the Harvard Uni-
versity Boat Club for a race, to take
place some time in September, in
America.—*Ex.*

LOCALS.

"Ho! ho! vacation days are here,
Tra, la! tra la! tra la!
We welcome them with right good cheer,
Tra, la! tra la! tra la!

How about that?

Good-bye Seniors.

Welcome Freshmen.

Did you pass? Chestnuts.

Who hired that hack at the Junior reception?

Who locked those doors on the night of May 13th?

The Freshmen, formerly Freshmen we mean; got two cuts Ivy Day.

Prof. Stanley was recently appointed State Assayer by Gov. Bodwell.

Prof. Stanton gave the Sophomores a reception the first of the month.

P—— is getting quite tired when he has to try twice before he can get up.

Prof.—"What is the usefulness of invertebrates?" Student—"Which kind?"

The Seniors were entertained by Miss Rhodes, of Lisbon, near the close of the term.

P—— says that if the navy never did any other harm, it has come pretty near destroying him.

Even the flowers play base-ball. They have numerous catchers, pitchers, umpires, yaggers, etc.

The Juniors were recently informed by the Prof. that the big toe of birds is always the smallest.

Oberlin students have been forbidden by the Faculty to wear knickerbockers. Such a reform is needed at Bates.

Prof.—"What is a superaesophagal brain?" Mr. O——, "It is a brain more developed than the aesophagus."

Many of the boys have gone to the summer hotels. '88 sends a full delegation to the Marshall House, York Harbor.

The Polymnian reception occurred June 3d, in the Mathematical recitation room. A first-class time was the verdict of all.

"Mr. P——, you describe the making of hydrogen." Mr. P——, "I have got just half a minute to get out and ring that bell."

Prof.—"What is an imperfect flower?" Mr. M——, "It is a flower that lacks some of the parts which a perfect flower has."

Such dreadful puns as our Prof.'s do get off sometimes. One said the other day that "the dew was simply what was due to the earth."

We recently noticed a sign-board on one of the trees of the campus, advertising it for sale. Wonder if a purchaser has been found?

A student, who frequently attends church in Auburn, translated "*amabo dulce loquentem*," I will continue to love my sweet prattling.

Hamlet gave himself dead away the other day. While he was cutting open the leaves of the advance lessons, the Prof. called on him to translate.

The Freshman nine has won a moderate amount of glory on the diamond. Among other victories they defeated the Bowdoin "Medics" by a score of four to nine.

G. B. (to the Prof.)—"What peculiarities do you suppose were considered in naming my genus?" Prof.—"I shouldn't like to enter into conjecture about that."

The prizes for the best plant records were awarded to F. S. Hamlet and J. H. Johnson. Mr. H. has the highest record in analyzing and pressing plants ever made in the college.

One of the students in translating the description of the "Coronation March" in the "Maid of Orleans," rendered one passage as follows, "Next came the bishops with the jugs."

Parker brought the house down, recently, when in the German class he translated his passage as follows: "O, would I were far from here, where my mother awaits me and a sweet young bride!"

H——, when asked who he was going to take to the Junior reception, said, "Well, now, I don't know many girls around here;" as much as to say he had an extensive feminine acquaintance in other towns.

"Mr. T——, you may recite." Mr. T——(after a few moments' pause)—"Did you call me?" His excuse was that he thought the Prof. called on some one else, but then, you know, he was out late the night before.

"It never rains, but it pours" is a good old adage that was recently brought home to the Botany class, for no sooner had a hand-organ man begun to play beneath the window, than the professor accidentally kicked the table over.

The following translation of a pas-

sage of German by O—— seems to contain a superfluous—"less." He read thus: "How many mothers through you have become childless, how many tender children fatherless, how many loved brides 'widowless.'"

What about those Sophs getting put off the train at Lisbon for not paying their fare? In the words of Artemus Ward, when speaking of that stage coach of passengers that arrived in Santa Fe, after having been robbed of their clothes, "they must have felt rather mortified."

The Prof. called on one man to recite, and the reply came that he was absent. The second one called on said he didn't know. Number three, W——, gave a rather ambiguous answer, whereupon the Prof. remarked that "when you run on to one snag you are pretty sure to run on to another right away." What, called our chief a snag!

Brownville is a great place for squashes, according to Powers' account. They were speaking in the Botany class of the rapidity of vegetable growth, and honest "Bill" thereupon related that his father had had squash vines grow so fast that they wore the squashes all out dragging them over the ground.

We are always prepared for a rare literary treat when we expect to hear Edward Everett Hale, and we were not disappointed in his recent lecture before the students on Monday evening, June 13th. His subject was "The Democracy of a Liberal Education." He spoke of the word "princely" as being a misnomer as applied to Amer-

ican institutions, but rather we should speak of them as the outgrowth of democratic generosity. In closing, he paid a very eloquent tribute to the work of some of our graduates.

The third lecture in the course before the students was delivered Thursday evening, June 9th, by Rev. W. H. Bolster, of the class of '69. His subject was "The True Basis of Progress." In a very scholarly and pointed discourse, he plainly showed that morality was the true basis of all real progress.

Quite a crowd of the boys started for Brunswick to see the Bowdoin-Colby game, on the supposition that the fare was to be sixty cents; but when they presented themselves at the ticket office they found a discrepancy in their reckoning of one dollar, whereupon most of them marched sorrowfully back to the college again.

The walls of the chapel have been adorned this term by two pictures; one of the President, donated by the students and professors, and the other of Prof. Stanton, given by the Sophomore class. It is a move in the right direction, and we hope that in a few years we shall see pictures of all the professors hanging with these.

The Eurosophian reception was a grand success. About fifty couples assembled in the small chapel on the evening of June 10th. The evening was well filled up with singing, humorous recitations, and other mild forms of hilarity. After a generous share of refreshments had been served the company dispersed at an early (?) hour.

It is an adage that poets always develop in spring-time. This was again proven by Powers, when in translating he read:

"Thibaut comes, dressed in black,
Ramond follows to hold him back."

The Botany class were astonished to hear the Prof. say that the Herbarium would probably paralyze the most of the specimens.

The reception to the Juniors, given by Prof. Angell, was a most enjoyable affair. The Prof. and his wife have a way of making every one feel at home as soon as he enters the house. Among other festivities of the evening none were more laughable than the attempts made by the company to hang the donkey's tail on to its owner in the right place. After refreshments were served, Miss Nash entertained the company with songs, and all went away feeling that the evening was one they would long remember.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'69.—G. B. Files delivered the oration before the alumni of the college, June 29th.

'71.—G. W. Flint is soon to visit Europe.

'72.—Rev. F. H. Peckham has been elected a trustee of the Maine Central Institute.

'72.—C. L. Hunt is Superintendent of Schools at Braintree, Mass.

'73.—N. W. Harris, Esq., was married, June 1st, to Miss Edith Conant of Auburn.

'77.—J. W. Smith, of Philadelphia,

is spending his annual vacation in the East.

'77.—Rev. J. A. Chase is the editor and publisher of the *Unitarian Record*.

'77.—G. H. Wyman is married, and is practicing law in Anoka, Minn.

'79.—F. P. Otis is practicing law at Sonora, Cal. He has been married during the last year.

'80.—E. H. Farrar has been appointed to superintend the erection of a ten-story building at Omaha. The work will occupy two years. Mr. Farrar receives a large salary, and a commission besides.

'80.—Rev. J. H. Heald delivered a poem before the alumni of the college, June 29th.

'80.—H. L. Merrill visited Washington as a member of a military company, and participated in the grand review there.

'80.—Dr. C. B. Rankin is having a large practice at Bryant's Pond.

'80.—"Prof. I. F. Frisbee, principal of the Nichols Latin School, has recently received a very flattering offer of the principalship of a fitting school in Massachusetts, where students are fitted especially for Harvard. Prof. Frisbee has been seven years with the Nichols Latin School in this city, and has been widely successful in the management of the school. A change would be deeply regretted by his friends in these cities."—*Lewiston Journal*.

'81.—Rev. H. E. Foss, of Bath, attended the Ivy-Day exercises at the college, June 10th.

'81.—C. L. McCleery has been chosen a director of the Bar Harbor and Mt. Desert Island Land and Investment

Company, recently organized, with a capital of \$200,000, to operate in land on Mt. Desert Island.

'81.—William P. Foster, Esq., and wife, of Bar Harbor, have been visiting friends in Lewiston. Mr. Foster has an extensive law practice, having made, as we learn, ten thousand dollars in his business the past year. In this number of the *STUDENT* we copy from the *Century* one of Mr. Foster's "Songs of the Sea," of which he has four in the June number of that magazine.

'81.—O. H. Drake is principal of the Normal Department of Maine Central Institute.

'81.—J. H. Parsons has recently resigned his position as principal of the Maine Central Institute. He has been connected with the institution for six years and has been very successful in his work.

'81.—R. E. Gilkey graduates from the Theological School this year.

'81.—Rev. W. W. Hayden recently received a large accession to his church by profession of faith.

'81.—C. P. Sanborn is traveling for a large commercial house in Boston.

'82.—Rev. O. H. Tracy delivered the oration on Memorial Day, at Biddeford.

'82.—W. V. Twaddle is engaged in the law and real estate business at El Paso, Texas.

'83.—C. E. Sargent, who has been on the editorial staff of the *Utica Morning Herald*, has contributed a chapter to a popular subscription book soon to be published.

'83.—O. L. Bartlett has graduated

from the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, and is practicing medicine in Rockland.

'83.—J. L. Reade has been promoted from the reportorial staff of the *New York Tribune* to a position in the editorial rooms.

'84.—R. E. Donnell has resigned his position as principal of Foxcroft Academy, and is studying medicine.

'84.—E. H. Emery has been in the signal service for three years, and is now stationed at Chattanooga. We learn that he has recently made six thousand dollars in real estate speculation. Mr. Emery is now visiting friends in Maine.

'85.—W. B. Small will enter the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons in the fall.

'85.—F. A. Morey was recently admitted to the New York bar.

'85.—C. T. Walter, who is the manager of the *St. Johnsbury* (Vt.) *Republican*, is to publish this summer a large edition of a volume of short stories by W. H. H. Murray. It is to be profusely illustrated by Thomas Worth, A. B. Shute, and others.

'85.—E. B. Stiles will preach at Epson, N. H., during the summer.

'85.—C. A. Scott, principal of the High School at Bowdoinham, has received an offer from J. H. Vincent for a serial story to be published in one of his periodicals.

'86.—F. W. Sandford was recently ordained pastor of the Free Will Baptist church at Topsham.

'86.—E. D. Varney will supply the Free Will Baptist church at Richmond, Me., during the vacation.

'86.—C. E. Stevens will attend the Summer School of Science, at Harvard, this summer.

'86.—F. E. Parlin has completed a very successful year as principal of Bridgham Academy, Bakersfield, Vt., and is now visiting in Maine.

The following will be the addresses of some of the students this summer. Many will work in hotels, and some at home in the hay-field.

'88.

B. M. Avery, Bay View House, Old Orchard.
H. J. Cross, Marshall House, York Beach.
C. W. Cutts, Hotel Fiske, Old Orchard.
F. S. Hamlet, Hotel Fiske, Old Orchard.
F. W. Oakes, Hotel Fiske, Old Orchard.
W. L. Powers, Crescent Beach House, Magnolia, Mass.

A. E. Thomas, Marshall House, York Beach.
W. F. Tibbetts, Marshall House, York Beach.
B. W. Tinker, Marshall House, York Beach.
A. C. Townsend, Marshall House, York Beach.

S. H. Woodrow will supply the Congregational church at West Auburn.

'89.

Thomas Singer, H. S. Worthley,
Moody's School for Bible Study,
Northfield, Mass.
I. N. Cox, York Beach.
G. W. Hayes, York Beach.
I. J. Hutchinson, York Beach.
O. B. C. Kinney, Bay View House, Old Orchard.
Miss S. A. Norton, Wentworth House,
Portsmouth, N. H.

Eli Edgecomb will canvass, and O. B. Call play ball on the Aroostook team.

'90.

F. B. Nelson, Glen House,
White Mountains, N. H.
F. S. Pierce, Pigeon Cove House,
Pigeon Cove, Cape Ann, Mass.
C. A. Record, Fiske House, Old Orchard.
T. C. Spillane, Mt. Kineo House,
Moosehead Lake.
J. H. Welch, Marshall House, York Beach.
H. B. Davis will canvass, and G. W.

Blanchard and L. H. Dorr work in grocery stores.

F. H. Day and H. V. Neal will play in the orchestra at Squirrel Island.

A. A. Mainwaring will supply the Baptist church at Leeds, Me.

STATISTICS OF SENIOR CLASS.

Jesse Bailey: Politics, Republican; height, 6 feet; weight, 177½ pounds; hat, 7⅞; age, 27. Fitted at Bath High School.

Miss C. R. Blaisdell: Intended profession, teaching; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Mary Livermore; height, 5 feet 4 inches. Fitted at Lewiston High School.

W. C. Buck: Intended profession, medicine; politics, Republican; height, 5 feet 9½ inches; weight, 150 pounds; hat, 7⅞; age, 20. Fitted at Nichols Latin School.

F. W. Chase: Religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; height, 5 feet 9 inches; weight, 145 pounds; hat, 7; age, 22. Fitted at Maine Central Institute.

Miss M. N. Chase: Intended profession, teaching; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Mary Livermore; height, 5 feet 5 inches.

H. E. Cushman: Religious belief, Universalist; politics, Mugwump; height, 5 feet 9½ inches; weight, 157 pounds; hat, 7½; age, 21. Fitted at Lewiston High School.

J. R. Duntun: Intended profession, teaching; politics, Democrat; height, 5 feet 5½ inches; weight, 136½ pounds; hat, 7⅞; age, 27.

G. M. Goding: Intended profes-

sion, business; religious belief, golden rule; politics, for the party that brings the greatest good to the greatest number; height, 5 feet 9 inches; weight, 170 pounds; hat, 7⅞; age, 23. Fitted at Wilton Academy.

E. C. Hayes: Intended profession, missionary; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 145 pounds; hat, 7⅞; age, 19. Fitted at Nichols Latin School.

P. R. Howe: Intended profession, Dental Surgery; height, 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 130 pounds; hat, 7; age, 22. Fitted at Lewiston High School.

I. A. Jenkins: Profession, undecided; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Republican.

Israel Jordan: Intended profession, journalism; politics, Republican; height, 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 145 pounds; hat, 7⅞; age, 24.

A. S. Littlefield: Intended profession, law; religious belief, Congregationalist; height, 5 feet 11 inches; weight, 160 pounds; hat, 7¼; age, 23. Fitted at Nichols Latin School.

A. B. McWilliams: Intended profession, medicine; politics, Democrat; height, 5 feet 8½ inches; weight, 150 pounds; hat, 7⅞; age, 25. Fitted at Lewiston High School.

J. W. Moulton: Intended profession, missionary; religious belief, Congregationalist; politics, Republican; height, 5 feet 9½ inches; weight, 165 pounds; hat 7⅞; age, 32. Fitted at New Hampton Institute.

Roscoe Nelson: Religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Democrat;

height, 5 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches; weight, 150 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{8}$; age, 25. Fitted at Maine Central Institute.

C. S. Pendleton: Religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Anti-Saloon Republican; height, 5 feet $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches; weight, 142 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{8}$; age, 24. Fitted at Norwich Academy, New York.

Miss M. E. Richmond: Intended profession, teaching; religious belief, Congregationalist; politics, Mary Livermore; height, 5 feet 1 inch. Fitted at Berwick Academy.

L. G. Roberts: Intended profession, law; religious belief, Congregationalist; politics, Republican; height, 5 feet 11 inches; weight, 179 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{8}$; age, 24. Fitted at Nichols Latin School.

Miss N. E. Russell: Intended profession, teaching; religious belief, Methodist; politics, Mary Livermore; height, 5 feet $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches; age, 20.

E. K. Sprague: Intended profession, medical missionary; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Mugwump; height, 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 144 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{8}$; age, 21. Fitted at Nichols Latin School.

Miss L. S. Stevens: Intended profession, teaching; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Mary Livermore; height, 5 feet 3 inches. Fitted at Lewiston High School.

U. G. Wheeler: Intended profession, medicine; religious belief, Congregationalist; politics, Republican; height, 5 feet $8\frac{1}{4}$ inches; weight, 157 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{4}$; age, 25. Fitted at Bridgton Academy.

Fairfield Whitney: Politics, Re-

publican; height, 5 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches; weight, 130 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{4}$; age, 25. Fitted at Bridgton Academy.

A. S. Woodman: Intended profession, law; politics, Republican; height, 5 feet 9 inches; weight, 156 pounds; hat, $6\frac{7}{8}$; age, 20. Fitted at Portland High School.

S. S. Wright: Intended profession, teaching; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 168 pounds; hat, $7\frac{3}{4}$; age, 29. Fitted at Lewiston High School.

LITERARY NOTES.

The frontispiece of the June *Century* is a striking portrait of Count Leo Tolstoi, the Russian novelist, engraved by Thomas Johnson from a photograph, and presenting a personality of a unique and homely, yet fascinating type, the impression of which, upon an American, is recorded by Mr. George Kennan, in a paper entitled "A Visit to Count Tolstoi." This account is the forerunner of a remarkable series of papers, which are to appear later in the *Century Magazine*, making record of a hazardous trip to Siberia in 1885 and 1886, by Mr. Kennan, in the interest of the *Century*, for the purpose of investigating the Russian exile system. Mr. Kennan's present paper gives a graphic description of Count Tolstoi and his home, and sets forth some of the novelist's peculiar religious and social opinions as elaborated in conversation; also a thoughtful and suggestive paper by the Rev. T. T. Munger, considering the true aim and the best methods of

education, bears the title, "Education and Social Progress." It is in the nature of a protest against the tendency to specialization and false utilitarianism in contemporary college instruction.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for June opens with a curious and interesting story by Josiah P. Quincy, called "A Crucial Experiment." It is, to some extent, a continuation of his striking sketch, "The Peckster Professorship, which appeared in the November number. Mr. John Fiske writes about "The Completed Work of the Federal Convention," in his series of historical papers; and Dr. Holmes continues his interesting account of his European experiences. The two serials by F. Marion Crawford, and Mrs. Oliphant and Mr. Aldrich, go on as usual, and the number closes with some able criticisms and the usual departments of The Contributors' Club and the Books for the Month. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The new number of *St. Nicholas* opens with a charming frontispiece by Frank Russell Green, entitled "A Day Dream." It reminds us that summer is a hand; and Frank Demster Sherman's poem, "June," leaves no doubt upon the subject. The story of "The Child-Princess, Charlotte," is cleverly told by Ellen M. Hutchinson, and there are some interesting items in "Editorial Notes, about another historic maiden, Grizel Cochrane, whose story was told in the February number. "Juan and Juanita" and "Jenny's Boarding House" grow better as they grow older; the "Brownies" have an

adventure with a bee-hive, and there is a great deal more than there is room to tell of.



COLLEGE WORLD.

There are over 18,000 female students attending college in the United States.

President McCosh declares that since he abolished secret societies at Princeton there has been better order, less drinking, and less opposition to the Faculty.

Professor Turner, of Edinburgh, receives \$22,000 salary. This is supposed to be the highest salary paid any teacher in the world. It has been stated that \$8,000 paid President Holden of the California State University, is the highest in the United States.



AMONG THE POETS.

VISIONS.

Oh, happy land, with castles fair,
Where blows a perfumed, fairy air;
On sunny waves light vessels glide;
A stormless sea, a gentle tide.
What nameless light upon it streams,
That country where we live—in dreams.

Old friends return in laughing guise,
Again we gaze in trusting eyes,
Long silent voices echo still,
Forgotten scenes our pulses thrill,
From out the past the pleasure seems
To come, without the pain—in dreams.

Will ever cloudy day-light bring
Such heart-felt words of welcoming?
Will ever come, in waking hours,
Such breezes wafting scents of flowers?
Will sober spirit catch the gleams
Within the veil withdrawn—in dreams?

—Tuftonian.

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SERENADE.

All dimly the drowsy stars
 Woo now to sleep;
 The moon doth with silver bars
 Silent watch keep,
 And casts a soft shiver
 And dancing of light
 O'er the breast of the river,
 O peaceful is Night!

With the night-breeze now whisper
 In tree-tops the leaves,
 The swallow croons soft to
 His mate 'neath the eaves,
 The night-mist is wreathing
 O'er meadow and lea;
 All, all of them breathing,
 My Dearest, of thee.

—*Harvard Advocate.*

WITH DYING LIGHT.

With dying light, all in the west,
 The weary moon has sunk to rest
 Beneath the shadow of the hills,
 Lulled by the murmur of the rills,—
 An orison that seemeth best.

Love waneth in my love's fair breast,
 Of fancies sweet the favored nest,
 And, fading fast, my sad heart fills
 With dying light.

No room is there for quip and jest;
 Flown in the night are all things best,
 When love its vesper hymn now stills,
 And darkening clouds the vista chills,
 In shadows that my sight invest
 With dying light.

—*Williams Lit.*

THEKLA'S SONG.

SCHILLER.

Dark rise the clouds and the oak-trees moan,
 By the water a maiden walks alone,
 And, though the storm breaks forth with
 might,

She sings her song in the murky night
 While her eyes are red with tears:

"My heart is dead and the world is rain;
 It has given and cannot give again!
 O Father call back thy child to thee
 For I know what the joy of earth may be:
 I have lived and I have loved."

—*Harvard Advocate.*



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CLIPPINGS.

"My question puzzles you," said a professor to a student. "Not at all," was the reply, "it is the answer that is a sticker."—*Ex.*

EVOLUTION.

We sat in cozy confidence,
Myself and fairy Kate,
In the charming little parlor,
Before the glowing grate;
Our theme was evolution,
And laughingly she asked,
"Do you, a man, acknowledge
The highest types were *last*?"
"For if you do," she added,
"You must confess it, then,
That women rank up higher,
In scale of life, than men."
My arms stole softly round her waist,
And then with merry laughter,
I proved to her 'twas womankind
That *men* were always *after*.

—*The Targum.*

Clara—"Oh, John! what lovely flowers! They look as if they had just been gathered. Why, there's a little dew upon them!" John (somewhat

embarrassed)—"Due upon them? Not a cent, Clara, I assure you, not a cent."—*Life.*

They say the Vassar girls are never so happy as when allowed to go down to the river and paddle around the buoys.—*Ex.*

THE EDITOR.

The editor sat in his sanctum,
Letting his lessons rip;
Racking his brain for an item,
And stealing all he could clip.

The editor sat in his class-room,
As if getting over a drunk,
His phiz was clouded with awful gloom,
For he'd made a total flunk.

The editor returned to his sanctum,
He hit himself in the eye;
He swore he'd enough of the business,
He would quit the paper or die.

—*Hanover Monthly.*

Our ancestors were not so ignorant after all. They were all educated in the higher branches.—*College Transcript.*

"Cur'us 'bout me, Mac, I can 'membah de mos' insignif'cant ting that eber happened since I wah two yeah ole. F'r instance—" "I say, Pone, does yo' 'membah any'ting 'bout dat ha'f dollah yo' borrd ob me las' yeah?"
—*Chironian.*

The Bates Student.



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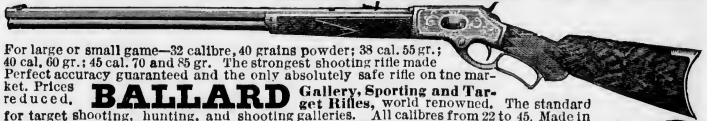
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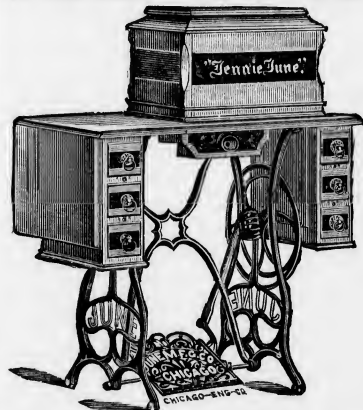
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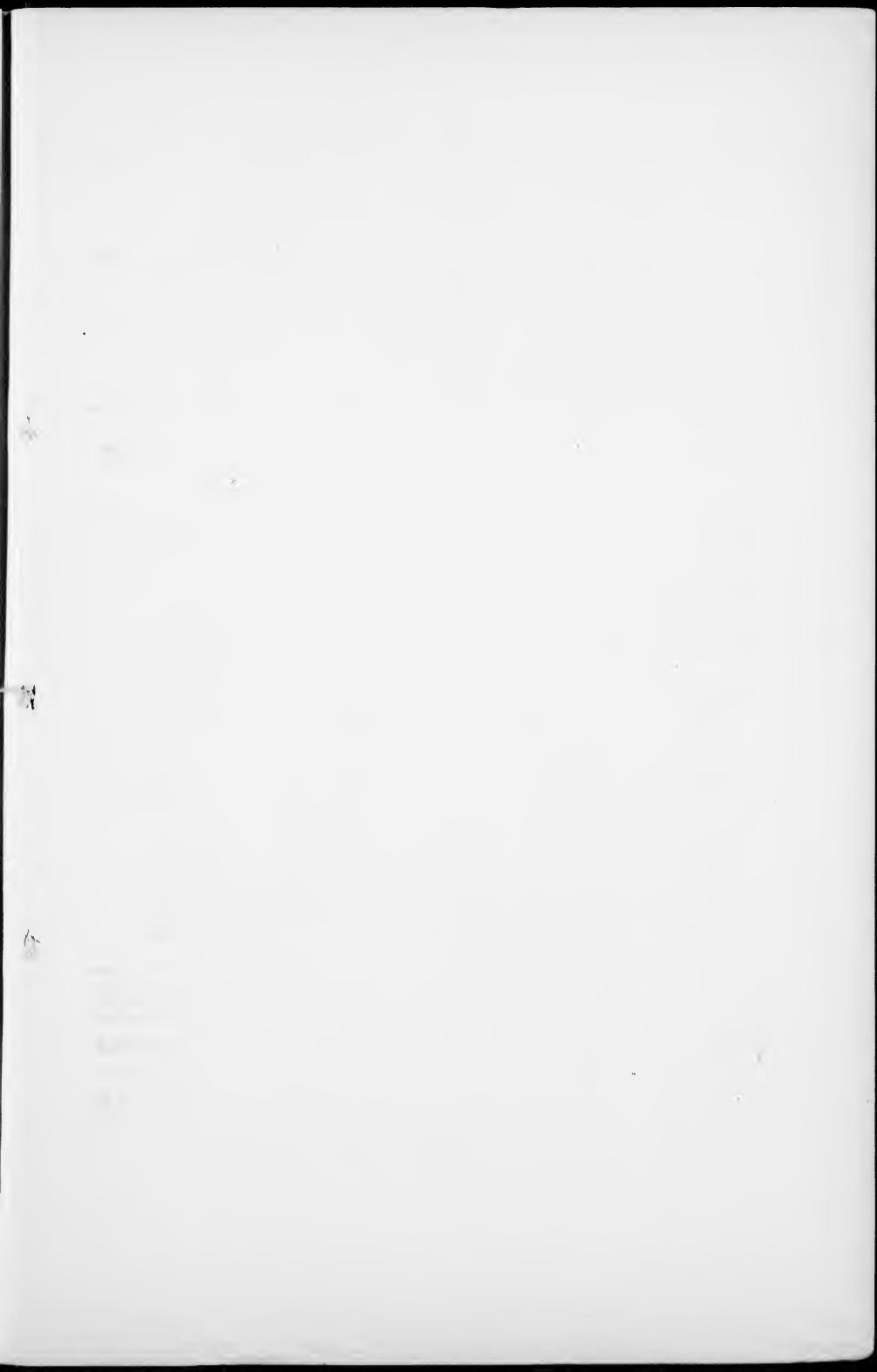
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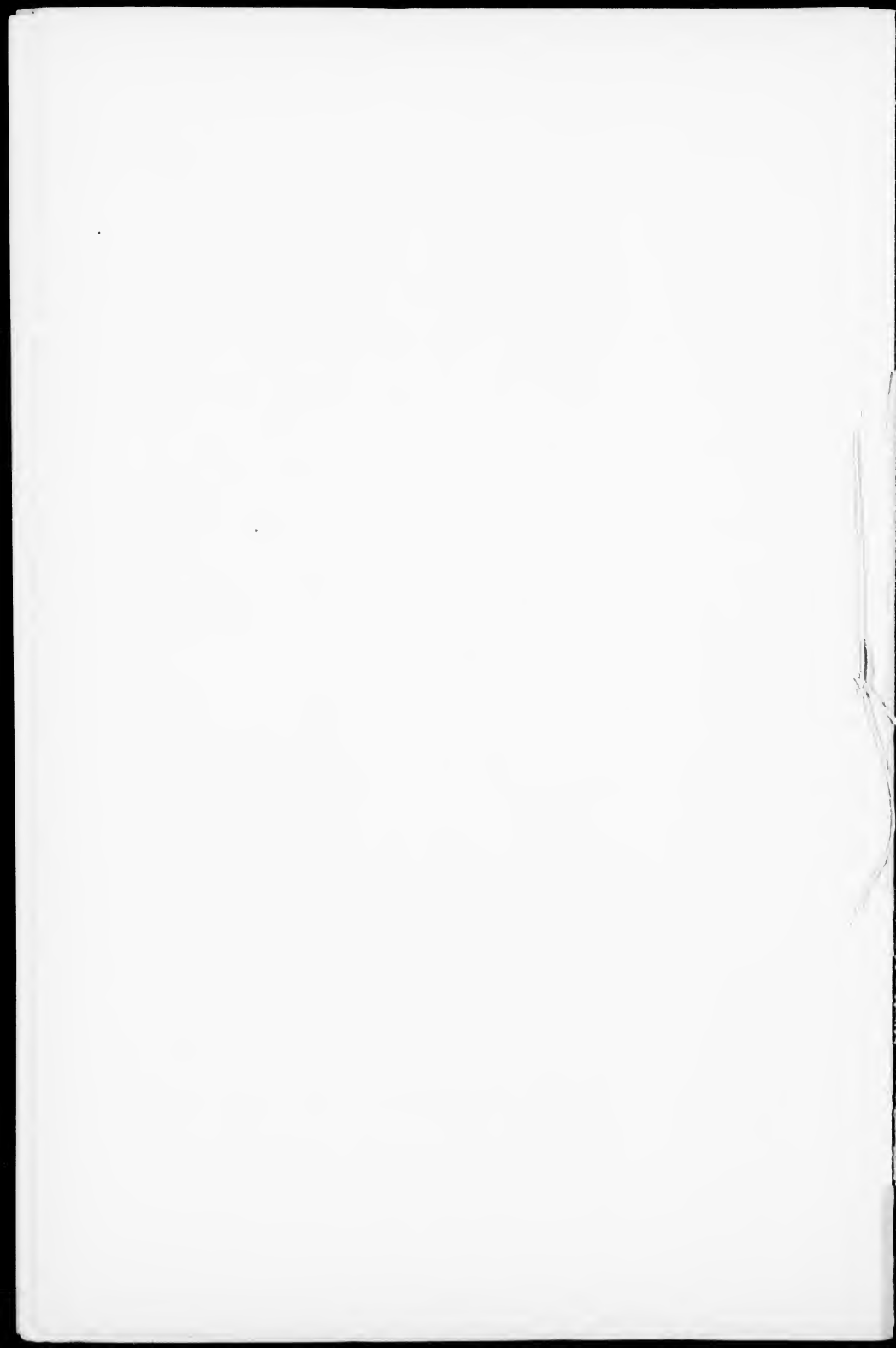
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VOL. XV.

SEPTEMBER, 1887.

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EDITORIAL.

THERE is, we believe, an erroneous
idea among the students in regard
to the editorial department of the col-
lege paper. They seem to think that
it belongs exclusively to the editors,
and that it would be quite out of place
for others to contribute for it. Now
there are many in the college who have
ideas and suggestions upon various
matters of college interest, which they
would like to see brought into promi-
nence; and this department of the
magazine is designed especially for that
purpose, and is open to all. If any
student has a suggestion to make upon
any subject of interest, let him put it
in the form of a brief editorial, and it
will be gladly published.

WE recently noticed, in a back num-
ber of the STUDENT, published
nearly ten years ago, the announce-
ment that the college base-ball nine
had been beaten by a Maine nine—a
fact seemingly as remarkable as it was
rare. Where the men are changing
every year it is not possible that any
college should always hold the first
position, and our college has not been
an exception. But it may be that the
wheel has nearly made another revolu-

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THE

BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XV.

SEPTEMBER, 1887.

No. 7.

Bates Student.

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE
CLASS OF '88, BATES COLLEGE,
LEWISTON, MAINE.

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EDITORIAL.

THERE is, we believe, an erroneous
idea among the students in regard
to the editorial department of the col-
lege paper. They seem to think that
it belongs exclusively to the editors,
and that it would be quite out of place
for others to contribute for it. Now
there are many in the college who have
ideas and suggestions upon various
matters of college interest, which they
would like to see brought into promi-
nence; and this department of the
magazine is designed especially for that
purpose, and is open to all. If any
student has a suggestion to make upon
any subject of interest, let him put it
in the form of a brief editorial, and it
will be gladly published.

WE recently noticed, in a back num-
ber of the STUDENT, published
nearly ten years ago, the announce-
ment that the college base-ball nine
had been beaten by a Maine nine—a
fact seemingly as remarkable as it was
rare. Where the men are changing
every year it is not possible that any
college should always hold the first
position, and our college has not been
an exception. But it may be that the
wheel has nearly made another revolu-

tion. We wait with interest for an exhibition of the talent of the class of '91, and hope that if one or two good men are found there, that the season of 1888 may see a nine in the field that shall compare favorably with that of 1878 or 1886.

EVERY Freshman has doubtless ere this been frequently interviewed in reference to joining one of the societies. Each society has tendered them a reception, showing up the societies in a very creditable manner.

Now the question of which society, is not perhaps of so much importance as some would represent, but it certainly is important that every member of the college should become an active member of one of the literary societies. Perhaps as much benefit may be said to be derived by active members from the society work as from the work of the class-room.

Then we would say, join one of the societies, by all means. Join it early in your course and early in the term, for the best work is generally done during the fall term. If anything is to influence your choice, let it be the question, "Which society needs me most?" and join that society with the determination to work for its improvement and your own.

THE literary department of the STUDENT is sometimes criticised by the undergraduates, on the ground that it is not fresh, but is made up of essays and orations that have been prepared for the class-room, society, or public exhibition. Now there are rea-

sons why this is so, why it should be so, and also why it should not be so. In the first place, none but the editors feel any responsibility for the success of the college magazine. It is impossible that the *one* having charge of the literary department should be able to fill it every month with original articles; especially as no immunity from the regular college literary work is allowed the editors except during one term.

Now would it not be well, if some inducement were offered to any and all students, for special articles for the college paper? For instance, let him who furnishes such an article be exempt from an equal amount of regular literary work. This might, perhaps, bring in some original articles and stories, that would be new and interesting. But again, on the other hand, the college magazine is not designed for, nor read by, undergraduates only. It goes into the hands of alumni and friends outside of the college walls. To them, doubtless, the essays that have received weeks of careful preparation are more readable and have more literary merit than more hastily prepared *special* articles.

Therefore it is doubtless best that neither extreme be attempted, but that a happy medium be, if possible, attained. Special contributions are always desirable, and we would gladly see some inducement offered that should result in more being brought in.

IT was with the keenest sense of enjoyment that we came back to our college work this year. For two years

past we have been employed here in town during our long vacations and have not really known what genuine pleasure one experiences on their return to their *Alma Mater*, even after a short absence. We got almost a foretaste of what an alumnus must feel on viewing again the scenes of his student life after the lapse of many years. It seemed as though the campus never looked half as green or the college walls half as dear to us. For the time being, all sleepless vistas before examination and all other past troubles were forgotten, and, as one is apt in looking over scenes of the past, our eye could dwell only on the pleasant pictures of our college life. Doubtless our pleasure was enhanced by being mingled with some sadder thought. As by contrast, a piece of art often gains in grandeur and beauty just from its incompleteness, so, as Ruskin, I think, says, there is no real joy without sorrow. Our sad feelings were caused by the thought that we were returning to Bates for the last time a college student; that many of the pleasant associations we have formed here must soon be broken. The only results, however, of these meditations were, a stronger resolve to buckle down to hard work and make the most of our last year, and a firmer belief that one has only to be away a short time to understand how much Bates really means to him.

IN welcoming the Freshmen we have just a word of advice. Now do not close your ears and say, "We had abundance of that before we left home." We know that your fathers, and moth-

ers, and sisters, and consins, and aunts, and—shall we say it?—sweethearts, have been giving you advice for the past two or three months, so we are going to be content with giving you a few "don'ts." In the first place, don't think you are the smartest boy that ever entered college. Hundreds have come with that same idea, but they have all left "sadder and wiser" men. You may have been valedictorian in the preparatory school. Your friends and teachers may have told you that you are something remarkable, but don't let that mislead you. Remarkable boys are as numerous as applicants for office after a change in the administration, and every fitting and high school sends at least one to college. Every year hordes of embryonic Websters, Greeleys, Franklins, and Beechers enter college. They have been tickled and praised till they feel that they are indispensable to the human race; but like an egg that has been beat and stirred, after the stirring ceases and the froth is removed, there is little left.

Don't think that you can "give the Profs. points." They may seem quiet, ordinary sort of men, but they can keep up with you for four years and give you a few points when you are ready to graduate.

Don't say that you will do something next year. If you have anything to do, do it now. If you haven't, pack up and go home, for "you never will be missed." What you do to-day you are almost certain to do to-morrow. What you do to-morrow you will do for every to-morrow in your course.

Don't slight a study because you do

not like it and think you will never need it. It is sure to be the very thing that you do need, and besides, if you get into the habit of slighting studies that you dislike, you will be surprised at the number of studies that are distasteful to you. There are students who started in this way, who never found a study in the whole curriculum that they liked.

The habit of performing disagreeable tasks faithfully is one of the greatest benefits to be derived from a college course. Don't get discouraged because others get their lessons quicker than you. It is not the smart dog or the strong dog, but the dog that can hold on longest, that usually comes out on top. The faithful, plodding student may have "no means of flight, but he gets there, all the same."

Don't try to make folks think you are not a Freshman. Every student in college has been one, some time or other, and they all get over it, as they do the measles, with watching and care. Be men! Accept your position quietly, do your work faithfully, and you will win the respect of teachers and students.

AMONG the many maxims laid down for students on entering college, we often hear this one emphasized, "You must choose your profession at the beginning of the course."

Now this maxim, we believe, has often caused entering students much unnecessary anxiety—unnecessary, because it is needless to make this choice before the end of the college course; neither is the student best qualified to

do so till that time. It must be kept in mind that college instruction is general and not special. But if the student blindly fixes upon some profession at the beginning of his course, he will be apt to make the grave mistake of slighting regular studies and other college exercises, which seem to him less relevant to his chosen profession than others. Nothing can be more unwise than for the prospective doctor or minister to neglect the debating society, or for the prospective lawyer to "cut" his Logic of Christian Evidences. Such a course gives evidence of narrowness in mental vision unfavorable to success in any vocation.

The one thing for every student to settle in his mind, on entering college, is that his course of instruction is to be disciplinary and not technical, and that the best general scholar will probably be the brightest man, be he "doctor, lawyer, or Indian chief."

Far better would it be for the college student to keep in mind throughout his course the old Greek philosopher's maxim, "Know thyself." For if one earnestly endeavors to measure his own powers, to become acquainted with his points of weakness and strength, he will find himself at the end of four years fully able to choose that profession for which he is best fitted; and the college course, it is generally conceded, affords young men this needed opportunity for self-interrogation. All his faculties, active and dormant, are awakened by the diversified course of study offered in a college course, and he who has, as it were, watched their development within himself, can best

tell into what channel of life they can profitably be turned.

Thus it seems to us that the young man of twenty-two, rather than the boy of eighteen, the one to whom the revelations of four years of thoughtful life have come, rather than he who has but a superficial understanding of himself, is best fitted to select his life work.

LITERARY.

THE RULING PASSION.

By A. B., '84.

Discord and strife! The world's strange life
The trump is ever blowing;
Passion and Rage on every page
In turgid stream is flowing.

Honor and Pride move side by side
On every steed that's rushing;
Virtue and Shame clash each to reign,
E'en in the heart that's bleeding.

The parting breath, the sob of death
Still loudly is proclaiming
What in hot life, 'mid surge and strife,
Was base, or stately growing.

When sinks the will, when linger still
Cold life-throbs slowly ebbing,
From caverns deep things start from sleep,
To shudder at their waking.

Coiled is the chain, and softly lain,
Whose links our life is making,
Uncoiled in death, each heaving breath
Betrays the passion ruling.

THE SECRET OF PERSONALITY.

By H. E. C., '87.

NATURE is essentially individual. The life principle that works in and through the universe presents itself in units, seemingly independent of each other. Yet the great majority of animate things differ from others of their

kind only in the quality of identity. One maple, so far as we know, is just like another maple, except in identity; one snail as another snail, one oyster as another oyster, one frog as another frog. As the scale of life is ascended, however, as the senseless vegetable and blind animal are left, and we arrive at "the greatest work of God," *man*, we find in him a something that not only has elevated him above the beast, but also distinguishes him from every other man. This is a force that has graduated men from out the dead level the beasts occupy. It is a something that has defined men into great men and common men. It has made a gradation from the true nobility down to mean plebeianism. It is a something that has given to our language the words strength, weakness; pathos, hardness; beauty and ugliness; wit and melancholy, and the applied epithets of honor and disgrace, and renown and misery. It has added to our conditions philanthropy, tyranny, liberty, and justice. It is that which made Sheridan as a reinforcement of one hundred thousand common men to his retreating army at Winchester; it was by this that Napoleon held Europe prostrate; it made Shakespeare the mind-reader of God himself; it reached so high a culmination in Jesus Christ that men for eighteen hundred years have borrowed his name for their evening prayer. What is this quality, the combination of qualities, this vital, psychical force that has made man so nearly divine? It is, of course, as everything real is, spiritual, and for want of a better name men called it

personality. The secret of it is attained only as we ourselves have highly spiritual natures.

We know a personality, as we know everything else, only by its phenomena. Since it presents various phenomena, it is easily analyzed into faculties as varied. Personality, psychologically speaking, consists of cognitions, feelings, and volitions, and practically personality is outwardly expressed in what we call manners. We recognize men only as bundles of dispositions set so and so toward us. One man grasps my hand. I feel it not, but his love or like for me I feel, and the degree of it. One need not speak to be introduced. Oftener the eyes tell the story. Our friend is known to us, *not* as having a head shaped so, and body so, and so tall, and an eye of such a color. We often discover in the dearest friend a feature of entirely different shape from what we supposed. We think, rather, of the way personality manifests itself through the body. We know our friend's gait, if not his height; his laugh, if not the contour of his mouth; the flash of his eye, if not the color of it. His voice is always of such a tone; his mind always expresses such sentiments. We are rarely mistaken here; if we be mistaken, our confidence wavers. "We are cognizant of the how in being, the what is alien to us," says Emerson. Men know others as they know how they will act under certain conditions, and if we know a man's character, we know how those conditions will affect him. Though conventionalities and good clothes are sometimes used to varnish over a personality,

nevertheless neither is weather-proof, and of the true character of man every act is expressive. The subtle, silent language of the soul cannot be glossed over by any vocal or ornamental cloak.

Form and feature, however, do but disclose the soul. Actions may be the spoken language of our personality: face and figure is the written statement of it. We are all phrenologists. We love certain eyes, we hate others. "Is the eye the mirror of the soul?" Some eyes, then, are so deep and kind they are implicitly trusted, others black and wicked: some near together, implying deceit: others, a shallow shade cutting off the soul. "The voice is, indeed, the organ of the soul. The intellect of man sits enthroned visibly on his forehead, the heart of man is written upon his countenance," says Longfellow. The hand, the teeth, the chin, are indices of gentility or servility. Aristotle was more than half right when he said, "All souls are the same, until placed in the casing of the body." The sloping brow, the heavy jaw, are too often the instruments and cause of crime. How many times would we like to cut off and mold anew the face and forehead of some vicious one! Everybody could be benefited by a little tinkering. The sharp nose, the misshapen mouth and chin, the shrunken forehead, by being modeled and idealized, might oftentimes be made more flexible instruments for the perfect working of the soul. Despite our contemptuous chaffing about blood, the fact remains that blood will tell, and even in a republic nobility is conspicuous. The Greeks by their powerful imagina-

tions modeled ideal faces, yet a statue is a cold thing unless imagination discerns personality behind it. Either the body of man was first made and the soul shrunk into it, or the body is a veil spread over the soul, taking its expression and form.

Personality amounts to, therefore, the outward expression of the inmost soul. The secret lies with the great God himself, to whom we, in our finite way, ascribe this very quality. The five senses by which we know and are known, are perhaps only the outpouring of that irresistible spirit which contains one hundred other senses dormant and undeveloped. Whether the soul is a spark struck off from the great Creator to whom it will return, or whether the soul will eternally retain its individuality and personality, this we know, that some time it will not be cramped and embarrassed by the deformed instrument with which it now works.

AIR CASTLES.

By A. C. T., '88.

Are they but idle dreamers,
Those builders in the air,
Whose castles have foundation
Alas! not anywhere?

Each grand and lordly castle.
Each masterpiece of art,
Was once an airy castle,
Dreamed in some idle heart.

Nay, call those hearts not idle.
Those dreamers of to-day.
They build with thoughts immortal.
While others build with clay.

The things to-day but dreamed of
Fruition find to-morrow;
For, dreaming of impossibles,
We from the future borrow.

SPARTAN PATRIOTISM.

By C. C. S., '88.

WE hear much of the patriotism of ancient Sparta, and ardent hero-worshippers have maintained that it was almost a perfect type. Strange destiny would it be, if for two thousand years no form of government has been discovered, so perfectly contrived to elicit the love of a people, as that of Sparta! Was love of country the secret of their renowned bravery in war? No! it was the iron constitution of Lycurgus, whose sole aim was to make the Spartans invincible, fighting animals.

Could a man love a country that bound him to a life of military service? Yet this was the mandate of Sparta to all her citizens. Could a man love a country, that caused his infant child to be murdered if it were born a cripple? Yet every Spartan father must see his child, if deformed, hurled into the gloomy caverns of Mount Taygetus.

A rude sort of patriotism they doubtless possessed, arising from the glory of battle, but the genuine throb of love for country never beat in their harsh, steeled hearts. Their merciless training engendered a stolid indifference to all finer sensibilities of the human mind, and inclined them to a martial life. But fear was the secret of their valor. For all the actions of the Spartan Senate, surrounded by that impenetrable mystery which ever begets fear, were well calculated to inspire a citizen with the significance of its command to him on going to battle, "Retreat not; fight to the death." Such a command coming from such a source was to the Spartan warrior the savage threat of a

more horrible death awaiting him at home, if defeated, than could befall him on the field of battle.

What a cruel nation to call by the sacred name of fatherland! What barren soil for patriotism to flourish on! Love is the secret of true patriotism, and to induce this sentiment among her people, the State must by becoming a benefactor to them, awaken a feeling of gratitude, so that each citizen can sing with the poet:

What I have, and what I am,
Thank I you, my fatherland.

But above all things the State must maintain the sanctity of family life. For if she ruthlessly trample, as did Sparta, on that which every man holds dearest, is it possible for her people to love the destroyer of their highest happiness?

In no boastful spirit may we say that our country best fulfils these conditions. What, then, are some of the advantages conducive to patriotism, of which the Spartans were deprived, but which we enjoy? The first answer springing to the lips of every true American is "*popular freedom*." And aside from the gratitude inspired by this benefit, what could be a loftier incentive to patriotism, than the reflection that popular freedom is a condition of government, toward which mankind has been struggling ever since the downfall of Sparta. Surely this fatherland, which is preserving for her children the fruits of ages of toil, is worthy the love of loyal sons!

Again, popular eloquence and patriotic verse exert an influence for patriotism of which the Spartans were never

conscious. But into the patriotism of Americans eloquence and patriotic song enter with all their power. What school-boy can read the *matchless* speeches of Webster in defense of the constitution, without imbibing some of that lofty patriotism, in which his great soul was so rich? And let no one think the influence of our patriotic songs a trivial one, for history furnishes repeated instances of the powerful influence of poetry among all classes of a nation. Recall the words of Longfellow:

"Thou too, sail on, O ship of State,
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!"

and then say if American patriotism can die.

But the most vital defect in Spartan patriotism was its lack of any home influence. Father, mother, and child were separated, to become different parts in the boasted impenetrable armor of the State. Our government, on the contrary, cherishes the home above all other institutions, and in establishing this chord of vital union between state and people she binds them all to herself by the strongest ties of affection.

Thus, as we examine the record of nations, and compare conditions promotive of patriotism in a country, with its manifestation in the character of a people, we note that as steadily as those conditions have improved, just so steadily have the personal interest and love of a people for their country deepened and displaced unnatural methods of maintaining the State. Yet so slowly and silently has this change been wrought that no *one* generation has witnessed the transition from a

government supported by force and fear, to a government supported by loyalty and love. But here lies the proof that it has occurred. Sparta was forced to maintain her national existence by the most rigid compulsory service of her citizens. To-day in this great union we find a national vitality, strong and far reaching, derived from no gloomy system of popular subjection, but sustained by the voluntary service of her citizens, nourished by the mild, divine spirit of patriotic love.

THE STONE SEAT.

By A. L. S., '89.

How oft, by weary care oppressed,
I've sought for some quaint nook,
Where I might muse 'mid Nature's charms,
And peep at her vast book.

Aha! My *Alma Mater's* mount
Hard by the campus green,
I've found in thy rude lap the seat,
A fit throne for a queen!

Queer wrought in Nature's handiwork,
A fitting place it seems
Wherein to paint for sterner things
A background for our dreams.

Close at my feet and far away,
For many a rood around,
On Androscoggin's either bank,
The church bells wake their sound.

With many tones, to many men,
They call the soul away,
From baser self to higher theme,
From cold despair, to pray.

Then just beyond, the verdant hill,
Mt. Gile, lifts up its crest,
And, nestling in her lover's arms,
The lake lies at her rest.

But nearer yet fair Riverside
Presents its marble face,
And seems to say, "I am between
Earth's cares and perfect peace,

"And that high place from which alone
With unimpeded view
The whole of life man can perceive,
The untrue and the true."

And yonder, in the golden west,
In majesty complete,
Mt. Washington smiles back "Good-night,"
With the sunset round his feet.

While close beside me, whispering low,
The night winds greet the pines,
That answering softly with each bow,
Thus sound their modest lines.

Hail! Gentle zephyrs of the night,
That cool the aching brow,
And lull to rest the weary hearts,
Breaking in twain e'en now.

Though but a breath that passeth by,
Like to some human lives,
A benediction grand thou art,
That sweet refreshment gives.

Unjust Ambition, why shouldst thou
Forever grasping be?
For mountain grand and zephyr sweet
The same necessity.

O, seat of stone, thou'rt dear to me;
O, nature far more grand,
I would that thou couldst make me feel,
To know, to understand

Those pages fair and full of thought
Spread out before our view;
Let me their language comprehend,
For thou art always true.

A DEFENSE OF CICERO.

By W. F. T., '88.

AT the beginning of the first century before Christ, Rome had completed that victorious career which made her mistress of the world. But with her victories were sown the seeds of destruction. Following close upon her remarkable conquests came the terrible massacres of Marius and Sulla, and that public and private immorality

that caused the downfall of the republic. Born and reared in an age of such corruption, is it surprising that even Cicero had his detractors and slanderers?

One of the most absurd accusations brought against him is that of vanity. If this were true, is it not the simplest and the most harmless of foibles? His vanity, however, has never been fairly examined or rightly understood. It is not the fact that his so-called vanity is childlike that makes it attractive, but that it had a purpose behind it. To understand that purpose we must understand Cicero's position. He was the leader of a great political party; but this faction moved in a plane far below that of their leader, and, therefore, could not comprehend the grand principles of his statesmanship. They were a weak, vacillating mob, and it was absolutely imperative that Cicero should constantly keep before them the measures which he wished to execute. The entire proof of his vanity is based upon these allusions to himself in his orations; but these were made, not from any selfish motive, but for nothing less than the advancement and protection of his fatherland.

Closely allied with what is termed his vanity was his love of glory. By glory, he meant not the mere blast of popular favor, but the concentrated praise of all honest men, which, he says, "always resounds to virtue as the echo to the voice." Thus conceived, Cicero's love of glory is one of the noblest sentiments ever cherished in a human heart. It is bequeathed by God to human beings to dignify and exalt

them, and is always found strongest in the best and most elevated minds. To it, more than to anything else, are due all that is great and landable in the achievements of the heathen world.

Cicero was a man of unparalleled industry. Every moment of his life, unoccupied by public duties, was given to study. His only recreation was found in his books. Such a nature, always accompanied by the highest reflective powers, is peculiarly open to the imputation of cowardice. He perceives the grander aims of life and shrinks from wantonly destroying it. Of a studious and reflective temperament, Cicero endured this additional pain of foreseeing danger, but when the time came for really encountering it, he was never in the background. It would not be right to judge Cicero by his agony during his exile, or his conduct during the civil war. In the first, he was undone by the magnitude of his misfortune; in the second, by the difficulty of deciding which leader was in the right. Opposed to these and overshadowing them, is his brave defense of Roscius, his heroic overthrow of Catiline, and his grand demeanor in the days of Antony. Clear and outspoken was he in his defense of liberty, and manfully did he oppose the intrigues of the second Triumvirate, even at the expense of his own life. What an heroic death was his! In all history there is no more pathetic or grander scene. Condemned by the brutal Antony, he seeks to prepare his soul for its final hour by reading the highest moral doctrines of the ancients. Seeing the cruel centurion approach,

he extends from the couch his venerable gray head, and says, "Strike, old soldier, if you think it right." Was this the death of a coward?

From those darkened shadows that preceded the dawn of Christianity the form of Cicero looms with Achillean grandeur. Let those who would praise Cæsar remember that he had no conscience. His great aim was power, and, to win this, he had no scruples as to the means. Conspiracy and civil war were his guilty companions, and his private life was stained by the basest corruption. Dazzled by hero-worship and the grandeur of his military achievements, we are too apt to forget the far more admirable traits of Cicero. His constant aim was to do right. When he deceived himself and made great mistakes, they were errors of his judgment rather than of his heart. Erasmus spoke truly, when he said, "Had Cicero lived a few centuries later, from the very innocence of his life, he could not have failed of obtaining the honor and title of a saint."

Everything that has come down to us from antiquity has been tried in the fiery furnace of nineteen hundred years' criticism. The only effect, however, that this has had upon the character of Cicero has been to make it glow brighter and brighter in every successive age; so that as long as learning, virtue, and liberty are regarded as priceless bequests, so long will the name of Cicero remain dear to the human heart.

"Friends are to be estimated from their deeds, not their words."

THE WANING YEAR.

By F. F. P., '77.

In pensive mood slow wanes the length of days,

As more askance the great orb turns his gaze
Upon the Virgin's tears—the autumn rain—
Falling in grief of Summer's parting train.
Precession with a slowly moving hand
Will take the harvest month from her command.

The Balance now stands fair athwart the sight,
Holding in equipoise the day and night;
But with its turning beam the light will go,
Leaving the Arctic wastes in shade and snow.

Within our clime the bannered forests stout
Make for the tardy fields a safe redoubt,
And from the tyrant Winter's hastening feet
Cover the gentle season's sure retreat.

O heart, dwelling within a zone of fear,
Seeing of life the shadowy marge appear.
Of migratory kinds that own the sway
Of Summer, and pursue her genial way.
Take in thy palms the compass and the chart,
Find of thy being here the counterpart.

—In the Traveller.

September 22, 1885.

♦♦♦

ART AS AN EDUCATOR.

By A. C. T., '88.

HE who should train his hand to wondrous skill, but paralyze his foot, would be a cripple. So is it in education. He is not educated who has developed or drawn out only one part of his nature. He who is skilled in science, though he could weigh and measure the most distant planet, is yet not educated if the rest of his nature be undeveloped.

For the attainment of this perfect development, the Creator has placed within the reach of men all the resources of nature and of art, and to him that would be taught, all things are teachers. But art has a special work in this education of men. To the

historian, the growth and development, the character and thoughts of the ancient nations lie stamped in stone. The rude carvings of savage men are landmarks in history that tell how far, at that hour, the soul of man had journeyed. The pyramids and obelisks of Egypt are more than tombstones of a dead civilization to him who has eyes to read them aright. Egypt, who made of every beast a god, has left the impress of her gross ideal in her ungraceful carvings. "Athens, the mother of arts and eloquence," she who worshiped the beautiful in form and intellect, has left in the images of her many gods her ideas of the separate attributes that were one day to be combined and perfected in Him who was then an unknown God. The Parthenon, with its beautiful statues, was a type of Grecian thought. The Pantheon at Rome, sacred to all gods, and filled with stolen statues, was a type of what Rome herself was, a usurper; she who grasped after all lands, scrupled not to appropriate all arts and all errors, all religions and all gods.

Since the days of the Renaissance, the character of art has everywhere kept pace with the advance of thought. Thus do the arts of the past teach the history of the past in regular gradations, from the rude pagan idol to the Madonna of a Titian or a Raphael.

In the realm of science, too, art has a work. Our practical nineteenth century, that is piercing the very secrets of Heaven, finds abundant uses for this great teacher. So long as example is more powerful than precept, so long will science, taught by the aid of art,

be more impressive than mere abstract truth.

But there is for art a grander work than these practical ones, the historical and the scientific. They are only superficial. There is a part of man's nature that is higher and more godlike than that to which they appeal. It is the imaginative, the creative instinct, that has its element only in the realm of art. Every work of art, unless it be a mere imitation, had its origin in an eternal truth, and to teach that truth is the mission of that piece of art, be it painting of statue, poem, or oratorio. Ideas are not the shadows of things, but things are rather the shapes assumed for the moment by eternal truths.

Art as well as nature is truth made tangible, a sermon in a universal language. Ruskin has said that "the highest thoughts are those that are least dependent upon words." Is not this the great secret of Nature? For what is Nature but the art of the Eternal One, wherein he has proclaimed with silent eloquence thoughts that are too great for words?

But why, then, do not men go to the fountain head, Nature itself, for all lessons and thus dispense with art? Is it not that Nature is too comprehensive? "We are immersed in beauty," says Emerson, "but our eyes have no clear vision." Art is the prism that must separate and individualize the beautiful colored rays in the pure white spectrum of Nature's truth.

The artist beholds a beauty and harmony in Nature that escape an untrained eye. It is his work to make

tangible and permanent these conceptions of his creative soul. His work is like a creation. Other men, though not artists, may learn to appreciate his work and think his thoughts as he from his higher plane has "thought the thoughts of God."

He who has learned to appreciate art, and to love the beautiful, has learned also to love and appreciate all that made it beautiful—the pure, the noble, the divine.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editors of the Student:

A few words about "Moody's Convention," at Northfield, may be of interest to some of your readers. Those who went to Northfield last summer will need no description of its beauties; the long, wide village street, with its houses scattered among well-kept lawns and fields which reach to the river on one side, and to the wooded hills on the other, and the beautiful view from the seminary itself, commanding a long stretch of the stream and the slopes on both sides, up to the Vermont and New Hampshire hills seen dim and blue on the distant horizon. All this the boys took in as they drove over from Northfield or South Vernon station in teams provided by Mr. Moody. To the many who came to New England for the first time, this was a rare pleasure, while to all it was a delightful experience, and one never to be forgotten.

The opening meeting was held Friday, July 1st, at 11 o'clock. Promptly at the hour appointed, Prof. D. B. Towner rose, and led in singing the

familiar hymn, "I am thine, O Lord." About one hundred and fifty students had gathered in Stone Hall, and occupied the desk-chairs in the centre of the room. Mr. Moody and Prof. Towner, with Mrs. Towner, who accompanied her husband on the organ, were the only leaders on the platform. Prof. Henry L. Drummond, of Scotland, and Mr. Sankey, were in the audience, also Rev. Henry Clay Trumbull, who is much interested in foreign mission work. Other teachers at the conference were Rev. Dr. A. T. Pier-son, of Philadelphia; Rev. Dr. J. A. Broadus, of Kentucky; Joseph Cook and H. L. Hastings, of Boston, and Prof. Z. T. Townsend, of Boston University. The number of students increased until there were over five hundred in attendance, representing nearly every college in America, and several universities of Europe. Harvard sent fifteen delegates; Yale, twenty-five; Amherst, twenty; Cornell, twelve; while the smaller and more distant colleges were represented by smaller delegations. It was inspiring to be with so many eager Bible students, who were hungering and thirsting for helpful information.

Two sessions were held each day in Stone Hall; one at 10 o'clock p.m., the other at 7.45 a.m., Mr. Moody always presiding. Besides these two regular meetings, there was a meeting appointed in "The Glen," at 6 o'clock in the morning, whenever the boys desired it.

The Glen is a hollow in the sloping ground in front of East Hall, where the trees have been allowed to stand.

The grass was cut, and rough wooden seats set along the sides. It soon got to be quite a favorite spot for meetings. Mr. Moody took charge of these morning meetings, and they became very interesting and profitable. One of the subjects discussed was "The Foreign Secretaryships of the Young Men's Christian Association." The idea of sending out such a secretary was thought a good one. In the first place it is very important to break into the educated classes of India, China and Japan, with the whole power of the Gospel. Secondly, the door to these classes is through the students. Lastly, young men are the best agents to preach to young men. They fall away because of lack of sympathy. They ought to be kept together, and it is the business of the Young Men's Christian Association to hold young men together.

Joseph Cook gave an interesting talk on this question. In closing, he said: "I advise you, young men, to be Pilgrim Fathers, not only of the next age in America, but of the next age in Asia."

The Bible Training Class was much discussed by the Young Men's Christian Association workers. The following points were brought out: About half of the Associations in New York State have training classes, and about half of them use the International Lessons. As a general rule those not Christians should not be admitted. Estimates as to the most helpful number in a class varied from six to fifteen, rather less in college than in city associations, because the city secretary can

handle a larger number than a collegian. Students are better than professors to lead college training classes, because professors will occupy too much time. The best leader is the man most successful in leading souls to Christ. It is better to have the leader of any college class rotate every ten weeks. Only earnest men should be allowed to join.

Let it be remembered that the Bible Training Class had its origin in an endeavor of Christian workers to secure thorough work among inquirers. Till about six years ago, in only two or three cities was there any effort to do this. Then a systematic effort by the general secretaries resulted in the formation of classes in many cities. Three years ago topics were called for, and a year later outlines of study were prepared by Mr. McConaughy, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Sloan, of Chicago. As a result many classes have been formed. From nine hundred to a thousand college students were last year in attendance upon these classes.

The results aimed at in the class work are: first, the teaching of the fundamental truths that inquirers seek to know, regeneration, sin, the atonement, the work of the holy spirit, etc.; second, training to give aptness and quickness in time of need.

There was a great awakening among the students, for missionary work. Thursday, July 7th, at the evening session, Dr. Chamberlain, of India, spoke for an hour on the opportunity of the ages. He presented the great moral need of India clearly and convincingly. His call for workers touched many a

heart. In closing, he said, "Send your choicest sons and daughters, send the shout that re-enforcements are coming. We want five hundred within the next five years." Turning to Mr. Moody, the speaker said: "Dwight L. Moody, do you not hear Jehovah's clarion call to you to make one year's stay in India, and to teach Him to them? God rarely bestows such gifts for the work as He has upon you. In the name of the three million young men of India, who know English but who do not know God, in the name of the two hundred and fifty millions of people who could be reached if these three million young men were set on fire with love to God, in the name of those here in this waking vision, I call upon you to come over to India and help us."

At the next regular session, July 8th, Prof. Townsend delivered the address, in which he defended primitive orthodoxy. Rev. Joseph Cook was then called to the platform, and went forward amid great applause. "Was Dr. Townsend's lecture sound?" asked Mr. Moody. "I was educated," Mr. Cook replied, "in the great Andover that was, and not in the Andover that is." The excitement had been growing all through the meeting. The speakers, particularly the last one, were interrupted again and again, on every reference to the mission work, with loud and continued applause. This feeling now culminated in a scene which those present will never forget. Dr. Chamberlain rose and said that he had seen Mr. Cook, when abroad, knock the bottom out of the imported religion of the heathen, and that other missionaries

had spoken, saying, "Could we get Mr. Moody to come and put a new bottom——"; the rest of the sentence was drowned in a loud cheer that went up from the audience, as they rose to give expression to their feeling. At this moment Mr. Cook, drawing Mr. Moody to the centre of the platform, placed Prof. Townsend on one side and Dr. Chamberlain on the other, and cried out: "This is an object lesson; the three a team for India." The effect was electric. The boys continued standing, and cheered until they were hoarse. Such a meeting has not been held for years. Up to this time fifty-seven names had been handed in to Messrs. Wilder and Farman, as pledged missionaries. Most of these men are those who pledged during the college tour of these gentlemen last year, but at least three are men who never thought of the work before going to the conference. Many more pledged themselves before the close of the convention.

Space forbids entering into details, but we trust the little that has been given will prove enough to awaken in the minds of a few readers, at least, something of that enthusiasm and consecrated spirit so manifest at Northfield this summer. W., '89.

♦ ♦ ♦
"If you wish to be well spoken of, speak well of others."

"Where a man likes to see himself better than in a glass—in print; where he more often finds himself—in debt; where he makes most haste to escape—in love; but where he always ought to be—in good humor."

LOCALS.

Oh! the butterfly, the beautiful butterfly,
 Oh! the beautiful painted lady.
 Let the Freshies and Sophs, armed with bottle
 and scoop,
 Start off with a wild Sophomoric whoop,
 To the sunny hillside or the rippling brook,
 Where the bending alders twist and crook,
 And form the loveliest, quietest nook,
 So charmingly cool and shady.

Ah, well-a-day! They are strong to run
 And alert to do every duty,
 While the languid Junior prefers the nook
 Where the bending alders twist and crook,
 Where he lazily lies with his head on his book,
 And wonders if ——— will be a good cook,
 And cares not for the painted beauty.

Well 'tis for him, let him quietly rest,
 And take his book for a pillow,
 For his Senior year will come with its care,
 And instead of a scoop he will carry a snare,
 In which to entrap some butterfly fair
 Of the genus homo, a specimen rare.
 He'd better lie under the willow.

Welcome, '91!

"Jine" my society.

"Le' go there! Time's up!"

Townsend is singing this year.

Where are all the tennis nets this
 fall?

The new assistant librarian is a great
 success.

The fastest time made by Maud
 S.—1.89.

Prof. Braun says the butterflies "get
 all broke up" coming from the West.

If you want to make "Stump" real
 mad you want to say to him, "Them
 kids."

Sept. 15th, a brilliant meteor was
 observed at about 8 o'clock in the
 evening.

A good many inquiries are made

about who those twins are in the Fresh-
 man class.

The college nine defeated the Lewis-
 tons on the State Fair grounds the first
 day of the Fair.

The present Freshman class contains
 the first son of an alumnus of the col-
 lege, Mr. Emrich.

Prof.—"Just a few words, if you
 will, Mr. M." Freshman (translating)
 —"Ah, me! luckless I!"

Prof. (holding up a worm)—"Here
 is a specimen that was brought to me
 by a boy—a student, I mean."

Snow, of Zoölogy fame, is to have a
 chance to gratify his taste for that sci-
 ence, in the study of Entomology this
 term.

It was the fortune or misfortune of
 the students on Tuesday, the 30th of
 August, to get a cut at chapel exer-
 cises.

The Sophomores have sent in their
 challenge to the Freshmen to play a
 game of ball, but the time has not
 yet been fixed upon.

Two Juniors, while catching moths
 by the light of their dark lantern, are
 reported to have discovered a new
 variety of enormous size.

"Did you ever! Such actions!"
 was the exclamation with which one
 worthy woman greeted the smoking of
 the pipe of peace on Class Day.

The Y. M. C. A. bulletin-board re-
 cently had the following inscription,
 "*Vade vobiscum.*" One of the Senior
 girls, renowned for her wisdom, trans-
 lated it freely, "Bring some one with
 you."

On a recent trip to Portsmouth we fell in with three of the old graduates of the college, Rev. Messrs. Baldwin, Bolster, and Bickford. Full of stories of their college days, they whiled away the time very pleasantly.

In one of his lectures, Prof. Braun took up a butterfly and said, "This is the Painted Beauty, and there are lots of them right here among you." Doubtless the Prof. didn't mean anything, but nevertheless it made quite a stir among the fair ones.

A "rusticus" from up river was passing the college campus, and observing several of the lady students hurrying hither and thither and vigorously swinging their butterfly nets, he exclaimed, "Wal, now, they du git a new game here tu this air skule every year."

Several of the boys spent their summer at the sea-shore. One day one of their number, looking out the window at a headland, cried, "Oh! see those yachts coming round the point!" You can imagine his chagrin, when the rest of the boys declared those yachts to be cows.

Rev. Mr. Davis, a returned missionary from Japan, recently gave before the students a very entertaining and instructive lecture upon that country. He gave such a vivid description of Japanese habits and customs that we got a very clear conception of their mode of life.

The laying of gas pipes into Parker and Hathorn Halls is a much-needed improvement. Both chapels, both society rooms, the reading-room, Y. M.

C. A. room, and corridors of both halls will soon be lighted by gas. No more creeping down stairs on your hands and knees, after dark.

The officers of the Eurosophian Society for the ensuing year are as follows: President, F. W. Oakes; Vice-President, F. M. Boker; Secretary, G. F. Garland; Treasurer, F. S. Pierce; Executive Committee, C. C. Smith, C. D. Blaisdell, H. B. Davis; Librarian, L. W. Fales.

We noticed a Freshman girl, who had dropped her net over a butterfly, suddenly beat a retreat with none of the old-time slowness of Lot's wife when leaving Sodom. Further investigation disclosed that a bumble-bee had been detained beneath her net together with the butterfly, hence the flank movement.

Friday evening, September 2d, the Polymnian Society gave their usual reception to the Freshman class. There was a large attendance, and what with a short literary entertainment, music, charades, and refreshments, the time had sped away before we were aware of it. All agreed that it was a most pleasant time.

Prof. (to the class, a few moments before examination begins) — "Can you tell me what time it is?" First Student—"Five minutes of nine." Second Student—"Four minutes and a half." Mr. A.—"Three minutes and sixteen seconds." Prof.—"Couldn't you get a little nearer, Mr. A?" Mr. A.—"Perhaps I could, now, Professor."

The Eurosophians were "up and

ready" at the beginning of the term, and gave the Freshmen a reception Friday of the first week. The evening was interspersed with music and recitations, and not forgetting the material wants of their guests, the committee in the latter part of the evening distributed rations to each one of the company.

Every now and then such a sharp thing is said by our little friends that we can't refrain from publishing it. One five-year-old always adds a great many postscripts to his prayers. Having repeated his prayer one night, he said, "'I forgot to pray for myself, an' must unlock it an' put in a postscript.'" His mother asked him what he meant by "unlocking it." "Why, mamma, don't you know, unlock the amen, of course."

The Polymnian Society have elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, E. E. Sawyer, '88; Vice-President, C. G. Emerson, '89; Secretary, Miss Dora Jordan, '90; Treasurer, G. H. Hamlen, '90; Executive Committee, J. H. Johnson, '88; E. T. Whittemore, '89; Miss Mary Brackett, '90. The society has taken up its work with a great deal of zest, and the present term promises to be of unusual interest.

The first three weeks of the term have been made very interesting by the daily lectures of Prof. Brann in Entomology. The woods and fields around the college have been scoured for butterflies and moths by the students, and a large collection for the college has been captured and mounted. Many

rare ones have been added to this collection by Prof. Brann. These lectures have embraced all the butterflies of Maine and one family of the moths.

What could the Maine State Fair do without Bates College? How could the people get to the Fair Grounds, or obtain anything to eat after they got there, if it wasn't for her students? These are the questions that would arise in the mind of any thoughtful person who has watched during State Fair week the long line of horse-car conductors, waiters, grand stand ushers, ticket sellers, etc., as they poured out of Parker Hall and betook themselves to their respective places of duty.

Cox, '89, is running the college bookstore this year. He is conducting the business on a greatly enlarged plan. An elegant show-case, beginning at the door, runs nearly the whole length of the store, behind which the genial proprietor stands ready to serve his patrons with ink, candy, and lead pencils. The walls of his store on all sides but three, to the height of four feet from the floor, are covered with shelves full of books and paper. We miss, however, the opportunity of punning upon his name, which was so easily accomplished in the names of the last two book-sellers.

The long-expected new Professor has arrived this year. His department is not the one we thought might be filled first, yet a few weeks of experience has convinced us that the college authorities made a wise decision in filling this chair first. Mr. Leathers is the new Prof., and his department the Science of Order and Neatness. Under his in-

struction marvelous changes have been wrought through halls and campus. In place of the dirt-bestrewn corridors we now find clean, well-swept floors. The slate-covered ground in front of Parker Hall, marbled with old boots and hats, now presents a tidy, green appearance. In fact, the Augean stables have been cleansed, the lamps trimmed, and the doors unlocked.

The annual reception by the college Young Men's Christian Association, to the Freshman class, was given Sept. 15th, in the Gymnasium. About one hundred and forty guests were present, making it much the largest reception that has ever been given. The hall was tastefully decorated with evergreen, and the front end draped with two large flags, kindly loaned by the Bates Mills. The hall was lighted by three chandeliers and thirty Japanese lanterns, and its size made it a most excellent place for promenading. As the long procession swept round and round the hall, we could not but exclaim, "Why has the 'Gym.' never been used for receptions before?" Remarks were made by Prof. Chase, and Mr. Johnson, President of the Association, and all went away feeling that the evening would be a memorable one in the year's calendar.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'75.—H. S. Cowell, formerly of Shelburne Falls, Mass., has been chosen principal of Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass., at a salary of \$2000.

'80.—Mrs. Laura Harris Robinson,

and the Rev. and Mrs. L. M. Robinson, who have been traveling in Europe, sailed for America from Southampton, June 16th, on the North German steamship "Aller." A letter from Mrs. Robinson will appear in the next number of the *STUDENT*.

'81.—O. H. Drake is to take a two years' course at Yale, in chemistry and geology.

'81.—W. T. Perkins is about to undertake the management of a real estate agency in the West. He has lately been canvassing for Bradstreet's Report.

'82.—J. C. Perkins has been studying in Warburg, and attending lectures on church history by Prof. Harnack.

'83.—Rev. O. L. Gile, pastor of the Richmond Free Baptist church, was married, June 22d, to Miss Sadie E. Libby, of Richmond.

'83.—D. N. Grice, Esq., of Richmond, Va., died of quick consumption, August 13, 1887.

'85.—D. C. Washburn is reporting for the Associated Press, New York.

'86.—W. H. Hartshorn, for the past year Principal of the High School at Laconia, N. H., has been re-elected to that position, and will also serve at an increased salary as Superintendent of Schools.

'86.—C. E. B. Libby was married, August 16th, to Miss Nora I. Tibbetts, of Lisbon. Mr. Libby takes charge of the Academy in Foxcroft.

'86.—Miss A. S. Tracy is teaching in the Academy at Monmouth.

'87.

Israel Jordan is one of the editors

of the *Golden Argosy*, a paper having a circulation of 100,000.

J. W. Moulton has entered the Yale Divinity School.

I. A. Jenkins is teaching at Vinal Haven.

J. R. Dunton is Principal of the High School at Leominster, Mass.

W. C. Buck is Principal of the West Lebanon Academy.

Miss C. R. Blaisdell is teaching in the High School at Newton, Mass.

S. S. Wright is Principal of the Academy at Monmouth.

Miss M. E. Richmond is teaching in the Ellsworth High School.

E. K. Sprague is studying in a hospital in Canada.

Miss M. N. Chase is teaching in the Green Mountain Seminary.

Miss N. E. Russell is teaching in a preparatory school at Norfolk, Conn.

U. G. Wheeler is teaching in Brewer, Maine.

STUDENTS.

'88.—The guests at the Fiske House, Old Orchard, have presented F. W. Oakes with a valuable gold watch and chain.

'88.—W. L. Powers is teaching the High School at Pittston.

'88.—C. L. Wallace is teaching at Leeds Junction.

'89.—W. F. Grant is teaching the High School at Abbot.

'89.—G. H. Libby is teaching in Foxcroft.

'90.—A. A. Mainwaring has entered Newton Theological Seminary.

The following is a list of the names of the Freshmen, and their fitting schools :

Miss F. S. Larrabee,	Auburn High School.
Miss Mabel Merrill,	" " "
Miss Kate Prescott,	" " "
Miss H. A. Pulsifer,	" " "
Miss S. D. Chipman,	" " "
W. D. Watson,	" " "
F. W. Larrabee,	" " "
Miss E. M. Merrill,	" " "
Frederick W. Plummer,	Auburn High School and U. S. M. A.
Miss K. M. Merrill,	Auburn High School.
Miss G. A. Littlefield,	Nichols Latin School.
Albert Newman,	" " "
L. A. Ross,	" " "
W. F. Ham,	" " "
Miss Alice Beal,	" " "
E. L. Peabody,	" " "
P. P. Beal,	" " "
B. H. Dingley,	" " "
M. Greenwood,	" " "
G. K. Small,	" " "
C. A. Merrill,	Brownville High School and Nichols Latin School.
F. S. McDonald,	Nichols Latin School.
W. L. Nickerson,	" " "
Miss M. H. Ingalls,	Lewiston High School.
Miss L. M. Fassett,	" " "
A. D. Pinkham,	" " "
Miss L. M. Bodge,	Bridgton Academy.
H. J. Chase,	" " "
W. H. Kimball,	" " "
C. H. Richardson,	Vt. Methodist Seminary.
A. C. Hutchinson,	Arms Academy.
F. E. Stevens,	Gould Academy.
F. E. Perkins,	Boston Latin School.
Miss L. B. Williams,	Brunswick High School.
A. L. Chapin,	Franeestown Academy and Nichols Latin School.
Fred J. Chase,	Maine Central Institute.
C. H. Jonhonnnett,	" " "
F. E. Emrich, Jr.,	Wilton Academy.
W. B. Cutts,	Anson Academy.
N. G. Howard,	New Hampton Institute.
F. L. Libbey,	" " "
F. S. Pugsley,	" " "
W. S. Mason,	Austin Academy, N. H.
F. D. Mace,	Yarmouth High School.
I. W. Parker, Jr.,	Hallowell Class. Academy.
C. R. Smith,	Coburn Classical Institute.
Miss E. E. Fairbanks,	Lisbon High School.

EXCHANGES.

Vacation is past! Our term has commenced, and, to use a somewhat hackneyed expression, "we once more grasp the editorial quill"; only it is not a quill, but a stylograph. It is in vain that we look for exchanges. A few dusty commencement numbers cast reproachful glances at us from their perch upon the floor, but we do not care to disturb their ashes. We hope to see the faces of all our old friends brighter and merrier than ever, after the vacation. No doubt many editors have been thinking of ways to improve their papers, and will be ready with advice to others. It is because of this that we venture to make a suggestion.

We should like to hear the answers, of the different exchange editors, to the question, *What constitutes a good college paper?* Every editor has an idea what a paper should be, and if one hundred and fifty editors gave their opinions it would certainly do some good. It would certainly be an improvement on the senseless criticisms and mere twaddle that so often make up the exchange column. Besides, it would have the advantage of not being personal. Each editor could state his views, and though they might not coincide with the views of others, yet there would probably be some hint that would be useful. We sincerely hope that our exchanges will think of this matter and that we will have the pleasure of reading what they think a paper should be, and also any hints as to its management.

AMONG THE POETS.

DRESS REFORM MAIDEN.

See her coming,
Curly hair;
Sleeves loose and easy,
Wrists brown and bare.
Skirts of spring growth,
Short and neat;
(Striped stockings all complete.)
Thus they plainly show her feet;
Newton swells cry, what a treat!
No cruel stays there go to waist,
To shove her short ribs out of place;
No bustle warps her form divine,
And gives her curvatures of the spine;
No corns upon her toes do grow,
Her shoes have rooms for each, you know,
And small piazzas round them go.
You'll recognize her now, I trow,
This Dress Reform that's coming slow.

—Lasell Leaves.

GLOOM.

Darkly the clouds across the sky are flying,
Cheerless the rain bewails the daylight's
doom,
Drearly the wind among the pines is sighing,
Gloom at their summits, at their bases gloom.

Borne on the breezes comes the river's rushing,
Darkness and flitting shadows fill the room,
Sad is the mind each thought of pleasure
hushing

When all without and all within is gloom.

—Bowdoin Orient.

THE TIME ARBUTUS BLOOMS.

It was about the time arbutus blooms
On the south slopes, and hid in sunny nooks
Fair spots of brightness in the dreary land,
Like golden words, hid in long-winded books.

I met her coming down the forest path,
Decked with fragrant blossoms; yet more sweet
Was she than they. I watched her as she sped
Along the mountain side with hurrying feet.

A many maids since that day have I seen,
Black-eyed and passionate in Southern lands,
And Northern maids, with hair of sunny gold,
And, times, have met with favor at their
hands.

But still, about the time arbutus blooms,
In sweet spring days, there comes again to me

A vision of gray eyes and parted lips,
A lithe, live form, and brown hair floating free.

Once more up from the dusky past there floats
That sweet, faint scent I knew in former days,
And then—the fair dream fades, as fair dreams
will,

I turn once more the world's weary ways.

—Williams Lit.

THE ROSENGARTEN.

At evening, when the sun has gone to rest,
When Botzen's vale has lost each lingering
ray,

The lovely Rosengarten's golden crest
Still keeps the gladness of departed day.

Its face, illumined by the after-glow,
Sheds a soft light upon the darkened vale;
The sun, though lost to all the town below,
Still holds the lofty mountain in its pale.

So, when the day of early joy shall fade,
If still we keep a cheerful after-glow,
Then will youth's memories pierce the growing
shade,
And from that light our lives the brighter
grow.

—Nassau Lit.

LITERARY NOTES.

The September *Century* has both a holiday and a political flavor, in each of which respects it makes a strong appeal to current interests. The second part of "Snubbin' Through Jersey," by Mr. Hopkinson Smith and Mr. J. B. Millet, narrating a unique summer excursion in a canal boat, is even more rollicking than that already published. The narrative not only reflects a very admirable holiday humor, of the sort which should characterize a "lark," but has the ballast of a substantial presentation of an interesting and little known type of American life. The reader is likely to rise from a perusal of the papers with a desire to repeat

the experiment for himself. The illustrations, by Hopkinson Smith, George W. Edwards, and O. H. Perry, realize and supplement the text. In Prof. Atwater's series on "The Chemistry of Food and Nutrition," we have the fourth paper, dealing with the much discussed question of "The Digestibility of Food," giving the results of the writer's experiments, as well as a summary of the latest scientific knowledge on this point. The usual graphic charts and tables add interest to Prof. Atwater's data and conclusions. Among the articles considered is oleomargarine.

The interest of the *Atlantic* for September may be said to depend greatly on most interesting installments of its two serial stories by Mrs. Oliphant and Mr. Crawford. Both of these are at their climax; Mr. Crawford's especially has a scene which for thrilling novelty is almost unequalled. Dr. Holmes, in "Our Hundred Days in Europe," tells about his stay in Paris and his visits to some of the places which he had seen years before, particularly St. Etienne du Mont, the Pantheon, the Café Procope, the Louvre, the Palais Royal, the Bois de Boulogne; and also of a visit to Monsieur Pasteur. Another article, by John Bach McMaster, upon "Franklin in France," shows how Franklin succeeded in making himself the idol of the French at the period subsequent to the Revolution. Mr. A. C. Gordon contributes a short and touching story of negro life, called "A Pinchtown Pauper."

St. Nicholas for September opens

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with a delightful frontispiece, by Mary Hallock Foote, illustrating "Tib Tyler's Beautiful Mother," a charming tale of life at a sea-side watering place, by Nora Perry. There are several seasonable but inoffensive little morals tucked away in the story, together with some dainty drawings by Albert E. Sterner. "The Boyhood of William Dean Howells" is pleasantly treated by William H. Rideing, and will carry encouragement to many young literary aspirants; Gen. Adam Badeau writes comprehensively and thrillingly of the "Battle of Gettysburg" and of Pickett's glorious but futile charge; while George J. Manson shows the young man who is "Ready for Business," and wishes to become a "Sea Captain," the bright and seamy sides of a sailor's life and the best and safest way of accomplishing his ambition.

The *Art Amateur* for September contains an attractive colored plate of chrysanthemums by Victor Dagon, a charming study of a child's head by Ellen Welby, a large panel design for wood carving, china painting decorations for three plates (harebells, pomegrate flowers and crab-apples), and a "satchel" vase (dandelions), five pages of embroidery designs, a page of outline figure sketches, and one of monograms in P. Price 35 cents; \$4 per year. Montague Marks, Publisher, 23 Union Square, New York.

Mother (anxiously)—"I'm afraid you are giving the baby too much sugar, James." Father—"Not at all, my dear. I want him to be full of grit."



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CLIPPINGS.

GOLDEN ROD.

Like miser's gold when death draws on apace,
Live lover's kiss when parting is at hand;
Like yearning looks that seek a loved one's

face,

As ebbs the last of life's retreating sand—

So is the golden rod; the summer wanes;

We think not of the roses of the past,

But love this flower, less fair than they, be-
cause

We cannot keep it, and it is the last.

—Ex.

“There's always room at the top.”
But there wouldn't be if everybody who
is up there was as big as he thinks
himself.—Ex.

THE SEASON IS OVER.

September is here and vacation is o'er,

The season for picnics is by,

And the dude in the lavender trousers no
more

Sits down in the strawberry pie.

—Ex.

“Whar' d' yo' git dat load er lum-
ber, br'er Jimson?” “Down to de
Healin' B'm church.” “Dasso, br'er

Jimson? Why, has dey tored de build-
in' down?” “Oh, no, sah? Hit's dar
yet, but I hearn Parson Blowhard say
dat de pews was free, so I riz up 'arly
dis mornin' an' went down dar and rip-
ped up a pa'r of 'em an' foteched 'em
erlong.”—*Yonkers Gazette*.

“Do you keep bees?” asked the
summer boarder of the housekeeper;
“I do so love the little things.” “No,
we don't keep bees. Guess you must
have heard pa gargling his throat in
the woodshed.”—*Tid-Bits*.

HAPPY YOUTH.

The skies of life for him are bright,

Who can the statement doubt?—

He goes a-courting every night,

His girl's dad has the gout.

We publish the following very pa-
thetic rhyme, not because of any liter-
ary merit, but because we think it
may strike a responsive chord in the
bosoms of those students who are sim-
ilarly situated:

“Like calfless cow, I'm lonely now—

I've lost my better half;

Yet she might now be called the cow,

And I, the blatant calf.

I dream about her every night,

And think of her all day;

I'm surely in a sorry plight—

Since from her I'm away.”



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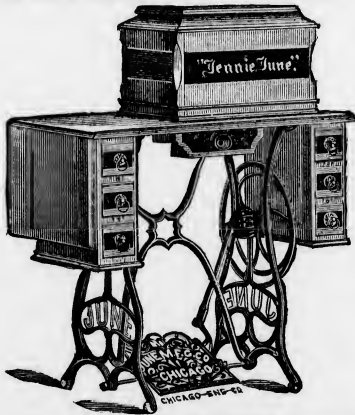
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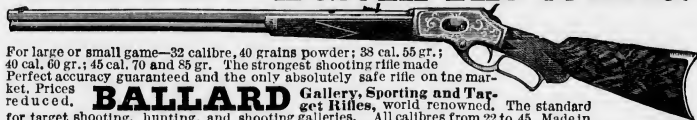
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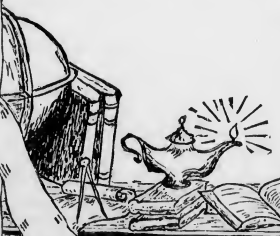
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OCTOBER, 1887.

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EDITORIAL.

AMONG students, to call a man a "plug" has always seemed to cast a stigma upon him. This imputation is just, if one studies merely to obtain marks; but if he is actuated by that purpose that should inspire every student, it is unjust. If he studies diligently, not merely to surpass his fellows, but to prepare himself efficiently for the work of life, the term "plug" should contain no sting. No lasting attainments can be won, even by the most brilliant scholars, without real, hard work. 'Tis said that Virgil wrote his poems at the slow rate of two lines per day. Goethe says that "he had nothing sent him in his sleep"; he knew how every page came there. Dante saw himself "growing lean" over his divine comedy; Shakespeare and Milton produced slowly; and Macaulay wrote only five or six lines a day. We may not write an "Æneid," a Divine Comedy, or a "Faust," but if we are to perform successfully the minor duties that shall be assigned to us, we must be faithful in our preparation. A place with Odin in Valhalla could not be obtained by those who passed their life in pleasure, who did not exert themselves to do the best possi-

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THE BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XV.

OCTOBER, 1887.

No. 8.

Bates Student.

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

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LEWISTON, MAINE.

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EDITORIAL.

AMONG students, to call a man a "plug" has always seemed to cast a stigma upon him. This imputation is just, if one studies merely to obtain marks; but if he is actuated by that purpose that should inspire every student, it is unjust. If he studies diligently, not merely to surpass his fellows, but to prepare himself efficiently for the work of life, the term "plug" should contain no sting. No lasting attainments can be won, even by the most brilliant scholars, without real, hard work. 'Tis said that Virgil wrote his poems at the slow rate of two lines per day. Goethe says that "he had nothing sent him in his sleep"; he knew how every page came there. Dante saw himself "growing lean" over his divine comedy; Shakespeare and Milton produced slowly; and Macaulay wrote only five or six lines a day. We may not write an "Æneid," a Divine Comedy, or a "Faust," but if we are to perform successfully the minor duties that shall be assigned to us, we must be faithful in our preparation. A place with Odin in Valhalla could not be obtained by those who passed their life in pleasure, who did not exert themselves to do the best possi-

ble. One needs the courage of Calhoun, who, when upbraided by his companions for his great application to his books, said, "I have a life-work before me; I am here to prepare for it, and that is what I propose to do."

IT has been proposed that the young women at Bates organize a Young Women's Christian Association. The Christian work has hitherto been so successful under the joint efforts of the young men and women, that at first thought it seems unnecessary and unwise to form a separate organization. Since, however, the constitution of the intercollegiate Y. M. C. A. restricts its membership to young men, and no association can admit young women without virtually withdrawing itself from the intercollegiate association, it is well to consider the advisability of forming a Y. W. C. A. It is urged in objection, that a comparatively small proportion of the students at Bates are young women, and that the most of them on entering college are already Christians. The lack of time in which to hold an extra meeting has also been presented as an objection. It is true that comparatively few of the students at present are young women, but the number is increasing, and the advantage of having an association already formed for work among the new classes is obvious. As regards the time for the meeting, would it not be practicable to hold a short meeting of perhaps fifteen minutes every Wednesday evening before the general prayer-meeting? If, as the general secretary says, the Y. M. C. A. work is

more successful when confined to young men, might not an association of young women be equally successful?

Among other advantages we think would be the following: The experience gained in providing for their prayer-meetings and leading them would develop the young women into active Christian workers. The responsibility of influencing their girl friends in the college who are not Christians to become such would rest upon them, and by forming an association for this purpose, they would be linked with similar associations in other colleges throughout the country. Before finally deciding the matter it seems to us that it should be carefully considered by each one, and further information in regard to it be solicited from the general secretary of the Y. W. C. A.

MUCH has been said and written about the habit of cramming for examinations. It has been decried as detrimental to scholarship and injurious to health. We wish, however, to say a word in its favor. We would not advocate the system of neglecting studies for the greater part of the term and then cramming in order to pass. But if a student has done faithful work during the term and at its close sees fit to review the subject and cram his mind with it, he will not be injured. In fact, the effort to grasp and hold the subject in its entirety will do him good.

In active life there are sudden emergencies, when men have but short time

for preparation. The man who can rise to the occasion and meet the emergency will be the successful man. Is it not well, therefore, to gain a little practice in this direction while in college?

There come occasions in the life of every professional man when he has to "cram." An unexpected event happens in the political world. The editor is expected to say something about it in the next issue. Although he has a fund of general information, it has no bearing upon this subject. What will he do, give it all up? No! he crams. In other words, he collects facts from a hundred sources, holds and arranges them in his mind, then writes them out, and the morning paper has a "strong editorial."

A young physician is called in to see a sick man. The case is an obscure one. He hardly knows what the disease is or what remedies to prescribe. His reputation and future success may depend upon this case. What can he do? He gives the man something that will keep him easy for a short time; then he goes to his office and reads up all the different authorities upon the case; notices whether the symptoms correspond with those of his patient; learns the best remedies, and in a few hours understands the case and is ready to carry the man through his sickness.

These are only examples of what is constantly happening around us. Then why is it so bad for a student to do that in college which he will frequently have to do when he gets out into the world? A student should do good work

every day, nothing can take the place of that; and then at the close of the term, if he wishes to cram, let him cram. Let him take a fair amount of exercise and sleep, and a little extra mental strain will do him good.

AMONG the many subjects which present themselves in the editorial field of a college journal, we generally find that of hazing coming into prominence at this season of the college year. At first sight of it this fall we were tempted to greet it with the cry of "chestnuts." But our sober second thought told us that so long as hazing in any of our colleges continues, so long ought every college paper, which has been able to disentangle itself from the fossil remains of past college sentiment, to raise its voice in condemnation of this custom.

The *Kennebec Journal*, in a recent editorial, treats this matter of hazing in its true light and also speaks in complimentary terms of the record of Bates in regard to this custom. We clip the following from the above-named article:

When hazing is confined to practical jokes there is not so much to be said against it, but when tricks are superseded by violent handling and even assault, the custom should be severely denounced by all who have any acquaintance with it. It has generally been the case that each college Faculty has allowed the custom to be followed until some excessive abuse of a student demanded its discontinuance. Such was the experience of Bowdoin and Amherst. Now an act of fiendishness and barbarity, surpassing anything yet recorded in the history of hazing, has compelled the Faculty of Yale to abolish the custom. For several years Maine's colleges have been quite well regulated in this respect, and Bates can

justly claim absolute freedom from anything of the description.

We think that the alumni who notices such mention of their college, as the above in regard to Bates, must have reason to feel prouder of their *Alma Mater* than the alumni of Harvard who read the account of the hilarities at that college, October 3d, concerning which the following dispatch to the *Lewiston Journal* was sent :

There was a rush at Harvard, Monday night. It was "Bloody Monday night," so called. Liquors were freely served and hundreds of students were noisily drunk. The spree ended with a scramble between Sophomores and Freshmen.

Now, making all due allowance for newspaper reports, we can not persuade ourselves to believe that there was not a pretty good basis of truth for this report to start from. Awake! Awake, "Fair Harvard!" You are first in age and first in fame among our colleges, but unless you speedily banish liquor from your tables and such wholesale hazing from your halls, you will justly be considered lowest in morality, and last to cling to a custom which every tenet of common decency condemns. We are aware that it is no small task to root this custom out of college life, but it can be done, and we believe it has been done at Bates. No unpleasantness has occurred between the lower classes this year, and the result is that a spirit of genuine goodwill prevails among the boys. Class distinctions have been confined to their proper places—the recitation room and catalogue—and students are estimated by their natural ability and not by what class they belong to.

LITERARY.

MINISTRY OF THE DOVES.

By J. H. J., '88.

In the sunny land of flowers,
Girt about by southern seas.
Where the gentle wavelets murmur
Softly 'mong the rocky keys.

Is the home by nature fitted
For the mild Zenaida dove,
Where in peace it dwells and quiet,
Murmuring soft its notes of love.

On its breast a shield of azure,
Broideder with a fringe of gold,
Ornaments a rose-gray plumage,
And a form of grace untold.

Innocent and gentle creatures,
Like all others of their kind,
'Mong these warm and rocky islets
Haunts for life secure they find.

But the most beloved havens,
Where especially it flocks.
Are where crystal springs are bubbling
Forth from 'mong the coral rocks.

Here in solitude so lonely
Their pure, sweet, and mournful notes,
Tones as of a soul enraptured,
Issue from their tiny throats.

Once, not gentle pigeons only
Sought these lonely haunts and free,
But stray bands of fiendish pirates,
Bloodstained outlaws of the sea.

One time, coming to these fountains
Seeking water fresh and clear
To supply them on a voyage,
As these ruffian men drew near,

Flitting, cooing, in a basin
By the waters pure and bright,
A small covey of these pigeons,
Startled, flew away in fright.

When the band had borne their cargo
From the fountain's basin clear,
One, by chance, they left behind them,
On the island, lone and drear.

In the stillness of the twilight,
Lying on the cold, hard stone,

In his guilty soul he realized
That he was with God alone.

Soon the little doves returning,
Finding all was still again,
By the spring alighted near him,
Murmuring forth their soft refrain,

So caressing and so plaintive,
Notes so gentle, pure, and mild,
That they made his heart-strings vibrate,
Touched by solitude so wild.

And he wandered back in mem'ry
To the time when near his home
Other doves he heard in boyhood,
Ere his feet had learned to roam.

Now a Christian mother's counsels
Gently echo in his ears,
While a tide of deep contrition
Brings remorse and bitter tears.

From the rocks he rose, determined
Paths of vice no more to tread:
But to lead a life of virtue
In the home from which he'd fled.

Thus the doves, like warning spirits,
Messengers from heaven sent,
Turned a wand'rer from destruction,
And his course to manhood bent.

IS A GREAT SOCIAL REVOLU- TION IMPENDING?

By M. G. P., '88.

PREVIOUS to a great earthquake,
the heaving waters of the sea give
indication of the coming catastrophe.
Even so the troubled surface of mod-
ern society seems to indicate an ap-
proaching revolution.

On the streets of St. Petersburg, at
the flutter of a woman's handkerchief,
a little glass bomb is cast into the
midst of a royal procession. Another
follows it, exploding at the feet of the
emperor, and in two hours the Czar of
all the Russias lies dead. Yet millions

say it is only an episode in a long
chain of events, for the downfall of the
government is sealed. Germany is
dismayed before the active Socialists
in her Reichstag. Bismarck trembles,
and screens himself behind the Cath-
olic priesthood. France has dissolved
her commune, but like witch-grass un-
der the hoe of an angry farmer, the
hated principles spread the more rap-
idly. England has seen a lighted fuse
under her time-honored institutions.
Belgium and Austria have felt the
force of the incoming wave. Colum-
bia has experienced it in the streets of
Chicago. She catches the murmur of
the advancing tide in Dr. McGlynn's
applauded interpretation of Henry
George.

The waters indeed are troubled. Is
it a sign of impending convulsion?
Anarchy and Communism have attacked
social and political forms that have
existed from the beginning. They
must have powerful principles and ef-
fective methods of introducing them
in order to prevail.

Re-create the state, make it supreme,
and reward every man according to
his public services, says Socialism. Not
so, answers Communism. Give each
man an equal share in the good things
of life, regardless of what he produces.
Down with all law and organization,
cries Anarchy; let every individual act
as he pleases. Its platform is founded
upon *nihil*, no government; *nihil*, no
society; *nihil*, no religion, no God.

Thus, while these factions have some
ideas in common, they are not united in
their issues. A house divided against
itself cannot stand. They will never

succeed until they band together to promote one common purpose.

In effect these agencies are destructive rather than constructive. While each aims to overthrow a part of the existing order of things, some have absolutely nothing to replace what they destroy, others cherish a utopian delusion, beautiful but impracticable. "From nothing, nothing can arise." Destroy the ancient landmarks; bid people stand still or choose new paths. They will soon be traveling in the old highways their fathers trod. The new road must be made before the old will be abandoned.

These would-be revolutionists have not without reason attacked the existing order of things. It has evils, but their half-discerned truth is involved in fatal error. Their methods are wrong. Right is not secured by evil-doing. The firebrand and assassin's knife are not the weapons of truth. The slave of dynamite will never be master of man. Powerful forces act quietly. Without tumult or commotion great truths are promulgated.

Their premises are wrong. Their conclusions are reached under false hypotheses. They reveal to half-starved, over-crowded humanity broad vistas of green fields and babbling brooks, where flowers bloom and sweet birds sing. A nearer view discloses only a picture. The birds do not sing, the broad expanse is a delusion, the blossoms merely daubs of paint. They assume all men honest, unselfish, and eager for work. Hence the failure of their past schemes, and the improbability of future success.

Said the communist Regault to the Bishop of Paris, "Who are you?" "I am the servant of God." "Where does he live?" "Everywhere." "Very well, officers, send the Bishop to prison, and issue an order for the arrest of one God who lives everywhere." That command has never been executed. That God is still in the universe. He has created man with social instincts. He has made him true to law and order. He has fitted him to enjoy heaven because it is a home. He has bidden him "Lay up treasures." Any system that disregards principles breathed into human clay with the breath of life, cannot succeed. Any scheme contrary to all history and philosophy, opposed to divine revelation, ought not to succeed.

God had a purpose in creating the world. From it He has never swerved. History is the gradual unfolding of this terminal bud. When human wills have acted in opposition to the divine, He has so co-ordinated the results that they testify of Him. So will Socialism and Anarchy eventually promote His designs. The truth will abide; the Old World learn that character, not rank, determines position; that a good purpose is more ennobling than good blood; the New World see its aristocracy of wealth yield to that of worth. These principles have appeared again and again, but the world was not ready for them. When the fullness of time has come, it will then appear that what seemed revolution was in reality evolution. God permits harsh agents to work upon the tough wrapping scales of conservatism that His truth may the more

perfectly unfold. The troubled waters are not a sign of dissolution. They mark the spot when the angel Liberty descends with healing for the nations. It is not the earthquake shock, but Bethesda.

EXTRACT.

By A. B., '84.

All thought is swayed by influence's cord,
Which keeps it in a beauteous orb.
What though it burst beyond the line
And seem a tangent for a time,
The tangent shall in grandeur curve,
The spiral beauty to preserve,
And thus enlarging thought's proud sphere,
Shall blend with all that is sincere.
True thought seems seldom great; it dies
Nor hears the echoing plaudit rise.
Except a grain fall in the ground
Its helping fruit is nowhere found.
Stupendous thought is doomed to fall.
Its very greatness is its pall;
Yet for the true, his own preached thought
Is ever with rich comfort fraught.

INFLUENCE OF FAITH IN MOLD- ING THE CHARACTER.

By S. H. W., '88.

FAITH, or the belief in religious truth upon reasonable evidence, is the foundation principle of character. Without faith in his own God-given powers a man will be as nerveless as a bit of protoplasm. Without faith in humanity he will be morose, gloomy, suspicious. Without a firm trust in God his plans will be made for to-day instead of being projected into eternity.

Faith has a mighty influence upon character, because it raises lofty ideals and then molds the character into the likeness of the ideal. To believe in a person is to become like that person;

to believe in God is to become God-like. Faith is the workman that forms character, and the object of faith, the pattern upon which character is formed. It begins upon the thoughts, desires, and affections, and works outward, till the whole man is transformed into the likeness of that in which he believes. The belief of the heart is stamped upon the countenance. When a man places all his confidence in the mighty dollar, immediately there begins a process of contraction that continues until his world is bounded by a greenback and his soul measured by a five-cent nickel. He becomes narrower, meaner, more selfish, until his very flesh assumes the hue of the god he worships. But men there are who believe in the unseen and the eternal. A sense of the infinite enters their soul. They realize the possibilities of unlimited growth and development. Then they begin to expand until they outgrow self and become kind, generous, and true, instead of base, bigoted, and skeptical.

Faith is a life-giving, life-nurturing process. It has always in view life, eternal life. It fosters growth and increase; it strengthens and enlarges the mind and soul; it points out the way to a broader, deeper, and fuller life, and thus repudiates the idea of death and annihilation. Unbelief exclaims, "Of what avail are all these struggles and hopes and lofty aspirations, since death ends all?" And Faith answers, "Toil on, brave soul, the good, the pure, the true can never die."

And so benevolence is a fruit of faith. Men who believe that they are heirs of immortal glory, and that they

have a rich inheritance awaiting them, are not likely to be close and penurious. Faith enlarges the human heart by showing that all men are brethren. It arouses sympathy for the weak, suffering, and downtrodden, and causes men to give out of their abundance for the removal of vice and ignorance.

Faith develops a sense of justice. The belief in a just God leads men to deal justly with one another. The fact that justice is not done upon the earth involves us in confusion. The possibility that it should never be done throws the soul into a chaos of cursings and bitterness. The belief that justice will some time be meted out gives peace.

Thus it is that faith precedes and begets hope, an element indispensable to noble character; for hope is the beacon light that shines on through darkness, and doubt, and disaster. The hopeful man is calm and serene when all around are terrified and dismayed. He never loses head, or heart, or courage, or faith; and if he must sink, it will be with flying colors and face toward the foe. Moreover, hope makes patience possible. What is it that restrains the millions of toiling, suffering poor, if it is not the thought that somehow, somewhere, their wrongs will be righted? Remove this hope; let the poor come to believe that there is no God and no hereafter; let them be convinced that this life ends all, and there is no human power that can hold them in subjection. They would rise in mighty power, and ere the dawn of to-morrow there would be a redistribution of wealth. As it is, their faith restrains them.

Faith gives courage and firmness. The man of faith identifies himself with the right, and when his stand is taken there is no power of man or demon that can move him. Luther coping single-handed with all the pomp, and power, and majesty of the Romish church, and declaring as he stood before the diet at Worms, "Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise," is but one example of a man of faith and courage.

Oh, blessed faith! that can make the unjust deal righteously, and the selfish generously; that can make the utterly base radiant with purity; that whispers peace to the sorrowful and breathes hope to the disconsolate; that gives patience to the oppressed and fortitude to the suffering; that teaches all mankind to rejoice in the hope of a blessed immortality.



VOX POPULI, VOX DEI.

By G. W. S., '88.

POPULAR opinion has become, in a degree, a gauge of public action. The politician pays homage to the whims of the multitude. Just now the people are roused in sympathy with the labor movement. Every political party has a labor issue. Every candidate for office is the laborers' friend. Every demagogue's harangue embodies the sentiment, "The voice of the people is the voice of God."

The voice of God! Was it not, through his prophets, Garrison and Phillips, raised mightily in this nation for over forty years against slavery? And all the while was not the popular party, the friend of this cherished

institution, shouting: "*Vox populi, vox Dei?*"

If the prohibitory amendment were placed in the hands of the people to-day, what would be the decision? Yet will He who says, "No drunkard can inherit eternal life," hold those guiltless who leave wide open those gates of hell, the dram shops? Thus, even in a republic, a government of the people, prejudice blinds and passion distorts; and majorities are often determined by unworthy motives. It has always been the minority that have caught the first gleam of a truth. The Luthers and the Garrisons must cherish it amidst opposition until it triumphs. Then, and then only, does it become popular.

In the great social struggle of to-day, the ontry of the masses, styled the people, is not necessarily right because it is raised against hardship or injustice. A careful study of the agencies at work among the people will convince us that the ideals of the multitude are not perfect, and that selfishness, quite as often as the good of humanity, prompts men to action. As the chosen people fell into idolatry beneath the very thunderings of God's voice in Mt. Sinai, so to-day men are making gods of their hardships or blessings, listening to the oracles of selfishness, while indifferent to divine revelation.

"*Vox populi, vox Dei,*" has, nevertheless, some basis in man's conviction, that, in spite of his ignorance and his passions, truth, the very essence of his being, struggles through his conscience to make itself heard, and that every universal persuasion has a corre-

sponding reality. Jeremy Taylor has said, "It is not a vain noise when many nations join their voice in the attestation or detestation of an action."

The difficulty is in distinguishing, amid the multitude of conflicting voices, the *true* voice of the people. Nothing can be more absurd than to claim that all popular clamor resulting from hardship, passion, or excitement is the voice of God; whether the rallying cry be socialism, republicanism, industrial reform, or even religion itself. The voice of God is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." The people that one day shout, "Hosanna to the son of David," and the next cry, "Away with him," have forgotten that truth is eternal. But no people's words or acts, taken by themselves, can be considered their voice. Was "*Noblesse oblige*" the conviction of the people of France? Are the shouts of a mob the true voice of the laborers of this country? Are the mad words of Communists or Anarchists the voice of the poor of any nation?

Yet beneath all these popular utterances, though exaggerated by passion, and envenomed by hate, is a principle which is still vaguely defined, but which is to revolutionize the social world. On the one hand, the conservatism of old beliefs and customs holds this principle in check; on the other, the blind Sampson of Socialism bids it strike at the pillars of all existing institutions, even though their ruin would involve its own.

But reform must begin where the evil exists, in the hearts of individuals. He that would inaugurate it must re-

form the one person whom he knows best—himself. Then to right what is wrong, and to labor for the good of humanity, is his noblest work. The world calls for him. Away with this cold philosophy of room at the top for the smartest men. There is always room in this world for a man inspired by the truth.

The voice of God is an expression of justice and truth; and it will be the voice of the people only when each heart is in harmony with the source of all truth. The world will gather the fruits of peace for a thousand years only after the germs of living truth have burst forth into the complete verdure of eternal spring.

IVANHOE.

By W. F. T., '88.

THE alternative title to one of Charles Kingsley's books is, "New Foes with an Old Face"; in other words, our own likenesses in toga and tunie. So, in this romance, although its scene is laid in those dark days that looked down upon the cruel death of Thomas-à-Becket, we yet see pictures of ourselves beneath the visors of Richard and Ivanhoe, and the veils of Rowena and Rebecca. Human nature, although showing the effects of centuries of civilization, is not so very different from what it was in the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion.

To show the elements of English society in its earlier stages (which seems to have been the author's main purpose), no better time in all history could have been chosen. Just before the coalescence the Norman and Saxon

stand out in greater contrast than ever before or after. The good and the evil in each are, as yet, only intensified by the slight amalgamation that has already taken place. Still, it is not so late but that the interest in their characters is increased by the cropping out here and there of the traits of their ancestors. Notwithstanding the powerful Norman influences, Cedric, with his patriotism, his bravery, his impetuosity, and his simplicity, with his banquets and his sports, does not yet belie his Saxon lineage, but is a true descendant

"Of heroes in great glory
With spirit true and bold."

With what a master's hand is the writer's purpose executed! A few powerful strokes of the pen, and we have before us a most perfect word picture of English society, with all its contending forces. at the close of the twelfth century. No incident that would have added to the interest seems to have been omitted, and none is superfluous. We can almost see the two races uniting, so vividly is the state of affairs presented to us. In the selection of time, characters, incidents, and in the weaving of these into one compact whole, if in nothing else, Scott has shown himself a master.

In Ivanhoe we have the typical Englishman of the future, a perfect blending of Norman and Saxon. He retains the good qualities of Cedric, his bravery, generosity, and open-heartedness, without the weaknesses of the Saxon, his sensuality, his obstinacy, or his quick temper. He is, in truth, a Siegfried, with the Saxon faults replaced, in a measure, by the Norman

virtues of toleration and liberal-mindedness. Upon his brow are stamped in golden letters, virtue and honor, and from his eye gleams the truth, that all men have rights that must be considered. He is the prototype of our Cromwell, our Wellington, and our Washington. They are such men as he that have rendered possible the great advancement of the past few centuries.

Discussions of romance often contain the query, "Does the writer show the keener insight into the character of men or of women?" As, in "Ivanhoe," Rowena is purposely kept in the background that Rebecca may be taken as the feminine type, it seems to us that in the consideration of this story the question above mentioned is unnecessary. The manifestations of the great soul are not dependent on sex. When Antigone leads blind Oedipus in his pitiful wanderings, or goes fearlessly forth to perform the last rites for her dead brother; or when Cordelia comes to the rescue of her father, bereft and bedarkened in his old age, do we think of the woman in these heroic deeds? No; we think of the acts of a great and noble soul.

Rebecca clearly perceives the faults of her race, their avariciousness, their bigotry, and their narrowness; yet she never by act or look allows her father to become aware that she is conscious of these imperfections in him. She is to him always a sweet and loving daughter; "a crown of green palms to his gray locks." This, with her truth, purity, and fidelity, place her with those older conceptions of noble womanly character, Cordelia and An-

tigone. In them we forget the little feminine arts, and see only that spark of the infinite of which we are conscious in ourselves, that which is the source of all our art, our virtue, and our religion.

With this book we always associate two others, "Ben-Hur" and "Hypatia"; partly because they also treat of an age that has long past, but more especially because they, too, give us a phase of Jewish character. Ben-Hur represents him in the time of Christ, and we see the Jew in all his grandeur, much as he was in David and Solomon. The Raphael of "Hypatia" is the same man five centuries later; but he does not possess the freedom and innocence that characterize Ben-Hur, neither does he present the despicable qualities of the later Jew. Isaac of York is the third and last stage in the degradation of this race. He is the Shylock, who refuses to hear any voice of mercy, who would almost sell his own soul for a pound of flesh. These three, Ben-Hur, Raphael, and Isaac of York, furnish us a more vivid portrayal of the downfall of the Jews than can be given by any history.

The Esther of Hur has often been compared not unfavorably with Rebecca. The difference between them is merely the natural consequence of eleven hundred years of oppression. Esther is the daughter of a people that has lost but little, if any, of its early grandeur; Rebecca is the child of the same race after the Damocles sword of persecution has hung above it for ten centuries.

Carlyle says, "A writer has no busi-

ness to place a production before the world, unless he has some great thing to present, some heaven-sent message to breathe upon us." Tried by this criterion, "Ivanhoe" might, at first, seem to require an apology for its existence; but if we "read between the lines," we shall see that it does contain a heaven-sent message. From Wamba up to Ivanhoe, it is, be what you seem; be true; be true to yourself and to your purpose; be true to your neighbor—and this will be its own great reward. This is the heaven-born message that has rung down through the ages, echoed and re-echoed by all the great minds, from Homer, in his "Tale of Troy Divine," to Sir Walter himself. Truly has it been said that no one can read this book without improvement.

COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editors of the Student :

We went to Dresden, March 23d, and remained till April 25th, thus spending a month in this famous city. Everybody says, "Oh, you must see Dresden in summer!" But the coming of spring is beautiful everywhere, and though I have not found this the picture-book sort of a city that I expected, with well-lighted, broad, smooth streets, and clean white houses, with flower pots in all the windows, though I was disappointed in all these things, there are others which I was left to discover for myself that ought to make up for any of the aforesaid delinquencies; yet I never quite recovered from the shock it gave me to see the houses, the palace, the theatre, all the fine buildings,

and even the church spires, hideous with this dingy smoke. The fine gilded, gleaming statues of Morning, Noon, Evening, and Night, which adorn the steps of Bruhl Terrace, seem out of place, they look so new and bright.

The streets of Dresden are kept clean, and the water is soft and agreeable for both drinking and bathing purposes, something that cannot be said of the water in some of the German cities. The air was not altogether pleasant at this time of the year, as it is so damp, but the leaf buds grew and came out wonderfully in it, and the crocuses and hyacinths around the bases of the statues in the parks bloomed away, apparently uninjured by the frosts at night and the snows by day.

On the 6th of April we went up the Elbe to Pillnitz, and many shrubs had their leaves out, and the buds on the trees showed green. On the 17th I walked out to the Great Garden in Dresden, and every thing except the very late trees had out a shimmer of green.

At Pillnitz two little fellows were picking violets which five pheennigs to each tempted them to part with. The perfume of these wild violets is delicious, and they are still fragrant though dry. On the 14th, 15th, and 16th of April snow fell both morning and evening, and a fire was necessary all day.

In the picture gallery, however, one does not heed the weather, for the arrangements for heating and lighting are admirable. In the presence of that great picture, the Sistine Madonna,

all trivial things pass away. If a man has suffered wrong from another, he here learns forgiveness; if he has wronged another, he learns repentance; if he has suffered sickness and pain, he learns patience to endure; and if he has lost friends, he learns the hope of immortality. The picture is indescribable; its power, wonderful.

Several weeks may be well spent in this picture gallery, and leaving it is like the parting from dear friends.

Since we were here at Easter, we heard much excellent music, for they have morning and evening service daily in the churches, besides the regular Sunday service.

On Easter morning at sunrise we were wakened by the firing of guns, the blowing of trumpets from the church towers, and the ringing of bells. Later we went to the Krentz Kirche to hear the boy choir sing the Easter hymns, and among them, "*Ich weiss dass mein Erlöser lebt.*" Both the English and Americans have built fine churches here, and they are well filled. A novelty to me was the Easter service in the Russian church, which came very early in the morning, *i. e.*, from 12 o'clock midnight until 2 of the Sunday morning following our Easter Sunday. As the service was all in Russian, I did not understand it very well, but it consisted mostly of singing, marching, bearing lighted candles, swinging the censer, and ringing the bells. Finally came the salutations, with the joyful greeting, "Christ is arisen!" and it was very funny to see two old men kiss each other on the neck as fast as possible, first on one

side and then on the other. The ladies kissed each other but once, I think, and when I saw two young men cross over to the side where the women stood, I thought two pretty girls were to receive Easter salutation, but no—it was only a clasp of hands, the greeting, "Christ is arisen!" a smile, and the young men returned to their own side of the house.

Our first experience at the theatre here was rather laughable, as we trusted the purchasing of tickets to a friend who, we thought, knew more about the seats than we. What was our dismay on getting into these seats to find that we could see only a corner of the stage and the top of Faust's head as he recited the monologue. This was due to the circular shape of the house, which makes it worse for you the nearer the stage you get. L. tried to get some of the seats which were empty, but this was impossible, for every seat in the house was sold and of course belonged to the purchaser for the evening. By a little judicious bribing, however, he obtained places for us on the stairs in the aisle of the fourth shelf, where we were directly in front of the stage, and could see it all, though from a lofty standpoint. I say "shelf," for it reminds one of a nice arrangement of shelves for china, to see these balconies one above the other, even to the fifth at the top, and all so prettily decorated; especially when seen with the natural decorations of youth and beauty, old age and wisdom, and often royalty.

It seems "Faust" is put on the stage in Dresden only at Easter, and

the second part is rarely played anywhere, so I considered myself fortunate in seeing the whole of it here.

We had the pleasure one evening of listening to the little nine-year-old pianist, Josef Hofman. His father is a musician in Warsaw, and justly proud of his promising son. The child has played before the Emperor and the Prince of Wales, and it is stated that he has been invited to go to England.

I should advise all who go to Dresden, with the hope of living economically, to hire a room and get dinner outside, rather than to take full board in the same house. Our room, with light, fire, breakfast, and service cost us only about \$15 for the month. We got good dinners at different restaurants for twenty-five cents. This of course did not include coffee or the waiter's fee. We got the best of milk, cream, and butter just a few steps from our door, and excellent bread, too; so by the aid of a spirit lamp and the stove I was always able to prepare supper, and lunch whenever I wished. Our Fräulein loaned us the necessary dishes for our modest housekeeping, except such bits of the Dresden ware as I chose to purchase and keep for my own use. . . . I shall be glad to give any information possible to all who contemplate a journey to Germany.

To the Editors of the Student :

One afternoon, a few days since, the Senior class, accompanied by Professor Stanley, visited the gas-works. We were very kindly and cordially received by the superintendent, Mr. Shelton, who gave us an interesting account

of the process by which the water-gas is prepared. It is substantially as follows :

In a retort lined with fire-bricks, ten feet deep by five feet in diameter, about a ton of hard anthracite coal is heated by a powerful blast, to a white heat, about 2,000 degrees. Steam is then forced into the retort, where the intense heat separates it into its components, oxygen and hydrogen. At the same time naphtha or some oil (any kind of oil or grease will do) is introduced and is vaporized by the heat. We then have in the retort hydrogen, from the water, carbon protoxide, from the coal, and carbureted hydrogen, from the naphtha. These products then pass into two other receivers, also lined with fire-bricks, and intensely heated, where they are united into a fixed gas. This compound next passes on to the "scrubber," a tank filled with wooden sieves, kept wet by a constant stream of water.

Here the gas by being finely divided is cleansed of its coal-tar coming from the naphtha, and the ammonia is absorbed by the water.

The crude gas is then stored in a huge tank, whence it is drawn and passed through the purifying apparatus—boxes filled with layers of lime—where the acid combinations of sulphur, from the coal, are removed. It is now stored in a gigantic holder sixty-five feet in diameter by forty feet in height, and is ready for the consumer. The receptacles for the gas and the purifying apparatus are the same as used in making the old coal-gas. This process, while being much cheaper than

the old method, is cleaner, and is not accompanied by so many disagreeable products. We were told that when the apparatus is cold, gas can be made in from four to five hours, while by the old method it took a day or two. Superintendent Shelton told us that the largest gas-tank in the world is in England; it is 250 feet in diameter and 200 feet in height.

All returned well satisfied with the trip, and feeling very grateful for the information given so kindly, and at the same time in a manner showing a thorough knowledge of the scientific part of the process and a perfect mastery of the business.

J. H. J., '88.

LOCALS.

The gas has at last arrived.

"Have I spoilt you, Ruth?"

The new expression: "Git there, Eli!"

Mount David's new name is Observatory Hill.

Prof. (lecturing)—"When I was a smaller boy."

Our old friend "Audience" paid us a visit a short time ago.

What is mind? No matter. What is matter? Never mind.

Oh, the *cringe* of the Senior Greek at a mistake in etymology!

"What would your mother have said if she had been there, Franklin?"

Prof.—"For what is aniline used?" Little T.—"It is used for dyeing, ha, ha!"

Would that we were Freshmen, and could bask in the sunlight of four receptions.

"Ideation is the idea we form when we ideate an idea." Thus quoth the metaphysician.

One of the Juniors had the misfortune to lose a part of his furniture a short time ago.

Prof.—"What do we paint houses for?" Miss J.—"To keep the shingles from rotting."

The Seniors found themselves minus any seats the first morning prayers were held in the small chapel.

Hatter (reciting on the subject of the "ego")—"When I stumble, I stumble upon myself, therefore I know myself."

It seemed to us that the Prof. rather cast a little reflection upon us when he said, "You have all noticed beer work."

A student in Chemistry thus accounts for the origin of the word lamp-black: "It is so called because it blacks lamps."

A few more sets of psychology questions and there will not remain enough well ones in the class to sit up with the sick.

The annual reception by the President to the Freshman Class occurred October 6th. They report a most enjoyable evening.

Brace, Sophs., on your debates. Stick to your text, and give your opponents no rest till you have driven them out of sight. Glory awaits you, and the victor's crown.

The Freshmen declaimers are claiming a large share of our attention. May

the good work go on, and may the oratorical aspirations in their several breasts expand and fructify.

Sophomores are renowned for their wisdom. In the French recitation, the other day, one of them asked the Professor, "Is that last *e* final?"

"Tallow comes from stearin; stearin must come from stear (steer); therefore tallow comes from steer." Such is the reasoning of philologists.

When the Prof. called for the derivation of Mercaptan, it was suggested that it might have been so called because a mermaid married a captain.

"Oh why did she leave me
On the raging canawl?"

Is what an unfortunate Senior has been singing since the extension to the gas-works.

The Juniors have elected the following officers: President E. J. Small; Vice-President, Miss E. I. Chipman; Orator, Whittemore; Poet, Safford; Toast-Master, Daggett.

September 30th, Miss Frances E. Willard spoke in Auburn on the temperance question. As a public speaker she is a woman of rare power. All the students were much pleased with her lecture.

The nearest approach that has been made to a Sophomore-Freshman baseball game, was effected by the Freshman nine taking their position on the ball ground a few minutes before recitation one day and demanding a game.

Some well-meaning (?) persons on the night of Sept. 25th, endeavored to paint the blackboards in the different

recitation rooms, but as they were so ignorant or thoughtless as to use white paint, the job had to be done over again.

The following officers for the Senior class have been elected: President, Hamlet; Vice-President, Hatter; Orator, Tinker; Poet, Townsend; Prophet, Smith; Historian, Miss Pinkham; Oddest, Johnson; Marshal, Oakes.

The Seniors recently visited the gas-works and made a thorough inspection of the process of gas making. The thanks of the class are due to the agent, who so kindly showed them around and explained the process to them.

Extract from a three-minute speech in the society, on the subject of "dogs": "Now we find no record in history that George Washington kept a dog, neither have I got one, hence there seems to be a striking resemblance between George and myself."

We hasten to correct a mistake in our last issue concerning the first son of an alumnus to enter the college. We stated that Mr. Emrich, of the class of '91, occupied that position, but since then we have been informed that W. B. Small, of the class of '85, is the real one.

The feast of Mondamin, Sept. 23d, at the Main Street Church, was attended by a large number of students. The feast consisted of boiled corn, corn pie, and Indian pudding. One tall and courtly Sophomore is reported to have feasted three times, and carried off five ears of corn in his pocket.

There is a great need of reform in language among the Seniors. In recita-

tion one of the famous *linguists* arose and said, "Prof., what is that new fangled notion?" Now such language is all very well in college, but when you get out among men, my dear fellow, you won't be understood by *οἱ πολλοί*.

The Prof. was speaking of miracles, and gave the following example of one: "If you should get up and see the sun at four o'clock in the morning, that would be a miracle." A smile passed round the class, and each one asked his neighbor whether the getting up at four o'clock in the morning, or seeing the sun at that time, would be the miracle.

One of the plumbers who put the gas pipes into the halls was a subject of general remark. As we watched him slowly rolling himself from foot to foot along the ground, we were forcibly reminded of Washington Irving's description of the fat Dutchman, in which he gave his dimensions as five feet six inches in height and six feet five inches in circumference.

The different figures on a blackboard sometimes make unexpected combination. It chanced the other day that the Professor wrote a chemical formula on the board just above a square figure which rested on two circles, so that the whole thing appeared like an old-fashioned stage coach. "Billy" noticed it first, and inquired if the formula was accustomed to ride on a coach.

One of the boys met his match the other day. He was speaking disparagingly to one of the lady students of their increase in number and remarked that Bates bid fair to end as it

begun—a ladies' seminary. The lady sweetly assented, but suggested that a possible explanation might be found for this seeming retrogression, in the doctrine of the survival of the fittest.

Some of the Seniors are studying the elements with all the zeal of the ancient alchemists. They have established private laboratories in the "Gym," and in Parker Hall. One of these laboratories report the successful generation of hydrogen by simply pouring water upon zinc chips. We doubt not that the next news from these secret rendezvous of science will be that at last the method of transmuting all metals into gold has been discovered.

One of our male editors met with a serious accident a short time ago. Feeling exceptionally sprightly one morning he started for down town on the clean run. Now it chanced that before he got there, the upper part of his body overtook and passed his feet, so that he soon found himself making progress in a horizontal position rather than a vertical one. The ultimate result was a tumble, quickly followed by the exclamation, "bloody fool—tore those new pants."

Mr. Southwick, whose visit to us last term is remembered with pleasure by most of the students, recently delivered in Boston one of the Old South Lectures for Young People, on "How Patrick Henry Opposed the Constitution." Concerning Mr. S., the *Boston Journal* spoke as follows: "Mr. Southwick was the Old South first prize essayist for 1881, and has since won a place for himself on the force of the *Herald*. He

will be warmly welcomed by the young people of the Old South as the first of the Old South essayists who has had a place on the platform.

"What a jolly time!" "Aren't you tired?" and similar ejaculations, were heard among the party of Seniors on their return from their annual trip to the Falls. The rocks presented a somewhat animated scene that afternoon, boys and girls jumping, climbing, creeping, here, there, and everywhere. What we didn't see wasn't worth seeing. We saw the pot-holes; we saw the trap dyke; we saw the old man's face. Then we landed and visited the pumping station. As we were leaving there somebody proposed that we go into the gate-house. There we saw the method of working the gates, and also that of measuring the rain-fall. Altogether we added considerable to our stock of knowledge.

A live base-ball association has been formed this fall and a new constitution adopted. Under the new rules no student is considered a member of the association till he has signed the constitution. A majority of the students have joined the association, and several of the ladies. The nine has played one game with the Bowdoins and beat them ten to three. The following was the score:

BATES.

	A.	B.	R.	B.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Graves, 3b.,	5	3	2	0	1	1			
Gilmore, 1b.,	5	0	1	15	1	0			
Pennell, l. f.,	5	2	3	1	0	0			
Tinker, r. f.,	5	0	0	2	0	0			
Call, c.,	5	1	0	4	3	0			
Dorr, 2b.,	5	0	3	3	3	1			
Day, s. s.,	5	1	1	1	1	4			
Whitcomb, c. f.,	5	0	1	1	1	0			
Wilson, p.,	5	3	3	0	8	0			
Totals,	45	10	14	27	21	2			

BOWDOIN.

	A.	B.	R.	B.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Williamson, r. f.,	4	1	3	2	0	1			
Freeman, c.,	4	0	0	8	3	0			
Fogg, c. f., 1b.,	4	0	0	3	0	0			
Tukey, 1b., c. f.,	4	0	0	6	0	4			
Packard, s. s.,	4	1	2	0	5	3			
Cary, p.,	4	0	1	0	7	1			
Larrabee, l. f.,	4	0	1	1	0	0			
Rice, 3b.,	4	0	1	4	1	0			
Fish, 2b.,	4	1	1	0	2	1			
Totals,	36	3	9	24	18	10			

Two-base hits—Dorr 2, Wilson, Packard, Larrabee. Double plays—Dorr, Gilmore, Whitcomb. Time of game—2 hours and 20 minutes. Umpire—Thibout.

PERSONALS.

- ALUMNI.

'80.—H. L. Merrill is principal of the Hutchinson High School, Minn.

'80.—A. L. Woods, for six years principal of the High School at Harwich, Mass., has been elected principal of the city schools of Grafton, Dakota.

'81.—Dr. F. A. Twitchell, of Providence, R. I., has been elected a member of the school board of that city. Dr. Twitchell has built one business block in the city and is soon to erect another as well as a fine residence.

'81.—Rev. E. T. Pitts has resigned his pastorate of the church of the Pilgrimage at Plymouth, Mass. He has received a call from the Union Church of Weymouth and Braintree at a salary of \$2,000.

'81.—Rev. B. S. Rideout has been preaching at Farmington with great acceptance.

'82.—J. C. Perkins is studying Theology at the Harvard Divinity School.

'82.—F. L. Blanchard, in partnership with Senator Vance, has purchased the New Britain (Conn.) *Herald*. The

paper will be called the *Herald* and will be non-partisan.

'82.—L. T. McKenney has been elected principal of the High School at Harwich, Mass.

'83.—A. E. Millet was married in July to Miss Nora Perkins of Michigan.

'83.—W. H. Barber is preaching in the Methodist church at North Anson.

'84.—W. H. Davis is the successful principal of the Skowhegan High School.

'84.—Miss E. L. Knowles has left Salt Lake Academy to teach in Helena, Montana Territory.

'85.—F. S. Forbes was married to Miss Cora Gardner, of Corinna, Me., at Oberlin, Ohio, September 23d.

'85.—C. A. Washburn is principal of the High School at Fort Fairfield, Me.

'85.—E. H. Brackett is principal of the High School at Groveland, Mass.

'85.—G. A. Goodwin is principal of the Academy at Blue Hill.

'86.—E. A. Merrill is studying law in Minneapolis, Minn.

'86.—A. E. Blanchard is president of the Somerset County Teachers' Association for the ensuing year.

'86.—G. E. Paine will remain at home this winter.

'86.—J. W. Goff is studying law at Madison, Dakota.

'86.—J. W. Flanders is in the employ of the St. Paul and Milwaukee Railroad, at Portage City, Wis.

'87.—Jesse Bailey is teaching Mathematics in Talladega College, Alabama.

'87.—H. E. Cushman is studying Theology in Tufts College.

'87.—E. C. Hayes is teaching the Lisbon High School.

'87.—A. S. Littlefield is studying law in the Columbia Law School.

'87.—[Correction.] E. K. Sprague is steward in a hospital on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

'87.—L. G. Roberts is teaching at Brewer.

'87.—C. S. Pendleton was married to Miss Marian Sawyer of Norwich, N. Y., at the residence of the bride's parents, on September 13th. On their wedding journey Mr. and Mrs. Pendleton visited Niagara Falls, Watkin's Glen, and other points of interest in New York.

THEOLOGICAL.

Rev. R. D. Frost has recently accepted a call to preach at the Free Baptist Church on Block Island.

STUDENTS.

'88.

F. S. Hamlet, F. A. Weeman, E. F. Blanchard, and Miss L. A. Frost teach in the evening schools.

Miss R. A. Hilton is teaching in the Lewiston High School.

'89.

I. N. Cox has been elected business manager of the BATES STUDENT for the coming year.

Thomas Singer is teaching in Waldo-boro.

F. J. Daggett is teaching in Georgetown.

J. I. Hutchinson is teaching in Buxton Center.

I. N. Cox and W. T. Gupstill teach in the evening schools.

'90.—C. A. Record is teaching in Brownfield.

'91.—W. M. Getchell and Mr. Graves have joined the class.

EXCHANGES.

We have welcomed during the past month many of our old exchanges and some new ones. Some appear in new covers and are otherwise improved.

The *Tuftonian* is hardly up to its usual high standard. This is owing, no doubt, to the fact that the editors are left to do nearly all the writing. Its cry is the cry of nearly every college paper, "We have few articles contributed by those not on the editorial board."

Student Life, from Washington University, St. Louis, is a very creditable publication. We would suggest that you devote some space to the doings of your alumni.

The *College Rambler* has an abundance of spicy locals. This is a good feature in any paper, as the locals are the first, and sometimes, we fear, the only thing read. We fail to see the propriety of heading a column of obituary notices with "Auld Lang Syne."

The *Troy Polytechnic* contains a glowing account of a cane-rush. "The contestants appeared stripped to the waist and greased with vaseline. In order that the Freshmen might not mistake each other for opponents, they had been marked with great daubs of blue and yellow paint, and had green cords on their waists and black court-plaster on their foreheads and shoulders." Truly, college students do well

when they grease and paint and go to war, Indian fashion.

The *Hesperus*, from Denver University, is almost entirely devoted to descriptions of the various departments in the university and the work that is being done in them. They have a department of fine arts, a conservatory of music, a business college, and are erecting a four-story brick and stone building, 67 x 85, for a manual training school.

COLLEGE PRESS.

We are glad to see the growing sentiment exhibited by the college press against "cane-rushing." That excess of animal spirits can be turned into more legitimate channels, there can be no doubt. We take pleasure in quoting the following sentiments from some of our leading exchanges:

The *Princetonian* says: "Past experience has conclusively shown that no good has accrued to our institution by the practice of those boyish freaks of pleasure forbidden by the college law. The prosperity of the past year was never surpassed, a fact due mainly to the unusual quiet and close application to duty which prevailed among the undergraduates."

The *Amherst Student* contains the following: "The *Student* has not yet spoken decidedly against the Sophomore-Freshman cane-rush, but at the present time it is believed not to be too far in advance of the general sentiment of the college to urge that the excess of animal spirits in the two lower classes and the disinterested advice of upper-

classmen should be combined on Blake Field rather than on the campus. The tactics of the rush-line give abundant opportunity for the display of all the pluck and endurance that Sophomores and Freshmen can muster, with somewhat fewer chances for bloody fisticuffs and for the high-sounding stories of individual prowess, repeated by the individuals themselves, after some of these nightly combats. Not for many years has there been more apathy in regard to the cane-rush and at the same time more exclusive interest in football. It is not claimed that the two facts have any necessary dependence on one another; nevertheless, such an inference is quite possible."

The *Williams Weekly* gets at the core of the whole matter in the following: "Conversation with many of the leading men in the upper classes would decidedly indicate that a change had taken place in college sentiment in the matter of at least one of the old-time customs. Cane-rushing at Williams is very nearly a thing of the past. It requires but the assertion of opinion by its opponents to bring it to a timely end. Many who two years ago were ardent supporters of the traditions of the college, who regarded cane-rushing as an inoffensive form of amusement, which deserved recognition for its eminently respectable age, and among them some who suffered for their convictions, have begun to question themselves whether, after all, the custom was worth its cost. Year after year some of the most popular and genial men in a class have made havoc of their college course to evince their belief in a

principle which some of them supported from class spirit in no small degree, while the men whose loud tongues forced the fray, skulk under cover or retreat in the fear of injury to their clothing. It is the just for the unjust. It is time that the custom died. Cane-rushing does nothing so well as the arousing of an inter-class hatred which closely affects every college interest. Few will dissent at present from the opinion that it is a useless custom. How can it be abolished? Only by energetic public opinion. It is possible for a little knot of men to engage a whole class in a row which only a small number relish. Class spirit compels them. But once let college sentiment be asserted, and a speedy end comes upon every scheme. If the amount of interest that is centered upon a cane-rush and its incidental excitements were fixed on legitimate college matters, whether in field sports or literary work, Williams would be sure of a rank in both cases not inferior to any college in the land."

LITERARY NOTES.

The *Phrenological Journal* for October gives its readers an abundance of interesting and instructive reading. The following are a few of the subjects treated: "Observations in Mesmerism Forty Years Ago," "Christian Religion, its History and Divisions," "Healthy vs. Injurious Brain Work," "Should Women Remain in the Medical Profession?" The *Journal* will be sent three months for 25 cents. Fow-

ler & Wells Co., 775 Broadway, New York.

The *Youth's Companion* is another of our friends. It is so well known, and its reputation is so firmly established, that no words of ours can add to its popularity. It has a permanent hold upon old and young by means of its good stories and pleasing anecdotes.

The *Morning Star* is also deserving of mention. It is ably edited and should be in the home of every Free Baptist family.

Prof. Loiset's new system of memory training, taught by correspondence at 237 Fifth Avenue, New York, seems to supply a general want. He has had two classes at Yale of 200 each, 250 at Meriden, 300 at Norwich, 100 Columbia Law Students, 400 at Wellesley College, and 400 at University of Pennsylvania, etc. Such patronage and the endorsement of such men as Mark Twain, Dr. Buckley, Prof. Wm. R. Harper, of Yale, etc., place the claim of Prof. Loiset upon the highest ground.

COLLEGE WORLD.

YALE:

Yale opened on the twenty-first with the largest entering class in her history.

Stagg has been elected captain of the Yale nine.

There are thirty-eight candidates for positions on the Yale Freshmen crew. They will go into training within a very short time.

The Freshmen at Yale have proved themselves vastly superior to the Soph-

omores in the noble and exhilarating science of "rushing."

The son of the Evangelist, Moody, of Chicago, and also the son of Senator Gibson, of Louisiana, entered the Freshman class at Yale this year.

The Yale law school opened with the largest Junior class on record, the number being about 70.

HARVARD:

The Volunteer is the third yacht designed by a Harvard man and owned by a Harvard man that defended the America cup.

President Eliot, of Harvard University, is expected home on the 26th, after an absence of about ten months in Europe and Northern Africa.

Harvard supports fifty-three student organizations.

Knowlton, Andover's experienced catcher, intends to enter Harvard this year.

PRINCETON:

A new collection of Princeton's songs has just been published.

The "Whig" and "Clio" societies at Princeton expect to build new halls, to cost \$5,000 each. The "Whig" society was founded by James Madison; the "Clio," by Aaron Burr.

GENERAL:

Cornell University opened with 414 new men, 351 of whom are in the Freshman class, 50 in the law department, and 13 post-graduates.

Senator Stanford recently said, in reference to "Stanford University," which he has founded and endowed: "It will be built with a sole regard to the poor; no rich man's son or daughter."

ter will want to come there. My University will absorb my wealth and be a monument to the memory of my son. The poor alone will be welcome."

AMONG THE POETS.

SUNSET.

Gloom comes with eve, and cloud drifts lie
O'er summits old,
All lone and cold.
Lo! sunset's golden arrows fly
In splendid path across the sky,
And sombre gray
Is chased away.

So thou, dear heart, shall lose thy sorrow.
All glorious behold on high
Thy promise of the glad to-morrow.

—Brunonian.

PREDESTINATION.

Two rosy lips are tempting me,
'Twas a chance too good to miss,
Quicker than thought I bent me down
And softly imprinted a kiss.
"Forgive me, Dolly," I pleaded hard,
"I couldn't help it, dear,
We all are the victims of fate, you know,
And I am the worst, I fear."

A look of pity came over her face
As a cloud sweeps over the sun;
"Poor boy, what a terrible thing is fate
To rule thus o'er every one;
But a sudden thought comes to me now,
Ah me, it will well cause you pain,
Perhaps, since you are the victims of fate,
You're predestined to do it again."

—Lampoon.

ENGAGED.

Engaged? Well, yes, I suppose so,
Thanks, awfully, old fellow!
Congratulations you know
They make me feel quite mellow.

Here's to her? With pleasure,
To her eyes so bright and laughing,
And her smile it filled the measure
Of happiness, hold your chaffing!

What's that? You don't want to miss it?
When is the ceremony?
Well, in truth, since I must confess it,
We're engaged for next summer only.

—Record.

NATURE'S POEM.

Dame Nature once in God-like mood
Was with poetic fire imbued;
So, calling to her aid each Grace
That lived in secret woody place,
She robbed the roses of their hues,
She stole the freshness of the dews,
Their purity from lilies took,
Their perfumes from the violets shook;—
And thus with her wild offspring's aid
Was Nature's perfect poem made.

Such grace it had she could not bear
To see it lying lifeless there,—
With glowing breath she made it human,
And called her fairest poem Woman.

—Harvard Monthly.

CLIPPINGS.

"HE."

'Twas at college first I met him,
There competing for a prize;
And he gave his deep oration,
All his soul within his eyes.

'Twas a masterpiece, in Latin,
Full of feeling, fire, and thought,
Rich with wild, poetic fancies
Through the phrases interwrought.

And his proud young face shone on me,
And his clear young voice rang loud,
Leaving in my ear an echo
O'er the plaudits of the crowd.

Then I listened, thrilled, enraptured,
Hung on every ringing tone,
'Till the heart within my bosom
Beat for him and him alone.

On my breast I wore his colors,
Love's sweet tribute to his fame;
And while thinking of him ever
To my heart I called his name.

And we met again—'twas summer;
I had waited long and well.

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I was down beside the sea-shore,
 Stopping at the Grand Hotel.

Seated all alone at dinner,
 Wrapped in serious thought was I,
 When a voice, so deep and tender,
 Murmured, "Peach, or lemon pie?"

Then I looked up, pale and trembling;
 There "he" stood within my sight,
 In a waiter's badge all shining,
 And a waiter's coat of white.

He had hired there for the summer,
 And his wild, poetic heart
 Now was struggling through the mazes
 Of a dinner, *a la carte*.

So I turned me coldly from him,
 With a sad and sobbing sigh;
 After all my weary waiting
 All I said was "Lemon pie!"

—Katie K., in Judge.

Mrs. Hayseed (whose son is at college)—"George writes that he is taking fencin' lessons." Mr. Hayseed—"I'm glad o' that. I'll set him a diggin' post-holes when he gits home."—*New York Sun*.

Just of age is Jones's sweetheart;
 When he asked the little wit
 If she loved him, she said pertly,
 "Just 18-ty little bit."

—Tid-Bits.

English Traveler—"Can you speak English?" Waiter—"Nein." Englishman—"Then send some one to me who can."—*Niagara Index*.

Miss Jones—"Don't you think, Mr. Heha, that Miss Brown, whom you met last evening, is a very plain person?" Mr. Heha—"Yes, indeed; I think she is the homeliest girl I ever saw, present company always ex-er-um-that-is-yes, yes, she's mighty plain."—*Phila. News*.

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first time)—"Aw. Pardong, musheer. Avrez voo la bongte de me dere ousque je pou trouve le Grand Hotel?" Frenchman (in English)—"Turn three streets to the right, go straight ahead, and then to the left." Harvard Graduate (enviously)—"I'll bet my boots he didn't learn English at college." —*Town Topics.*

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clared that he had diagnosed his case and found that he must die in six days. At the end of six days, however, he was convalescent, and his wife said to him: "Thank God, dear, you will live." "Live!" he answered. "Don't you see I must die or I'd ruin my reputation." —*From the German.*

He—"Then you love me?" She—"I do." He—"And may I speak to your pa?" She—"No. Speak to ma. Pa ain't anybody in this house."

Poet—"A penny for your thoughts." Beautiful maiden—"They are not worth it." P.—"What were you thinking of?" B. M.—"Of your last poem."

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The Bates Student.



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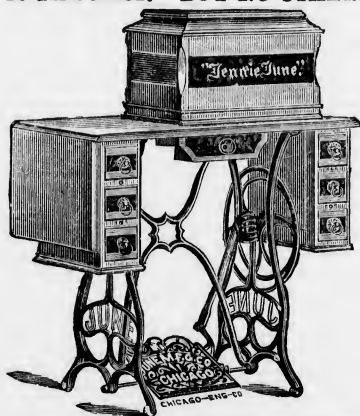
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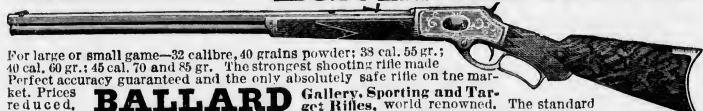
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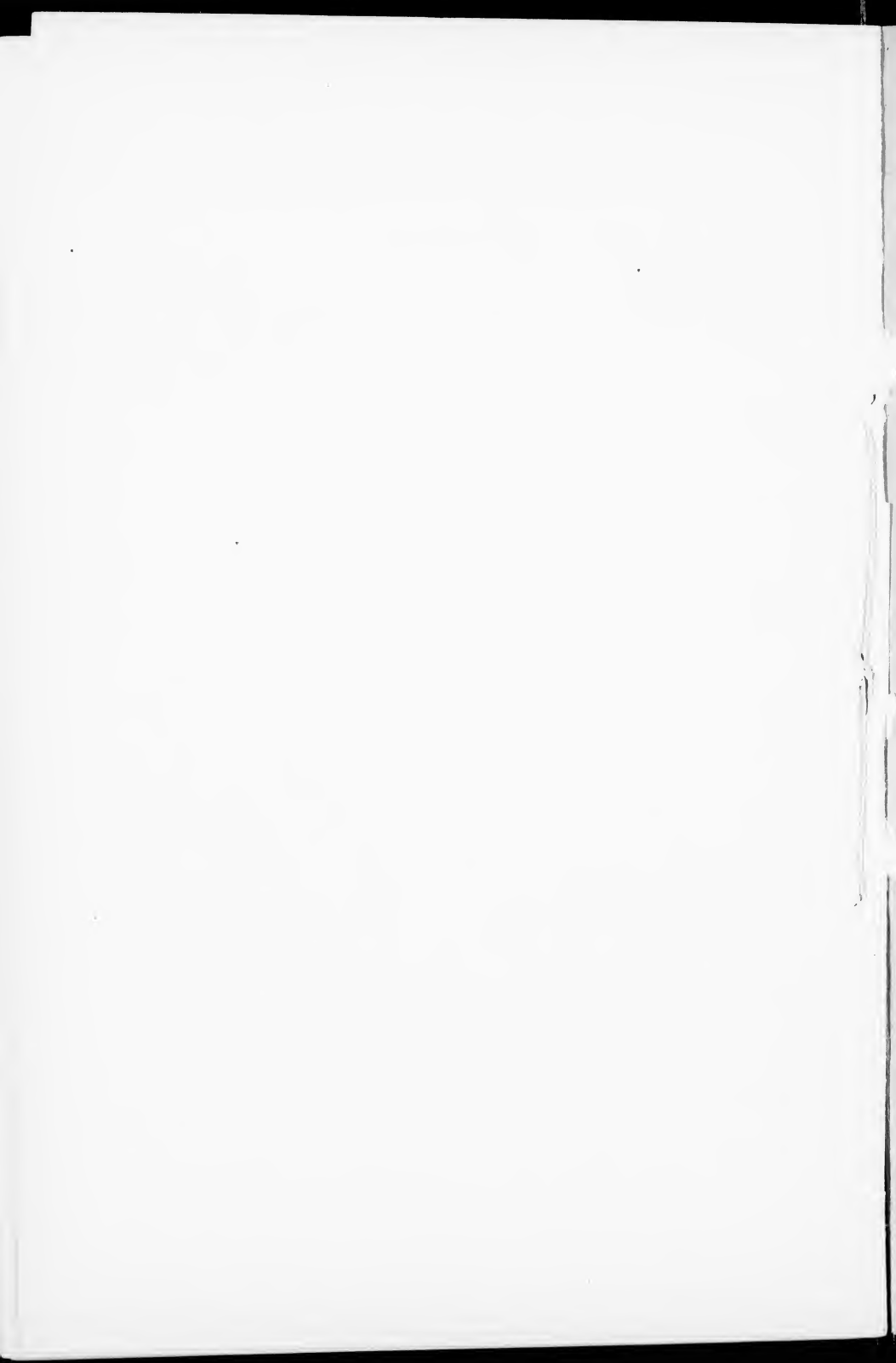
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NO. 9.

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Bates Student.

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH DURING THE
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EDITORIAL.

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ONE of the companies in the civil war was organized from bullies and prize-fighters, but no amount of train-

ing could make them anything but cowards. Manliness is the source of a good soldier's courage. It is also the source of a good citizen's power. Good living requires not the bravado that will provoke contention but the courage to withstand temptation. There is always in all walks of life a demand for men and women of principle, and such individuals constitute the real leaders of society. Whatever power is conceded to wealth, fashion, or genius, a still higher power must be given to principle.

The Freshman class has taken the manly and womanly part in the events of this term, and is to be congratulated on the high standard of its prevailing principles. Said one of its members, "I think any man is a fool who will carry a cane, wear a tall hat, or do anything else to provoke a row." This is the principle that every young man should carry into college and into life. When brought to bay the greatest courage is always found among those who seek to avoid strife.

I HAVE to smoke just so that the fellows won't think I'm *too good*; but tobacco makes me deathly sick." Don't be afraid, young man. As Emerson says, "A man passes for that he is worth."

What if your life is flat and you can find no outlet for your daring love of adventure? What if the heroic ages are past and you cannot even go to sea or fight the Indians! Don't try to show your bravery by defying the results of crime. To be sure, you may thus show a reckless risk of danger.

But remember that all the heroes whom you worship risked themselves for the welfare of others. Bravery exerted for any other purpose is foolhardiness.

Daring *shame* is worse than this; for no man can live to himself alone. In your downfall you drag others with you. Such bravery is more despicable than the worst form of cowardice.

Store up your extra energy as you do electricity in the condenser. Then when the time comes you will have force enough to accomplish some noble life-work.

"Virtue itself turns vice when misapplied."
—Shakespeare.

EVERY good thing is liable to be carried to excess. It is no doubt an admirable arrangement whereby the students of our college are allowed to be absent a certain number of weeks while engaged in teaching; but there is danger of abusing this liberty. The student who is absent even one week from the class-room has lost something which he will probably never regain. The work may be "made up," as it is said, but not with as good results as if taken in the class-room under competent instructors. The work which the class has spent a term upon is usually made up in a week, and cannot but be imperfectly done. Great stress is laid upon the drill obtained by teaching, it being claimed that it exceeds what would be gained in an equal time in college. Then why go to college at all? The argument breaks down when examined fully. Therefore, while the rule is a good one for what it was intended, we should not take undue ad-

vantage of it. Unless actually obliged to be absent, let us return at the beginning of next term and of every term, and thus receive the greatest possible benefit from our course.

THE new method of reporting absences from chapel exercises and church does not seem to come into general favor. And strange though it may seem, those most opposed to the system are those who are most constant in their attendance at these services. The general objection seems to be that the system is puerile. The sight of a lot of students marching up to the professor's desk and depositing their little excuses, recalls too vividly the primary school. Another objection is that those who are constant in their attendance have to fill out their blanks the same as those who are absent. Ordinarily a student would rather attend prayers than to be bothered to make an excuse, but when he has to fill out his blank any way, it is but an easy task to add an excuse for one or two absences. For who ever knew a student that could not find a plausible excuse when he wanted one? Again, as regards chapel exercises, the system seems to be uncalled for. The students as a body attend prayers from preference. There are none who habitually "cut," and very few, if any, who are absent without reasonable excuses. This is so because students go directly from the recitation-room to the chapel, and the chances are that if a student has attended the recitation he will be present at prayers. As regards the Sunday services it is different. We believe that

every student should attend church somewhere on the Sabbath. They are allowed the privilege of attending any church they choose, but when their choice is made, their attendance should be regular. We know that it may be difficult for some to overcome their inertia sufficiently to get ready and walk one-half mile to church, especially if it is cold and stormy, and yet the effort would no doubt be beneficial, to say nothing of the good to be derived from the service.

Our idea would be to let the monitor mark absences from chapel as heretofore. Then let each professor have a book with the names of the students that recite to him at 11 A.M. Monday. Let him call the roll at that hour, and let each student respond for himself, and, if he failed to attend some church on the Sabbath, let his excuse be made to the professor before the class. We venture to say that this would increase the attendance at church, and would be much easier for both professors and students.

THE plan of the prospective Observatory on David Mountain lies before us. It represents a substantial brick building eighty feet long and twenty feet high. In the center of the building, from the solid rock of the mountain rises a stone pier on which the telescope will rest. Over the telescope pier rises the tower which has an opening on one side, and is so constructed that it can be turned in any direction. All the modern contrivances for raising and lowering the seat of the observer, turning the tower, and

directing the telescope to any quarter of the heavens will be used. The telescope will be fifteen feet long, with a twelve-inch aperture. The Observatory will be reached by a road starting in at the summit of Mountain Avenue and ending near the clump of pine trees just under the brow of the hill. The road slabs the hill in such a way that the rise will be only nine feet to the hundred. The path by which the summit is now reached will of course remain open for foot passengers.

Such a structure as this plan represents will be a great ornament to the city of Lewiston. But we wish to correct a few erroneous notions in regard to it. And first it must be remembered that this Observatory will never be built at all, unless \$50,000 are raised to meet the conditions on which the Boston gentleman has offered to give \$30,000 for this enterprise. Doubtless the money will be raised, and it is hoped the corner-stone can be laid next Commencement. But to raise these funds means work for somebody. Again the college authorities have no thought of changing the name David Mountain to Observatory Hill, as was reported in the *Journal* a short time ago. The *Journal* found its authority for this statement in the local columns of the *STUDENT*. Now, in a confidential sort of a way, we want to inform the *Journal* that the local editor of a college paper is not considered responsible for what he writes. Truth and untruth are all the same to him, provided they will occupy the same amount of space.

Many good people seem to think

this Bates Observatory is to be a great wooden tower up which one can ascend and "view the landscape o'er." Such an idea as this was recently presented in a Bangor paper. This is a mistake. The purpose of this Observatory is to furnish an opportunity for scientific observation of the heavenly bodies, and it is purposed to make this one of the leading observatories of the country.

LITERARY.

SNOW-FALL.

By F. F. P., '77.

With crystal eyes
Ope'd in the skies,
With wings of sparry spangles,
In ghostly plight,
A habit light,
That loosely round me dangles.

I fill the air
With visions rare,
And blanch the sombre meadows;
My woolly feet
The cold earth meet
As noiselessly as shadows.

From frith and bay
And ocean's way,
I climbed the sunbeams golden,
O'er mountain walls,
In castle halls
By dewy hands was holden.

A pompous king
Bade menials bring
Me robes of downy feather,
Then called me snow,
And let me go,
To grace the winter weather.

O'er field and down
And road and town
I toy, and twirl, and flutter;
Fair cheeks I kiss
Of lad and miss,
But praises never utter.

The fen's meek crest,
The marsh-grass nest,
By water-fowl forsaken,
I cover o'er
With wrappings hoar,
Till Spring their life shall waken.

Caressing now
The mountain's brow,
I court the spectral stillness:
From one lone bird
A note is heard
To trill the air in shrillness.

Through woods I wend,
The branches bend,
I make an arch and ceiling;
The pine's low boughs
Whisper their vows,
Mid incense heavenward stealing.

I nestle round
The grassy mound,
The scar blades stoop and shiver,
And sadly sigh
That life's fond tie
Is sundered by its giver.

As night shades fall,
My silent call
Is made at every dwelling,
The plenty-blessed,
The want-oppressed,
Alike my steps repelling.

From turrets gray,
At break of day
The startled pigeon's cooing,
And sparrow's prate
Unto his mate,
Proclaim my magic doing.

The cliff's dun verge
My feet would urge
To meet the bounding billows:
I go to sleep
Within the deep,
On soft and foam-white pillows.

—Traveller.

THE TRUE NOBILITY.

By X., '88.

IN the early history of New England there were sometimes found combinations of strange elements, and the

relics of some institutions by no means puritanic. Here and there some adventurous nobleman had brought his hopes and fortunes, or sometimes his empty title, to America, and attempted to engraft the institutions of the old world upon the new. In one of the early settlements on our coast was the mansion of such a man. Sir William Levering, an English baron, had, owing to some unpleasantness at home, crossed the ocean and established himself and family in the new colony, with as much of the baronial style of living as the circumstances would admit. His family consisted of himself and wife, their daughter Helen, and Lady Levering's niece, Amelia Courtney.

These two young ladies were nearly of the same age. Lady Helen was beautiful and accomplished, but proud and haughty. She never mingled with the people of the settlement, but held herself aloof, as did also her proud mother. Amelia Courtney was plain, commonplace, and portionless. Commonplace, at least, in the eyes of her proud relatives; and if to mingle with the people around her was to be commonplace, she certainly deserved the accusation. She had a warm and sympathetic heart, and from the first she had entered into the simple life of the puritan village and become a part of it.

One summer's day the quiet of the little village was disturbed by the arrival of a vessel from England, an event which, to people thus shut off from the world, was an affair of no little moment. Amelia was passing along the village street on her way home from visiting a sick child, when she was met

by a young man who was evidently a stranger in the settlement. But the mutual recognition of these two persons showed that they were not strangers to each other, and the young man made eager inquiries after the other members of the baron's family. This was the young Count Henry Audsley, the betrothed husband of the beautiful Lady Helen. He had taken passage on this vessel, intending to make his coming a complete surprise, and in this he had succeeded. He became the guest of the baron's family, and the weeks sped happily away.

Over a month had thus passed when another vessel was seen entering the harbor. Not the least important part of the cargo of these vessels which came from time to time to the settlements were the letters from across the sea, and the London papers. Several of these were received by Sir William, and, though their contents were not at least a month old, they were eagerly perused. Suddenly the baron's countenance showed unwonted interest, as his eyes fell upon a particular paragraph. He read it a second time, while his brows darkened. He then called Lady Levering into the room and they held a long conference together, after which Sir William summoned his daughter, and in her presence read aloud the following: "It has been discovered by the death-bed confession of an old nurse that the person known as Count Audsley is not the real count, but a child of low parentage, substituted for the rightful count, who died in infancy, through neglect of the nurse. The pseudo count sailed recently for America."

Lady Levering watched her daughter closely while her father read this paragraph, but, though her cheeks were very pale, no other sigh of emotion escaped her. It had been the wish of Helen's parents that she should marry a person of noble birth, and in this wish she had herself shared, for she had been taught to consider rank as of all things the most desirable. There was silence for some moments, but Lady Levering at length said, "Our duty is plain. A person of such parentage cannot be tolerated longer in our family. He must henceforth be a stranger here."

It was plain to Sir William and his wife that a struggle was going on in their daughter's mind; but pride at length conquered, and she said: "It shall be as you wish. He doubtless knew of this before leaving England, and wished to deceive me. Such deceit is worthy of his low origin. I will never see him again." So saying she rose and left the room, after which Henry was summoned into the presence of Sir William and Lady Levering. The young man was thunderstruck when he learned the truth. In vain did he plead for one more interview with Helen. He was told that she did not wish to see him again.

With a heavy heart and bitter thoughts he left the Levering mansion, resolved to take passage at once upon the vessel to go he cared not whither. What was life worth to him now? What right had he to life? His very name was a falsehood, and she whom he loved now scorned him. The vessel would sail with the

turn of the tide at daybreak, and he went on board immediately. Morning came, but the vessel would be delayed for an hour or two. Meanwhile there was great excitement in the little village, usually so quiet. During the night the mansion of Sir William Levering had been entered and robbed. An open window showed where the thief had made his entrance and exit.

At such times a whisper of suspicion will quickly grow into seeming certainty. Some one whispered the fact that the presence of the young stranger, his intimacy with the family and household, and his sudden preparations for departure were suspicious circumstances. The fact that he now held himself aloof, when the whole village was in a turmoil of excitement, tended in the same direction. Whether Sir William shared in this suspicion we cannot say. Yet he offered no objection when that suspicion took such a determined form.

No time was to be lost. The culprit must not escape. The magistrate hastened on board the vessel, arrested the young man, and he was soon securely lodged in the jail, an institution established in every colony as soon, if not sooner than the school-house. Here he was left alone to think over the strange circumstances that had come into his life. No wonder that he was fast settling into indifference and melancholy! Prison and palace are alike to him who is without hope.

As he sat thus alone with his gloomy thoughts, with his head bowed upon his hands, a step approached his cell, the bolts creaked, the ponderous

door swung open, and some one entered. But the prisoner was too indifferent to raise his head, till he heard his name spoken by a familiar voice. He looked up and saw Miss Courtney standing before him. "Is there anything I can do for you?" she asked, half abashed. "Do you come to offer assistance to one accused of this crime against your relative?" he asked in reply. "Accused is not convicted," she replied; "nor will I believe you guilty unless I hear it from your own lips." "What will it signify," he asked in a voice that sounded strangely hard, "whether I am guilty or not? What am I but a nameless vagabond whose very existence is a crime?" "The accidents of birth," she replied, "while they may have weight with those who care for nothing more, can never outweigh the true nobility of the soul. Do not despair, all will yet be right." Saying which she withdrew, leaving a small basket of food, and promising to come again.

After her departure the prisoner sat for a long time in deep thought. This visit had saved him from that condition toward which he was fast approaching, when one loses faith in all mankind. "Yes," he repeated, "the nobility of the soul does outweigh that of birth or of beauty." Thus several days passed away, and preparations were being made for the trial of the prisoner. Amelia came now and then to the jail, keeping him supplied with such food as she thought he would relish, though he left it often untouched.

The day for his trial came at last, and he waited, expecting every mo-

ment that the magistrate would enter to lead him to the scene of the trial. At length the bolt was drawn to admit—not the magistrate, but Miss Courtney. “The darkest hour is always just before day,” she said with a smile. “You are now known to be innocent of the charge made against you. The real criminal has been found, and you are to be released at once.” Even as she spoke the officer entered to corroborate the statement.

The stolen goods had been found in possession of a man who had been haunting the vicinity for some time, and who claimed to be a hunter. He had crossed the seas, fleeing from justice, but his character and evil propensities had followed him. He was punished as his many crimes merited, while he who had well-nigh been convicted on circumstantial evidence went forth without a stain of suspicion. During his imprisonment he had had time to think more calmly than he had done when he had sought only to rush blindly away; but he still wished to leave a place that could awaken only unpleasant memories.

It is not strange that his thoughts should sometimes turn to her who had been his friend when he was in trouble. Since his release he had seen but little of her. He had taken up his abode in the family of a settler in another part of the settlement, waiting the time when another vessel should arrive in which he could take passage. But one day he met Amelia and learned from her that Sir William had decided to return immediately to England. He had not found the colonial life so

romantic and fascinating as he had pictured it, and he had determined to abandon it.

Amelia was not to return with them. “I cannot,” she said, “be longer dependent upon their charity. I shall remain in America.” There was a touch of sadness in her voice as she said this, and her forlorn condition, so like his own, touched the young man’s heart with pity. ’Tis said that pity is akin to love. They met more frequently after this, and in due time were married in the little village church, and the next spring there was added to the little world known as “the settlement,” another cabin and another household.

But little is known of the after life of the baron’s family. Once, in the London papers, Amelia read her cousin’s marriage to a French count.

Henry and Amelia lived happily in the home they had made, and though they afterward learned that that little newspaper paragraph that had so changed three lives was without foundation, yet they preferred the life they had chosen to the uncertain happiness and the temptations of titled life in the old world. They lived to a good old age, and their descendants are still found in some of the best New England families.

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MY SHIP.

By M. M., '91.

The weary sun is cradled
In the arms of the quiet sea,
And the lingering gleams of brightness
Fall over hill and lea.

The waves with dreamy murmur
Are breaking at my feet,

As I watch the white sails shimmer,
Where sky and ocean meet.

With weary eyes and wistful,
I watch the ships come in;
For one sail never glimmers
On the far horizon's rim.

But I close my eyes a moment,
And lo! I see it near,
With its snowy canvas gleaming
In sunlight warm and clear.

It sails from golden Dreamland,
Over a mystic sea;
And 'tis freighted deep with treasure,
With priceless gifts for me.

And oft at quiet evening
It bears me far away,
To golden-fruited islands
Where flashing fountains play;

Where silver waters singing
Flow on in sweet unrest;
Where wondrous glades and gardens
By fairy feet are pressed.

'Mid those bright isles I wander,
With joyous heart and free,
Till daylight's stir and clamor
Bring back the world to me.

And, though my heart is throbbing
With a dreamy sense of pain,
I know that at my bidding
My ship will come again.

And weary toil and striving
No longer do I fear,
For in my weariest moments,
This thought can give me cheer.

[Written for the Student.]

A VITAL QUESTION.

By A. B., '84.

I WOULD not encumber the STUDENT with the weight of a legal discussion; but there is a question, or a series of questions, which must, ere long, be decided by our courts of last resort, and the decision will be most vital to the interests of the social

world. Lawyers may watch with legal curiosity for the decision; every person who knows the vital import of the question will watch for the decision with wrapt feeling. The questions will be avoided and evaded by the courts as long as possible; no conscientious judge craves responsibility. And in the meantime no man can tell how much the drift of public opinion may have to do with giving direction to legal opinion.

I refer to the springing into existence, within the last ten years, of something which lawyers hardly know how to name. No law book treats of them, or even classifies them. From one at first, their name has now become legion; for they are many. It is as if there had been born into the animal world a race of beings as far surpassing the lion in strength and power as the lion surpasses the kid. And who can say whether they are born for good or for evil. I refer to "trusts."

From the earliest existence of our nation the spirit of individual liberty has been so strong that even corporations have been obliged to plead, and persuade, and intrigue, and promise ere they could be allowed a place among us. But the modern "Trust" bears something the same relation to the corporation which the corporation has borne to the individual. Indeed, if the individual may rightly fear the corporation, even so may the corporation fear the "trust."

Is this a natural enemy created for the extermination of corporations? Nearly all evils create at the last,

their own executioner. But how, indeed, in our present condition of things could we do without corporations? If, indeed, there be a yet unknown way in which we could better do without them; if, indeed, the "trust" is to be their executioner, who then shall do battle against the executioner. I take it for a conclusion that as the world progresses toward a high state of civilization, there must be specialization in industry. In no other way can perfection be approached. This very specialization is the mother of corporate industry. Slay the mother and you will have no more progeny; but who would hurl the world backward? Who could, if he would? A high civilization and large liberty must needs be liable to great dangers and innumerable perplexities.

The first "trust" born into existence, so far as I can learn, was the "Standard Oil Trust." A few individuals gained dominant power in a vast number of corporations in different states. These individuals wished to reap the profits of these corporations without the attendant individual liabilities. They also wished to evade the laws for regulating corporations in their several states. In short the object was to create a monopoly. There are at this very time "trusts" whose unquestionable object is to monopolize the gas supply of the whole country, the water supply of all the important cities, the leather business, the pork business, and other businesses too numerous to mention. When once a "trust" has been created in any one department, almost its first object is to

exterminate not only individual but also distinct corporate enterprise and competition in the same department. Of course in some departments a "trust" can easily do this, while in others the task is more difficult.

Our legislature has, I think, seldom if ever created a monopoly. If a corporation were to ask for a charter granting them the exclusive right to supply a city with gas for a term of years, the charter, for obvious reasons, would not be granted. If it were granted, a court of last resort would, doubtless, pronounce it a violation of the constitution. But suppose there are two gas companies in a city. Suppose a "trust" gains control of one of them. It immediately places its price so low that the competing company must succumb on any terms the "trust" may dictate, or be ruined. In the mean time the "trust" raises its price a trifle in the hundred or thousand other cities where it has gained full control; so that on the whole its profits are not lessened. How are these "trusts" created? What are their advantages to those interested in the "trust"?

What are their dangers to those interested in the "trust"? What may be the advantages arising from a "trust" to the social community? What are the dangers to the social community from so-called "trusts"? Can "trusts" be suppressed, and if so how? If "trusts" can not or shall not be suppressed, can they and shall they be controlled? How shall they be controlled?

A country that so blesses men that

they may live easy and grow rapidly rich must needs expose the same men to subtle dangers.

[To be continued.]

PROBLEMS AWAITING THE COLLEGE GRADUATE.

By C. W. C., '88.

EVERY college graduate leaves his *Alma Mater* with high determination to meet successfully, if possible, the issues of life. What they will be, he may not know. One thing he should know, that whatever his occupation in life may be, responsibilities rest upon him, such as the less fortunate, in point of education, may not bear.

College graduates are generally expected to fill the ranks of the learned professions, to become the scientists and philosophers and the instructors in our higher institutions of learning; and in whatever profession in which he may engage, or in whatever course which he may pursue, the college graduate is expected to excel.

But this is not all that is expected of the college graduate. Increased opportunities bring increased responsibilities. As the scholar, the college graduate should exercise, for the good of the world, the knowledge that he has acquired. As the master of thought, he should create thought to enrich mankind. Having the advantage of superior intellectual attainments, it is his duty to solve, if possible, the problems that puzzle men and disturb society.

Not merely the problems that have so long engaged the attention of schol-

ars—the problems of the learned professions, of natural sciences, of philosophy and metaphysics—are awaiting the scholar of to-day. New questions to be answered and new problems to be solved arise with every onward impulse of thought. Civilization has not yet culminated; society is by no means perfect; and morality is far from its standard of purity. Here are involved problems to be solved which required the application of thought, and thought, the richest gift from man to man, the scholar owes mankind. The time has come when the scholar must leave his secluded haunts, throw off the role of monk, mingle with the world, assume places of trust and responsibility, and interest himself in the concerns of public welfare. He should interest himself in all of the relations which man bears to man, whether political, social, or moral. There are problems in politics that the scholar alone can solve.

The science of government has been the unsolved problem of the ages. Slowly, since the creation of man, have civilization and civil government been developed, until now our own grand republic, the fruit of the ages, stands as the noblest example of a human government. But think you that it, noble as it now is, will stand forever, if conspiring and unprincipled politicians be allowed to tear away truth and equality, the very principles on which it is founded? But this must not be allowed. Our politics must be purified. "Men of thought and men of action" must go to the front. The scholar in politics we must see, or

else men who defy principle, disregard truth, and whose whole policy tends to destroy the underlying principles of our government. Never will the evil and corruption in politics be done away while good and thoughtful men withdraw from politics and leave the way open for men of uncertain character, and of little or no principle, to abuse the power left within their easy reach. You cannot expect much good from an evil source; and no more should you expect politics to be pure when controlled by corrupt men. Nowhere else is a strong mind, well disciplined, needed more, and there is no better opportunity for the exercise of scholarly thought. The steady hand of the scholar is needed to guide the ship of state.

But the politics of a people is but an outgrowth of their social life. Society is the source of government, and whatever there may be of evil in politics can be traced to a source of evil in society. How different is the tone of the so-called high society in our large cities and at fashionable resorts, from that of our early fathers, which was characterized by its puritan simplicity! How differently it tends to develop the mind! How differently it affects character! And just as differently it plays upon the political relations of the people.

The outward displays of wealth show but the vanity of a weak soul, and not the power of a strong mind. Pride and ambition, indulged, will destroy character, and divert the true object of social intercourse. Pride may bring pleasure to a narrow soul, ambi-

tion may arouse a sluggard mind, but both, like foul ulcers, if left unchecked, will, in time, spread over the body of society, until they reach some vital part and leave it only as a worthless heap of ruins.

Can it be possible that such a fate awaits our fair institutions, on account of the corrupting influence of those elements that make a people, in a sense, attractive, and apparently enterprising? Take an illustration from Nature. Look at yon woods. But a few weeks ago the light touches of the early autumn frosts were changing the rich, substantial green of summer to the most fanciful colors of nature. Paint in your imagination the richest picture that you can, and it will not be half so fair as was yonder scene from the hand of the Divine Artist. But now the heavy frosts of fall have come, and those leaves, lately so beautiful, lie blackened on the ground below, or have been swept away. Will American society so yield to the demoralizing influences brought to bear upon it? Who can tell? History is not without examples of such events. Much that we know of Greece and Rome is known from their ruins.

Another question has become of vital importance to society, that of the laboring man and his relation to capital. Never will labor and capital, or the employé and the employer, be made to sustain proper relation to each other through strikes and labor wars. Conflict only separates the interests of the two, while they should be made as one. The one cannot exist without the other.

Then why should one antagonize the other—its natural support?

There is another question still that must be solved—that of the immorality of the people. As an unsound timber in a building may so impair the strength of the structure as to cause its fall, so the individual of unsound character may injure the society of which he is a part. The dishonesty created by a false ambition, and the licentiousness generated by the unrestrained indulgence in wealth and passion, are no trifling matters with which to deal. These evils must be dealt with by strong minds, refined and disciplined by study and by application to thought, by intellects raised above the mere animal part of our nature. Who then is better fitted for such a work than the young men and women who have received the discipline of a college education?

In every department of civilization, thought is the element necessary to progress. It is thought that makes the difference between the savage and the civilized man, that transforms the barbarous tribes into enlightened nations, just as it is thought that makes the difference between the raw materials, clay, stone, wood, etc., and the beautiful edifice. Scholars, being the thinking element of the world, are responsible for the thought that is to move the world. With scholars, rests the destiny of states. The power of kings must yield to that of mind.

For the solution of such questions as disturb society and retard the progress of civilization, our only hope is in the scholars of the present and of

the future. College graduates are to be these scholars, in the main. And, as college graduates are coming to be a very significant element in our population, in respect to numbers, as well as individual influence, hope in their success is not without foundation. They must form the frame-work of society, and firmly hold in place each piece necessary to the structure. Or, to change the figure, as the master-workmen, they must put the finishing touches to the edifice, and see to it that no bungler mars its beauty or weakens the structure.

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REMARKS UPON THE PERSON-
ALITY OF EMERSON AS
REVEALED IN HIS
ESSAYS.

By C. C. S., '88.

IF the question were asked, who thus far has best represented our peculiar American culture, in nine cases out of ten, the answer would be, Ralph Waldo Emerson, the "sage of Concord." He is best known to the popular mind as a lecturer. Wherever he appeared and however often, he was always greeted with a crowded house. During his life he delivered more than one hundred lectures in the city of Boston.

But, doubtless, his personality is best revealed in his essays. And if we diligently study these, we shall find indications that their author possessed a wonderfully original mind; a mind bristling with common sense, yet capable of advancing into untrodden realms of fancy and imagination; a mind so pervaded with a love for the

true, the beautiful, and the good that it was never clouded by a morose or foreboding thought.

Take his essay on "History," for example. How different it is from any thing we should expect a man to write on this subject! Yet when you have read and digested the essay, you feel tempted to exclaim: "Strange I never thought of history in that light before." Thus it ever is with great minds. Their thoughts flash over masses of facts, and quickly light upon the one underlying principle on which these facts are based.

The power to deduce principles from facts ever distinguishes the uncommon from the common mind. This power Emerson fully possessed, although the validity of his laws in reference to human events and actions might sometimes be questioned. Thus in his essay on "History," after surveying the great mass of facts that history presents, he derives this law from them: that all the events of history are simply repetitions of each individual human experience. This is an overstatement. For the course of some lives is as peaceful and uniform as the silent flow of a mighty river; or they never experience mental conflicts of a more serious nature than the redoubtable encounters of the early Dutch governors of New York, with their deadly enemies, the Swedes.

Yet we doubt not that Emerson found this law to be true in his own case. To him, the great reformation was but a repetition of some of the events of his early life. When we recall that for eight generations back his ancestors

had been clergymen, that he began life as a minister, and then withdrew from the church, we can readily see that such a step was, for one of his nature, the result of a terrible conflict within. On the one hand, were the cherished beliefs and doctrines of his venerable ancestors waiting to be transmitted to posterity by his tongue and pen. On the other hand, was his own, deep, earnest, penetrating thought revealing their fatal deficiencies and falsities. Should he maintain his allegiance to his ancestors and sacrifice the truth? No! Truth must be paramount, and so he broke away from the superannuated theology of the day. From this event, doubtless, originated that utter impatience, disclosed throughout his essays, with all fixed forms of doctrinal belief, with all attempts to limit man's freedom of thought.

To our mind, the predominant trait in the personality of Emerson was his unswerving devotion to the truth. His example, in this respect, is an inspiration to every one who reads his works. How his love for the truth flashes forth in such sentences as these: "I would speak the truth, to-day, if I have uttered a truth, yesterday, that conflicts with it. . . . Beneath, there lies a deeper truth that will harmonize them both." An inferior mind would stand aghast at such a line of conduct, and preach consistency, without ever grasping the thought that truth never really conflicts with truth. A nature thus loyal to its own convictions could not be other than religious. True, Emerson's religion was one that many staid theologians are not in sympathy with.

And yet that same nature, as revealed in his essays, will continue to inspire and purify human lives, long after the dogmas of such astute critics have been hung upon the walls of some theological museum.

It was once our privilege to hear an eminent clergyman deliver a sermon to an intelligent audience of young men. In that sermon he dwelt almost wholly upon the blessed possibility of our being saved at the eleventh hour of our lives. He explained how the saving power of Christ can come to men upon their death beds, and cited instances in proof of this. Scarcely a thought did he advance concerning the immeasurably higher course provided by the Divine Creator for the attainment of the best possibilities of a human life. Would that Emerson could have stood in his place, could have spoken to those young men the words that every reader of his essays can easily imagine! We fancy he would have recited those lines at the beginning of his essay on "Self-Reliance":

"Man is his own star; and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;"

and then, aglow with intense conviction, he would have continued in words like these: be, act, live according to that divine instinct within your utmost being. Look upward to the light that is shining into every human soul, and walk in that light. But look within for the ideals of your daily life. These are the patterns given you by the All Wise One. Act upon them; be true to yourself, and each day will be a step Heavenward. Thus when the night

comes, you can meet death triumphantly. Redemption at the close of life is but a poor, weak apology for the abuse of opportunities. This was the truth that came to Emerson in regard to man's relation to the Infinite One, and although it may conflict with a score of theological dogmas, it is a truth always revealed, more or less perfectly, to every human soul.

Again, in the personality of Emerson are exhibited a great range and power of mind. He says that "in every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts; they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty." In this one sentence is revealed the fact that Emerson was at home on the heights of human thought.

Coupled with his great power of mind were habits of unceasing mental activity. Even for reading, he gives us to understand that he could spare but little time. He says: "It is a pusillanimous desertion of our work to gaze after our neighbors. . . . To read the life of Brant, or General Schuyler, or General Washington is to pay them an extravagant compliment. My time should be as good as their time; my world, my facts, all my net of relations as good as theirs, or either of theirs."

His essays sparkle throughout with a genuine wit; as, for example, in his reference to the manner of a boy coming to his dinner, to the indiscriminate giving to charitable institutions, to the wide-spread mania for gadding in foreign countries, etc.

His observations and practical lessons were always true to life, showing

that his was a soul kindred with the people's, and not a dweller by itself.

His sense of the good and beautiful was an all pervading one. "Every soul," he writes, "is a celestial Venus to every other soul." So prone was his mind to dwell upon the hopeful side of human life, that he would never entertain a gloomy or foreboding thought.

Emerson has been justly criticised for a habit of exaggeration. But this did not arise from the usual cause—a morbid passion for over-stating everything. He was not a laborious reasoner. The truth seemed to burst suddenly upon him. He writes: "A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within." When that flash came, it filled his whole mental horizon for the time being, and the truth conveyed in that revelation he recorded, larger than it was in reality, but not larger than it appeared to him at the time of recording it.

In his writings, Emerson employed neither analytic nor synthetic methods of argument. In fact, he did not argue at all. He simply stated the truths that came to him, trusting that the intelligence of his readers would discern their reality, without any useless train of argument in their support. He doubtless erred in this direction; did not always arrange his thoughts to the best advantage; often sacrificed harmony to terseness; and certainly showed a deficiency in the power of logic. Yet whoever by sympathy comes in contact with his real personality, receives a benefit of the highest order;

for he is inspired with a new zeal for the truth. He is incited to nobler deeds and a more exalted life.

COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editors of the Student:

The Bates Alumni, of Boston and vicinity, will have their annual dinner at Young's, Wednesday evening, December 28th, at 5 o'clock. A business meeting will be held at the same place at 4 o'clock.

We desire all the alumni, wherever they may reside, to know they are cordially invited. The day is fixed in the Christmas holidays so that teachers and those from a distance may find it more convenient to attend. We wish to make the dinner a yearly reunion of alumni, social and informal in character, where acquaintance with each other may be renewed and extended.

Any alumni who have recently moved to Boston or vicinity are requested to send their name to the secretary. All who expect to attend are also requested to send their names to the secretary, so that the number to attend the dinner may be known a week in advance.

Geo. E. Smith, Sec.,

23 Court St., Boston.

To the Editors of the Student:

In view of the many thousands who every summer visit the White Mountains, it seems strange that any part of this region should as yet be unexplored, and a much larger portion still inaccessible to the ordinary tourist. Yet such is the fact, for owing to the difficulty and danger experienced in mountain

climbing, most visitors prefer following the beaten paths to cutting a trail through the wilds for themselves.

Occasionally a party of more adventurous spirit will plan an expedition to some unfrequented section, and in many cases these expeditions are fruitful sources of discovery. Thus, a few years ago the Mount Kinsman flume and cascade become known to the public. Lake Moran is another point of interest in the Franconia Range that has not been generally visited until quite recently. Fishermen had fished along the brook that forms its outlet, and had even camped on the shore of the lake, but not until its purchase by the author, W. C. Prime of New York, did the less adventurous tourists think of following the rugged faintly outlined path that led to this wind-swept lake of the clouds.

Several years ago we made the ascent with a party of friends. At that time only those who spent some weeks at Franconia knew any thing of Lonesome Lake, as it was then called, and it was not until two years later that a lady followed the outlet down.

Leaving the carriage road between Profile Lake and the Flume we passed some distance through the fields to a low building where the carriages were left and the horses saddled. It is four miles from the base of the mountain to the lake, and the greater part of the way the path is exceedingly steep, and at that time was in places quite difficult to follow. Occasionally it descends into a ravine or winds round a jutting ledge, but these few breaks are

hardly noticed in the almost constant climb. A thick growth of trees permits no backward glance toward the valley below, and one can scarcely refrain from a cry of astonishment and pleasure as he passes suddenly from the dark gloomy thicket out into the little clearing lighted by the beautiful Lake Moran. It is restful just to look at it. The basin-like gorge in which it nestles lies far up the side of Mount Cannon, below and somewhat back of its rocky summit. On one side is a steep ledge that re-echoes the voice. Opposite on the sloping shore, lodges are built. Outside these lodges are exact counterparts of the log houses of the early New England settlers, but within the wood-work is oiled and nicely polished, and the rooms, finished high into the roof, are arranged with special reference to comfort and enjoyment of the ladies belonging to Mr. Prime's party. Fish are abundant in the lake, but no one is allowed to catch them since its purchase, without permission from the owner.

This is a beautiful place to spend the summer, and far more beneficial to tired brain and nerves than hotel life, under the most favorable circumstances, could be. However, when the wild instinct for solitude, that at times seizes the human mind, has been satisfied, Lake Moran would doubtless seem more appropriately named Lonesome Lake. It embodies not only the idea of beauty but also that of loneliness, and the state of the individual mind alone could determine which of the aspects would create the strongest impression.

LOCALS.

The Freshmen dec's are ended,
 The Sophomore 'bates are said,
 The prizes all distributed
 Among the *crowned* heads;
 We, too, would have a little pie,
 We local eds., you know,
 And so to ease our weary "pates,"
 We put in "*programmes*."

We passed.

Teach "skule."

Parker Hall is empty.

"I have grown great."

The motto of '91 is *Χαλεπὰ τὰ καλά*.

"How do we know that crows
 think?" "By-caws."

You must patronize "Isaac of
 York" at his bookstore.

"'Tis so, for ma says so, and if ma
 says so 'tis so, if 'taint so."

A bright boy asked what fluorhydric
 acid did on glass, said, "It itches it."

One of our girls says that they pre-
 serve fruits by putting them up out of
 reach.

The hack; the trap door; the gas
 meter. How familiar have these words
 become.

It has recently been discovered that
 one can *imagine* a three cornered round
 flat-iron.

The Lewiston girls are sad. No
 more escorting by the students for the
 next ten weeks.

Prof.—"Mr. H., if you heat a gla-
 brous salt what takes place?" Mr.
 H.—"It cools."

The Professor was entirely innocent
 of any intention to cast reflection when
 he repeatedly spoke of "Silly Kate."

Prof.—"Why are the Planetoids
 named after female deities?" Stu-
 dent—"Because of their inferiority."

Prof. in Psychology—"What is the
 subject of to-day's lesson?" Student
 (after some hesitation)—"I kan't reid
 Hamilton."

"When does your school com-
 mence?" "Where are you going to
 teach?" are the common queries on
 the campus.

One of the Seniors reports a new
 gun which can be made out of any
 kind of soft metal. Its name, he
 thinks, is "hokus pokus."

"Boodie" is getting tough. At a
 recent church circle he actually went
 home with two girls, and offered him-
 self as an escort to all the girls in one
 room.

The STUDENT editors for next year
 are C. J. Emerson, A. L. Safford,
 E. J. Small, F. J. Daggett, Thomas
 Singer, and Miss E. I. Chipman. Man-
 ager, I. N. Cox.

A student reciting—"One of the
 phases of imagination is modification.
 Thus, we can imagine the body of a
 horse with the head of a man. This
 would be called a centipede." Young
 man, review your mythology.

In behalf of the Eurosophian Society
 we are requested to extend a word of
 thanks to the firm Oswald & Armstrong
 for their kindness in loaning the so-
 ciety the cloth used in decorating the
 chapel at their public meeting.

The Prof. was speaking of our con-
 cept of a dog and how it would include
 nothing concerning color, breed, etc.

T. was disposed to doubt this statement, and asked the Prof. if you would not naturally think of a yellow dog. The Prof. quickly replied, "perhaps you would."

An empty coat sleeve is a very suggestive thing. So thought the students at chapel the other morning, when our genial chorister entered with his overcoat thrown over his shoulders, and, as he seated himself, accidentally threw one of the sleeves around the young lady next to him.

It was a social gathering and they were playing the old-fashioned game of "Beast, Bird, or Fish." One of the number was chosen leader who did not understand the technicalities of the game, for he astonished the company by exclaiming, "Beast, Bird, or Fish—Rooster—1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10."

Many of the students attended the session of the Androscoggin County Teacher's Association. It offered an excellent opportunity for those contemplating teaching, not only to obtain the ideas from teachers of experience, but also to come in contact with the teachers themselves.

Just as we are going to press, a blood curdling report of a conflict between Sophs and Freshmen comes to our notice. Scarred and battered scalps, mutilated hands, and bruised shins are the words that hurtle in our ears. Doubtless, if it hadn't been for the wise counsel of the Juniors, they would have fought "till the last armed foe had expired."

The news of the successful termina-

tion of the Belcher will case, on Monday, November 14th, at Portland, was received with great enthusiasm at the college. The bell was rung, and the boys turned out and cheered; then a band was improvised by Pugsley, with the fife, Hatch with small drum, and anybody with the bass drum, and, marching to such unwonted music (?), the boys descended upon the President and Professors, and gave them three rousing cheers, and the Bates yell.

October 25th the Senior class enjoyed a very pleasant evening at the home of their classmate, Miss Jordan. Miss Jordan is too genial a hostess to permit anything like reserve among her guests, and on this occasion, from the time the class entered the house till they left it, a most unreserved sociability pervaded the company. Tempting and delicious refreshments were served in the latter part of the evening, and at its close the sweet (?) singers of '88 gathered round the piano, and poured forth their feelings of happiness in enrapturing strains of vocal melody.

We have often heard of the bad dreams resulting from an overloaded stomach, but the Professor told one, the other morning, that beats them all. The subject of dreams was being discussed in the Psychology class, and the Professor was enlarging upon the evil effects of eating just before retiring for the night, and as an example, he told of a man who, having thus eaten and retired, dreamed—O horrible! that the "Prince of Darkness" came and seated himself on his stom-

ach, with Bunker Hill Monument in his lap.

The annual public meeting of the Eu-rosophian Society occurred November 4th. The weather materially diminished the size of the audience, for it was a rainy, disagreeable night. But as a literary and musical entertainment the meeting fully sustained the past reputation of the Society. The following is an account of it as given by the *Lewiston Journal*:

Every part had been carefully prepared and was pleasingly rendered. The declamation by Mr. Davis and the recitation by Miss Wood were unusually good. The discussion was ably and ingeniously conducted by Messrs. Smith and Guptill. The poem by Mr. Pugsley was a thoughtful production. The oration by Mr. Cutts was well received. The paper by Mr. Fales and Miss Pratt afforded an unusual amount of enjoyment. The music, which was furnished by members of the society, cannot be spoken of too highly. The talent presented cannot be excelled in the two cities. The programme was as follows:

PART I.

Piano Duet—Road to Luck.—Wels.
Misses Ingalls and Knowlton.

PRAYER.

Duet—O, Hear Our Prayer.—Howlett.
Miss Wood, Mr. Pierce.

Declamation—The Diver.—Schiller.
H. B. Davis.

Recitation—Out o' the Fire.—Carlton.
Miss Della Wood.

Solo—When the Heart is Young.—Buck.
F. S. Pierce.

Discussion—Is the Socialistic Element
in Our Country a Dangerous One?
Affirmative—C. C. Smith.
Negative—W. T. Guptill.

PART II.

Piano Solo—2me Mazurk, Op. 54—God-
ard. Miss A. M. Andrews.

Poem—The Hermit's Tale. F. L. Pugsley.

Solo—O, Loving Heart, Trust on.—Gott-
schalk. Miss Della Wood.

Oration—Problems Awaiting the College
Graduate. C. W. Cutts.
Violin Solo—Overture, Poet and Peas-
ant.—Suppé. B. H. Dingley.
Paper. Mr. L. W. Fales, Miss J. L. Pratt.
Duet—(a) Wanderers' Nachtlied.—Ru-
benstein; (b) Gentle Be Thy
Slumbers.—Schlesinger.

Miss Wood, Mr. Pierce.

Friday, November 11th, the Polym-
nians held their public meeting. All
the parts were first-class, and the de-
bate was unusually fine. Both societies
draped the front part of the chapel this
year. The following is the *Journal's*
report of the meeting:

The Polymnian Society held its annual public
meeting at the College Chapel, last evening.
Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather and
disagreeable walking, the exercises were en-
joyed by a good audience. The parts were
uniformly enjoyable, and the efforts of the
participants in the preparation and rendering
of their parts were highly appreciated. The
music, furnished by Misses Fairbanks and Fas-
sett of the society, and Miss Nash of Lewiston,
was excellent, as would be expected from such
talent.

PART I.

Piano Duet—Que Vive Galop.—Ganz.
Misses Fairbanks and Fassett.

PRAYER.

Solo—Serenade—"Viens a ton Bal-
con."—E. Gelli. Miss Helen Nash.

Declamation—How the Old Horse
Won the bet.—Holmes.

A. D. Pinkham.

Recitation—Old Hulda.—Anon.
Miss Dora Jordan.

Piano Solo—Papillonne Theme.
Miss Edith Fairbanks.

Discussion—Is Capital Punishment
Justifiable?

Affirmative—A. E. Hatch.
Negative—B. M. Avery.

PART II.

Solo—Lullaby.—Jakabowski. Miss Nash.
Declamation—Extract.—Browning.

E. T. Whittemore.

Oration—Dynamics of Achievement.

G. W. Snow.

Poem—An Open Secret. A. C. Townsend.
Song—Robin Adair. Miss Nash.
Paper.

Miss M. G. Pinkham, Mr. H. J. Piper.

The Freshman declamations of this year were the best we have heard. Of the three divisions, the first and third were better than the second. Of those not put over to the Prize Division, we were especially pleased with the recitals by Miss Bodge, Mr. Newman, and Mr. H. J. Chase. The final award of the prize to Mr. Small probably met with as good satisfaction as could be expected in any award. The following were the programmes of the respective evenings:

Monday, October 17th.

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Saratoga Monument.—Cox. B. H. Dingley.
The Fruits of Labor.—Bates. F. W. Plummer.
Battle of Waterloo.—Hugo. F. W. Larrabee.
The Arraignment of Rum.—Foster.

F. J. Chase.

Hiawatha's Fasting.—Longfellow.
Kate Prescott.

MUSIC.

John Maynard. C. H. Johonnett.
Extract.—Brown. L. A. Ross.
England's War with France and
America.—Fox. I. W. Parker.
Angels of Buena Vista.—Whittier.

F. S. Libbey.

Margery Gray. Edith Fairbanks.

MUSIC.

Incentives to Duty.—Sumner. * W. S. Mason.
Aspirations of Youth.—Curtis. C. R. Smith.
Hannibal on the Alps.—Swan. P. P. Beal.
Influence of Athens.—Macaulay.

W. B. Cutts.

Pyramids Not All Egyptian.—Barnes.

F. L. Pugsley.

MUSIC.

* Excused.

Committee of Award—F. W. Oakes, M. Grace
Pinkham, G. W. Snow.

Monday, October 24th.

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Brier Rose.—Boysen. Mabel Merrill.
Energy of Character.—Wise. W. B. Watson.

How Jane Conquest Rang the Bell.—Milne.
Florence L. Larrabee.

The Lepér.—Willis. A. C. Hutchinson.

Van Bibber's Rock.—Banks.

Maude H. Ingalls.

MUSIC.

Execution of Montrose.—Aytoun.

F. E. Emrich, Jr.

The Street Musicians.—Catlin.

Stella D. Chipman.

Oratory.—Livermore. C. A. Merrill.

The Leak in the Dyke.—Cary. Kate Merrill.

The Teacher the Hope of America.—Eells.

M. Greenwood.

MUSIC.

The Sleep.—Browning. Lilla M. Bodge.

Daniel O'Connell.—Phillips. Geo. K. Small.

Queen Archidamia.—Anon.

Gertrude A. Littlefield.

On the Other Train.—Anon. Nelson Howard.

The Last Hymn.—Anon.

Leonora B. Williams.

MUSIC.

Committee of Award—L. A. Safford, C. J.
Emerson, Miss I. M. Wood.

Friday, October 28th.

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Character of Chatham.—Grattan.

F. E. Stevens.

Mountains.—Morse. F. D. Mace.

The Maiden Martyrs.—Anon.

Miss E. M. Merrill.

Tribute to Lincoln.—Castella.

F. S. McDonald.

The Miser Fitly Punished.—Osborne.

C. H. Richardson.

MUSIC.

Extract.—Brown. W. L. Nickerson.

The Maid of Orleans.—Sagebeer.

* Lillian M. Fasseti.

The Dukite Snake.—O'Reilly.

A. K. Newman.

Old Robin.—Trowbridge. Hattie A. Pulsifer.

Unjust National Acquisition.—Corwin.

A. D. Pinkham.

MUSIC.

Let There Be Light.—Mann. A. L. Chapin.

Heroes of the Land of Penn.—Lippard.

W. F. Ham.

The Pardoned Soldier.—Janvier. Alice Beal.

Plea for the Old South Church.—Phillips.
H. J. Chase.

Toussaint's Last Struggle for
Hayti.—Phillips. W. H. Kimball.

*Excused.
MUSIC.

Committee of Award—C. W. Cutts, J. H.
Johnson, E. E. Sawyer.

Monday, October 31st.

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Van Bibber's Rock.—Banks.
Maude H. Ingalls.

Unjust National Acquisitions.—Corwin.
A. D. Pinkham.

Influence of Athens.—Macaulay.
W. B. Cutts.

Queen Archidamia.—Anon.
Gertrude A. Littlefield.
MUSIC.

Pyramids not all Egyptian.—Barnes.
F. L. Pugsley.

Margery Gray. Edith Fairbanks.
Angels of Buena Vista.—Whittier.

F. S. Libbey.
Daniel O'Connell.—Phillips. Geo. K. Small.
MUSIC.

Heroes of the Land of Penn.—Lippard.
W. F. Ham.

Old Robin.—Trowbridge. Hattie A. Pulsifer.
The Miser Fitly Punished.—Osborne.

C. H. Richardson.
On the Other Train.—Anon. Nelson Howard.

MUSIC.

Committee of Award—Rev. C. E. Cate, Rev.
T. H. Stacy, A. M. Edwards, A. M.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'71.—C. H. Hersey is a member of the New Hampshire State Senate from Cheshire County. He took an active part in the recent debate on the Boston & Maine railroad bill.

'79.—Frank L. Baker is freight agent and telegraph operator at Wells Depot, Maine.

'80.—J. F. Parson has resigned his position at Hillsdale and gone into business.

'81.—Rev. H. E. Foss of Bath recently lectured upon the evil effects of tobacco using. He has made investigations in four Grammar Schools in Maine. Of 71 boys in one Grammar School 40 had used tobacco. In the four schools, 119 of 230 boys had learned to smoke.

'81.—O. H. Drake is studying for the degree of Ph.D. in Yale College.

'83.—Henry O. Dorr is located in Minneapolis, a clerk in the office of the C. M. & St. P. R. R.

'83.—F. E. Mason is on the editorial staff of the *Kennebec Journal*.

'84.—Chas. S. Flanders is teaching in Perrysville, Indiana.

'85.—Mr. Hersey, who was with the class for the first two years, is now second lieutenant in the army. He has received the degree of A.B. from Bates College.

'85.—W. V. Whitmore is engaged in the real estate business in Escondido, Lower California.

'85.—E. B. Stiles has been accepted for the foreign field by the Foreign Mission Board.

'86.—E. D. Varney, who has been visiting friends in Denver, is now principal of a school in Boulder, Colorado. Since he has been in Colorado, he has met Baker of '73, Principal of the High School in Denver, and Dennett, of '73, and Brackett, of '75, both of whom are professors in the Colorado State University.

'86.—I. H. Storer is teaching at Warren.

'87.—Jesse Bailey is acting as President of Talleydega College during the President's absence. Mr. Bailey carried to Alabama the first tennis set.

'87.—Mr. Jordan, owing to a trouble with his eyes, has been compelled to resign his position on the *Golden Argosy*.

'87.—Mrs. S. G. Bonney is making up the studies of the Senior year.

'87.—F. W. Chase is to teach the High School at Lisbon.

THEOLOGICAL.

'81.—Rev. L. W. Gowen is pastor at Alexandria, Neb. He moved from Wisconsin to Nebraska in 1886.

'81.—C. O. Williams has been elected to the Professorship of Latin in Hillsdale College.

STUDENTS.

'88.

Miss F. M. Nowell is teaching her second term of school in Woolwich.

R. A. Parker is teaching at Presque Isle.

N. E. Adams will teach this winter at Wilton.

J. H. Johnson is to teach at West Southport.

E. E. Sawyer, H. W. Small, E. T. Whittemore, and Thomas Singer represented the college at the Y. M. C. A. Convention at Rockland.

'89.

The following members of the class will teach this winter:

Miss M. S. Little,	Farmington.
Miss S. A. Norton,	Bingham.
F. W. Newell,	Winthrop.
C. J. Emerson,	Newport, N. H.
W. E. Kinney,	Georgetown.

I. N. Cox,	Chebeague Island.
G. H. Libby,	Foxcroft.

'90.

H. B. Davis is teaching at Cape Neddick.

Miss Mary Brackett is soon to leave for Harper's Ferry, West Virginia, where she will teach in Storer College through the winter.

'91.

F. S. McDonald & L. A. Ross are the editors of an enterprising monthly paper called *West Pitch Echoes*.

EXCHANGES.

How can I manage the exchange column to make it efficient? is a question that, sometime or other, has come to every exchange editor. A pile of exchanges lies before him; which shall he select? Shall he take the best and bestow praise upon them according to their merits, or shall he select the worst and show their demerits? Were exchange editors gifted with omniscience they would know whether a paper was weak because the editors neglected their work, or because they were feebly supported, and would govern their criticisms accordingly. As it is, they have to shoot at random.

One thing all college papers can do, and that is to have their printers cut the leaves. With a paper-cutter this can be done very easily, and will improve the appearance of your magazines, and be a saving of time and patience for your readers.

The *Hamilton Lit.* has arrived. It contains a strong prose article on

"Hawthorne's Delineation of Puritan New England." A large space is also devoted to "Alumniana."

The *Williams Lit.* comes with its usual abundance of good things. It is one of the papers whose pages have to be cut.

The *Dartmouth*, *Amherst*, and *Yale Lits.* and the *Harvard Advocate*, all of which used to gladden our vision have, as yet, failed to put in an appearance. Come, and we will welcome you as of yore.

We acknowledge the receipt of Vol. I., No. 1, *E. L. H. S. Chimes*, published by the class of '88, Edward Little High School. We wish the Auburn boys success in their undertaking, and if every number is equal to No. 1, they will merit it.

LITERARY NOTES.

The *Art Amateur* for November has, for special features, a very attractive color study of "Grapes," by A. J. H. Way, a bold and effective figure of a "Sportsman" for tapestry painting, a fine pen and ink study of "Nastirtiums," and a very interesting and profusely illustrated article on "Cats," the first of a series on animal painting and painters. Price 35 cents a number. Montague Marks, publisher, 23 Union Square, New York.

The special offer of *The Youth's Companion* includes the admirable Double Holiday Numbers for Thanksgiving and Christmas, with colored covers and full page pictures, twenty pages each. These, with the other weekly

issues to January 1, 1888, will be sent free to all new subscribers who send \$1.75 for a year's subscription to January, 1889. The *Companion* has been greatly enlarged, is finely illustrated, and no other weekly literary paper gives so much valuable reading and so many illustrations for so low a price.

The November *Outing*. The frontispiece this month is a fine wood cut of a representative group of ladies prominent in the Staten Island Ladies' Club. The opening article is a history of the Staten Island Cricket and Baseball Club, one of the largest and most popular athletic organizations in the country, and the text is further embellished by nine half page illustrations of the club houses, grounds, the lawn-tennis and cricket field, and other features of interest.

"A Lady of the Old School," is the opening paper in the November number of *The Atlantic Monthly*. It is a most charming résumé of Mrs. Susan Lesley's "Recollections" of her mother, Mrs. Lyman, of Northampton, and of the society which she gathered around her. Miss Jewett has a delightful sketch of a New England by-way called "The Landscape Chamber," a curious story, full of suggestion. Percival Lowell continues his series of articles, "The Soul of the Far East," by a paper on Oriental Art, and John Fiske has another of his clear and readable studies in American History, this time devoted to an account of the adoption of the Constitution—a very timely topic.

JOHN C. HATCH,

(Successor to Johnston & Hatch.)

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COLLEGE WORLD.

Compulsory attendance at college
exercises has been abolished at Cornell.

The ceremonies of laying the corner-
stone of the buildings of the Clark
University of Worcester, Mass., took
place October 22d, in the presence of
a large assemblage.

It costs \$23 to take laboratory chem-
istry at Princeton.

Harvard has received endowments
amounting to \$3,000,000 in the past
six months.

There are said to be 18,000 female
students in the different colleges of the
United States.

The Vassar girls are said to be op-
posed to admitting colored girls to the
privileges of that institution. The
poor girls are probably afraid of rivals.

Of the 365 colleges and universities
of the United States, 278 are church
schools, averaging 13 teachers and 193
students to a school, while 87 are non-
sectarian, averaging 15 teachers and
136 students.

The new observatory at Syracuse
University was dedicated November
17th.

The prize offered some months ago
by the United States Protective Tariff
Association for the best essay on
"The Advantages of a Protective
Tariff to the Labor and Industry of
the United States," has been awarded
to Mr. C. D. Henning, '87, of the Uni-
versity of Pennsylvania. The compe-
tition was open to members of the
Senior class of any American college,
and essays were sent in from nearly
forty institutions.



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POSITIONS FOR STUDENTS.

See Page 213,

October Number.

CLIPPINGS.

Helen—"Mother, what is a *casus belli*?" Mother—"My child, never speak of anything so indelicate. It is the Latin for stomach-ache."—*Life*.

Revivalist Sam Jones wants to stick to the old Bible and straight preaching. He calls the new name of the old terror a silly, namby-pamby word. "Why," says Sam, "you couldn't frighten a cat with 'sheol'."

A POLITICIAN.

"What are your politics, sir?" she said,
As he paused overcome by his bashfulness.
He had asked for a kiss, she had shaken her head,
While her lips quoth nay and her eyes spake yes.

"And why should you know?" he stammered at length,
"Please tell me, now do, I must insist."
"Because I'm afraid," she pouted reply,
"You are a horrid old Strict Constructionist."
—*Exchange*.

AN AUTUMN LEAF.

"You are the autumn leaf, said he,
"And my arms are the book, you know,
So I'll put the leaf in the book, you see,
And tenderly press it, so."

The maid looked up with a glance demure
And blushes her fair cheeks wore
As she softly whispered, "The leaf I'm sure
Needs pressing a little more."

—*Williams Weekly*.

She—"Do you remember that lovely moonlight ride we had at Newport last summer, Charley, behind that cute little donkey?" He (with tender reproach)—"Do I remember it, love? As if I could forget it!" She—"You are nice to say so, Charley; and, do you know, dear, I never see a donkey without thinking of you."

The Bates Student.



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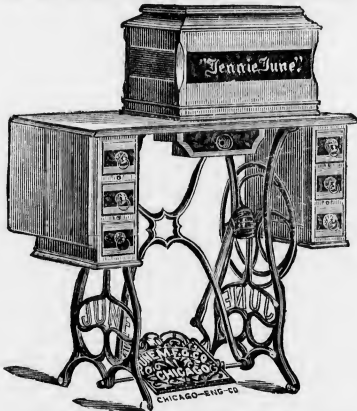
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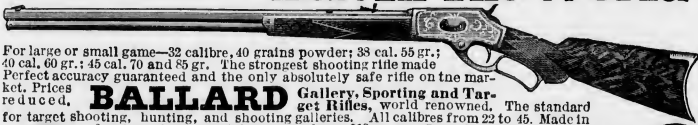
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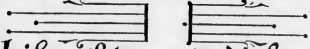
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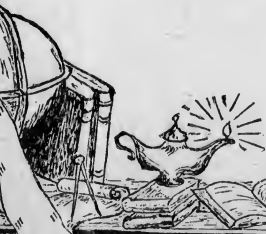
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THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XV.

DECEMBER, 1887.

No. 10.

Bates Student.

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

CLASS OF '88, BATES COLLEGE,
LEWISTON, MAINE.

EDITORIAL BOARD.

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EDITORIAL.

AS we are about to lay down the editorial pen, we wish to extend our thanks to those of the alumni and undergraduates who have so kindly contributed to the columns of the *STUDENT* during the past year.

Though the contributors have not been as numerous as we could have wished, still our regrets in this direction do not detract from, but rather enhance, our gratitude to the few who have remembered us. Perhaps some who read this, if any do, may be induced to contribute to the next volume, in order that they may take advantage of the liberal remuneration which we make to our contributors, not to mention the world-wide fame thus gained.

WE wish to say a word in praise of our printers before we sever our connection with the *STUDENT*. Probably no newspaper in the country has a more obliging and competent foreman than the *Journal*. It has been owing, in a large measure, to the kindness of Mr. Hale that we have been enabled to get the *STUDENT* out on time. The freedom of the *STUDENT* from typographical errors may also be attributed in part to the painstaking and efficient

efforts of the proof-reader, Mrs. Hatch. Our proof-sheets contain fewer errors than many of our exchanges. To both of these we extend our hearty thanks for their assistance. In the future we shall always look back with pleasure to our visits to the *Journal* job room.

I WONDER if it ever occurred to the college authorities that these seats are hard." Thus mused a STUDENT editor, as he sat on one of the uncushioned seats of the large chapel, during one of the prolonged exercises of last term, writhing in physical pain. "Probably they never did," he thought, "but I, by virtue of the celebrity vested in me as editor of a paper, will apprise them of this fact, and will offer a suggestion whereby this hardness can be made soft." And this is the suggestion which he would make: let all the seats in the large chapel be provided with cushions. Then, and not till then, will it be possible for students and visitors to attend the public exercises of the college, and go away with a clear conscience, feeling that no harsh or revengeful thoughts have entered their minds.

OUGHT dramatic selections to compete for the prize, or, what is virtually the same thing, should they be excluded from the programme, is a question often brought forward for solution.

As regards the general character of the public exercises, it would doubtless make very little difference which way it was decided, if only the private

work of the students was not affected thereby.

It was said in a recent number of the STUDENT that our professor was a teacher of declamations, not of dramatics. We think this statement was made carelessly, and without warrant from the instructor in this department. As well leave the emotional out of life, the seasoning out of food, as to neglect the cultivation of the dramatic powers. A declamation is only half given by one who has not the skill to bring his whole nature into sympathy with the speaker whose words he utters, and the occasion that called for them.

A speech often demands higher dramatic ability than selections of a different character, though a poor speaker's blunders and lack of spirit are less discernable here than elsewhere.

Private exercise in dramatic pieces is of the utmost importance, but it is not advisable to inflict this practice upon an audience. To render a dramatic or poetical selection without making it painful to people of good taste, the vocal organs must be flexible, and the mind trained to think and feel the situations described.

However, the dramatic reader is not an actor. His rendering should always carry with it a descriptive element. In no case should it become a theatrical performance. The object in view is a general effect, and one part must not be made more real than another.

IT is very good advice not to read too much desultorily, but to read connectedly; yet there is great pleasure

in literary browsing, as it might be termed, if it is not carried to an extreme. To one cozily ensconced in a big arm chair, before a glowing coal grate, it is occasionally agreeable to read without any fixed plan, dipping now into this, and now into that volume. By chance, taking up first, perhaps, an essay of Emerson or Carlyle on "Self-Reliance," "Circle," "Art," or "Nov-alis," "Nichelanger Lied," "The Signs of the Times"; then change our style, taking up a volume of "dear, crocheted, gentle" Charles Lamb, and read the "Confessions of Edax," "Grace Before Meat," or some other of the delightful essays of Elia. Laying this aside, take down Macaulay, and read his essay on Dante or Milton; his smooth and beautiful periods will carry us into the very lands and times of the "father of Tuscan literature" and "the glory of English literature." Pass a day now and then in this way and see if it is not enjoyable. But this, you say, is nothing but a medley. Yet what is more pleasing in times of weariness than a musical medley. Just as we sometimes like a mixed dinner, and just as in a social gathering we like to have a little circle in conversation so that we need not always talk to the same person, so do we occasionally enjoy this kind of reading.

THE American Tariff League, in the October number of *The Tariff League Bulletin*, repeats the offer made last year to college students, as follows:

ANNUAL COLLEGE PRIZE ESSAYS.

The American Protective Tariff League offers to the students of Senior classes of colleges

and universities in the United States a series of prizes for approved essays on "Home Production Indispensable to a Supply at Low Prices of the Manufactured Commodities Required for the People of the United States, and Adequate Home Production of these Commodities Impossible Without a Protective Tariff."

Competing essays not to exceed ten thousand words, signed by some other than the writer's name, to be sent to the office of the League, No. 23 West Twenty-third Street, New York City, on or before April 1, 1888, accompanied by the name and address of the writer, and certificate of standing, signed by some officer of the college to which he belongs, in a separate sealed envelope (not to be opened until the successful essays have been determined) marked by a word or symbol corresponding with the signature to the essay.

Awards will be made, June 1, 1888, as follows: For the best essay—two hundred and fifty dollars; for the second best—one hundred dollars; for the third best—fifty dollars; and for other essays deemed especially meritorious, silver medals of original and approved design.

It will be remembered that Mr. Cushman, of the class of '87, the only competing member of our college last year, received one of the medals.

NOT long since one of our students had occasion, as is often the case, to "make up" a term's work in a certain study, during vacation. Having several weeks to devote to the work, he began diligently to study, and having no irrelevant or conflicting lines of thought, soon became deeply interested in the work. He procured books from the library for parallel reading, and when the work was finished, declared that he had enjoyed the work better and learned more from it than he could have done if he had pursued the usual course.

There is an idea contained in this that is perhaps new, and may seem at

first sight visionary. We have never known such a course to be pursued in any college, and doubtless there would be serious objections on some other grounds, but there certainly could not fail to be an advantage derived from so dividing our work that we should give a certain length of time, say a third of a term, to the pursuit of one study only. Then, having mastered that, or done the equivalent of a term's work, turn to another with the evident advantage and recreation of a change in line of thought. Thus the whole energy could be directed into one channel, and the student, if he be a real student, would become full of the subject for the time, and thus obtain the greatest good, for concentration means power, and power rightly applied means execution.

THE visionary says: If the wealth of the country be equally divided among its citizens, all men will be equal. He forgets that the inequality between the rich and the poor is far less than between the wise and the ignorant. Give the poor man a few dollars and cents and he will be the equal of the rich.

But how wide is the difference, in thought, aspiration, often in motive, between the learned and the illiterate, Anerbach says: "Culture makes men unequal. There must some day be a system of culture which will make men equal; then only the right and true." The question which confronts the college graduate is not, how can I best show my superiority over the unlearned; but, how can I make my

knowledge most efficient in helping my less fortunate brothers and sisters. This question has been partially answered by the young women in the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford. Preliminary meetings have been held at Cambridge, towards forming a Woman's University Association for work in the poorer districts of London. It is proposed that a house be rented and maintained as the residence of educated women, whose business it shall be to promote the welfare of the poor women about them. As a union of college students for the purpose of educating and uplifting suffering women, this plan presents a new feature of charitable work. Whether or not it be practicable to form such an association, in this country, is a question for consideration. In any case, the spirit which prompted it is worthy of cultivation among all American college girls.

"H— is a good speaker, but he is nothing else," said a friend in conversation, the other day. Such a remark is the outgrowth of a wrong conception of what is needful to make a good speaker.

A person can bring out of a selection only what is in himself. Possessing a fairly good voice and some power of mimicry, he may, it is true, engage an elocution teacher to tow him into port, but his safe arrival attests nothing concerning his own ability as a helmsman. It is an error to draw conclusions from the efforts of a mere mimic.

The test of a good speaker is not so much what he can do under the instruction of another, as what he can do

by himself. It is not what he may receive, but what he has to impart.

Instruction is necessary at first, and the best is always the cheapest; but the good received is determined, not by what can be done with a single selection, but by what is assimilated for all time. If a man can do nothing else, he cannot speak. The good speaking, poor scholar does not exist.

Sometimes, however, a good scholar may be a poor speaker; but this seeming exception to the general rule always indicates a weakness of body or of character.

Those who suffer from nervous debility are really unfortunate; but they are the only ones who have a right to the name of good scholar, if, at the same time, they are forced to acknowledge themselves poor speakers.

The ability to speak well is not a mere accomplishment. It is a necessity to the most efficient work, and no student can afford to slight any opportunity for that cultivation of voice and mind requisite to the right interpretation of good authors. No time for rhetorical is usually no inclination for them, and unless a pupil has gained a high standing in this department by previous work, he wrongs himself to make such an excuse.

I REALLY believe they are doing more for their young men down there than we are up at Harvard." So Edward Everett Hale commends Bates. Our *Alma Mater* has done all this for us on an endowment which, by comparison with that of other institutions, appears not half adequate. By

what sacrifices of friends and faculty the almost miracle has been wrought, it is not our present purpose to record.

We now rejoice in the prospect of seeing the endowment of our beloved Bates doubled. The Belcher will, recently sustained at court, secure us property that will net at least \$40,000. The Wood will, still waiting the action of the Massachusetts courts, assign us \$35,000. Mr. Cobb pledges \$25,000 and a Boston gentleman \$30,000 more, payable as soon as \$75,000 are raised among other friends of the college. Of the \$75,000 that are the condition of these large gifts, \$25,000 are already raised. Dr. Cheney and Prof. Chase expect \$25,000 more from friends with whom they hold correspondence. This leaves a critical \$25,000 to be provided for, the raising of which will secure \$130,000.

The following plan has been adopted for securing this \$25,000. The sum is to be used to endow a professorship, to be named the Fullonton professorship, in honor of our noble veteran, the grand old man-genius, that, turning his back on wealth and honor, has given his whole life to serving as an educator among us. Any person that now gives \$1,000 not only helps to secure the \$130,000 and endow the Fullonton Professorship, but may, if he please, have also the privilege of naming a scholarship. Every person giving any amount, from one dollar upward, will receive a certificate of the gift, measuring 11 x 14 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches, suitable for framing, and bearing a fine steel engraving, which is an excellent likeness of the venerable doctor. Or if any prefer the

engraving with no certificate upon it, they will have their choice. Seven thousand six hundred and fifteen dollars remain to be paid on the alumni note. An arrangement with the Trustees is expected, by which all gifts of alumni toward the present object can be endorsed as payments on the note. And they will now be worth several times as much as payments made at another time. Money should be sent to Addison Small, treasurer of the college, to be addressed at the Manufacturers and Mechanics' National Bank of Lewiston. Send your full name so as to have it engrossed upon your certificate.

WITH this number the present Board of Editors close their labors upon the *STUDENT*. The new board has been elected, and, judging the future by the past, the *STUDENT* will not suffer by the change. It is one of the evils of having all the editors appointed from one class that the editors are all without any experience whatever. But usually the new board make up in enthusiasm what they lack in experience, and no serious results are manifest. When we undertook our labors the only promise we made was that we should endeavor to have the paper represent the college and not a class. Whether we have succeeded or not we leave our readers to judge. Our aim has been to voice the sentiments of our alumni and of every class in college. If we have failed in doing this, it is because they refused to accept the privileges offered them.

We have tried to make the paper interesting to alumni by an increased

number of "Alumni Personals," and "Communications." To this end many letters have been written to our graduates, some with doubtful success. Graduates should remember that the *STUDENT* is their paper, and that any items of interest about themselves will be read with interest by all the alumni. It was also our belief that the greater part of the writing, outside of the departments noticed, should be by undergraduates. We had hoped to induce those of other classes to write for the *STUDENT*. In this we signally failed, not having received a single contribution. This threw a great deal of work upon the editors; and no former board of editors has written so much for the *STUDENT* as the present. They did this not from choice but from necessity.

A new feature has been added to this year's *STUDENT*, that of stories. The editors of '87 offered a prize for stories, but without success. This year we have done a little better. It is a growing tendency with all college publications to give up the labored criticisms and essays upon hackneyed subjects and write stories. The lives of Shakespeare, and Milton, and Napoleon, and Adams, and Jefferson have been harped upon until editors begin to feel that it is best to let the poor men "*Requiescant in Pace*." Even the learned criticisms from the pen of ambitious Freshmen, upon the essays of Bacon and Macaulay, or upon the poetry of Tennyson and Browning, are becoming rather stale, and editors are seeking relief in stories. Whether for better or worse they seem

to be gaining ground in the college publications.

Our efforts have not been in vain, for probably no paper has received more frequent and favorable notice from the college press than the *BATES STUDENT*. Every department, at some time or other, has been favorably commented upon. We have been frequently quoted, and extracts published. And now our work is ended. With feelings of mingled joy and sadness we close our labors. Joy that we will have more time for reading and study, and will not have occasion to "flunk" so often. Sorrow as we part from the *STUDENT*, as from a friend that we have zealously watched and cared for. Our interest in it, however, does not cease. We shall ever watch its progress, hoping that future boards may raise it to a higher standard than we were able to attain.

THE thought has often occurred to us, is not this talk about the great influence of college graduates among their fellows coming to be a sounding but empty phrase. What are they doing as a distinct class, which shall warrant such an assumption? The workers in civil and religious bodies are as likely to be men who never traced a parabolic curve or conjugated a Greek verb, as those who have performed such tasks. In politics it is too often the case that the worst element in society rules, not so much because they are in a majority, as because they throw themselves into the work with more vigor. Surely if government is worth maintaining, the obligations

of citizenship are as binding upon the college graduate as upon the ignorant foreigner and workingman. Neither do the colleges and college students exert an influence for the welfare of the country which they might.

Upon the great social questions of the day there is an apathy pervading our college papers ill-becoming the institutions which they represent. It is true that we occasionally see in our exchanges a pleasingly worded article upon some phase of the social question; but they usually end with an allusion to George Washington, or an appeal to the Goddess of Liberty, to allay all strife among her children, or perchance, with a few lines of poetry. This does not hit the mark. Brilliant but specious rhetoric will never check the growth of Socialism in this country. Yet it lies within the power of college papers to do much to check its growth. By the time students gain positions upon their college papers, they have, by reading, observation, and study, gained a general knowledge of the principles of Sociology, and many have made extensive investigations in this science.

Now if concerted action could be brought about among our college papers, a respectable, nay, an influential sheet upon this science and its application to the events of the day, could be published weekly by an associated college press. Then let this paper be sent broadcast among the laboring classes. This paper should discuss the labor troubles and strikes in an impartial way: it should uphold the laborer and denounce the employer when jus-

tice demands it, or *vice versa*, and above all it should teach, in plain and simple language, the cardinal laws of well regulated society.

It is true that it would require money to carry out this scheme, but there are plenty of men in the country who would furnish the means for such an enterprise if it were once started.

Such papers as the *Arbiter Zeitung*, the *Alarm*, and the *Labor Enquirer*, filled with the most seditious articles, the most glaring falsehoods, are sent free into the homes of thousands of workingmen. Surely the so called upper classes in our country can afford to send; at least, one paper to place by the side of these.

We think this subject of forming an associated college press for the purpose of publishing a paper devoted to the labor interests of the country and to the teachings of social science, should be considered at the next meeting of college editors.

A great interest of late has been awakened among our colleges, upon the subject of foreign missions: and this is well. But, as Senator Frye remarked in his recent address at Portland, before the Home Mission Society, "we should begin at Jerusalem." Here is an opportunity for missionary work of the most practical kind. Let us embrace it.

LITERARY.

AN OPEN SECRET.

By A. C. T., '88.

The latest lingering sunset rays
Had glanced athwart the summer skies,
And Nature, in her myriad forms,
Was waiting sleep with half-closed eyes.

The last beam glimmered faintly in
Upon a chamber bare and high,
Where sat a scientist alone,
With spectroscope and lenses nigh.

Long years he'd sought with patient toil
To look beyond what man had seen,—
To open volumes ne'er unclasped,
And trace the steps where God had been.

He'd reached the verge of the unknown,
But science still stretched on before;
And like a pilgrim at a shrine,
He stood at Nature's temple door.

He bent above the instrument now,
With eager, nervous, questioning gaze,
To read the secret laws of light
Told by those fading evening rays.

He'd waited years for this one hour,
And years must pass, and boys be men
Before conditions like to these
By mortals would be seen again.

And yet 'twas slipping from his grasp;
No power of his could stay the light,
And with the sun its secret great
Was going down in deeper night.

"Oh, for one hour of daylight more,"
He cried, "to read the great unknown!
I would give years of other hours
Would Nature grant me this one boon.

"Is then the wish to know a crime,
That thus our eyes are bandaged tight?
Was man in God's own image made,
Yet must not seek diviner light?

"Unyielding Nature, can thy laws
Be never changed by him on high?
Will not the search for truth divine
The aid of Heaven justify?"

As thus disconsolate he sat,
And almost cursed the powers above,
That thus the door of knowledge closed,
And hid the truth he sought to prove,

It seemed the light returned again,
And at his side proclaimed a voice:
"One year of daylight thou shalt have,
See thou dost not regret thy choice."

One year of daylight! Wondrous boon!
How much of knowledge might be gained!

Nature would yield the secret now,
E'er night again the world enchained !

Obedient to the promise now,
The sun along its track returned,
Till in the southern sky it stood,
And like a blazing meteor burned.

The child of science quick resumed
His eager search for truths unknown;
For much must yet remain unsolved,
When years of zealous search had flown.

The secret laws of light he solved;
And still he laboring strove to know
More and yet more, as step by step
Each truth new fields of truth would show.

At length, exhausted by his toil,
He sought to gain repose in sleep;
But lo the same voice said again:
"With Nature thou must vigil keep.

"Nature foregoes her nightly rest,
For one year as a boon to thee,
Thou must not slumber in that time,
If thou the realms of truth would see."

And so the long hours came and went—
Not days and nights, for days were not;
And Nature took a deathly hue,
Like shimmering desert, dry and hot.

The air was like a furnace blast,
No nightly dews refreshed the plain;
And babbling brook and bubbling spring,
By man and beast were sought in vain.

The woods and fields were crisp and sere,
And man and beast lay down and died;
But he who'd willed this work of woe,
Though envying them, must still abide.

And through long, weary, burning hours
He looked with sleepless, haggard eye
To see this blight on Nature's face;
To see his fellow-mortals die.

"Oh, why were Nature's laws not fixed
Beyond the power of man to move
By his blind will or idle wish
The harmony designed in love?"

Thus cried the conscience-stricken man,
As on the woful scene he gazed;
Then shut his eyes to hide the sight,
And hide those dazzling, noon-tide rays.

A moment only thus he sat,
Then turned to view the scene once more;

But lo, the world was draped in night,
All star-lit as it was of yore.

He had but slept and dreamed the while;
But though his problems were unsolved,
He'd found a deeper, grander law,
By which the universe revolved.

That everywhere is harmony,
In grain of sand or blazing sun;
Each atom knows the unchanging law,
And myriad systems moved as one.

The blended tints that please the eye,
The soothing sounds that charm the ear
Own their allegiance to that law
That guides a rain-drop or a sphere.

All special laws are golden links
To make complete the chain of this
That binds the unseen to the seen,
And spans the unknown dark abyss.

No change has ever come, or will,
But in appointed, rhythmic time;
For changes are but accents in
Creation's melody sublime.

WHICH?

BY PHENIX, '88.

I.

IT was a sultry afternoon in the latter part of August, 188—. The sun threw its beams over the sparkling waves of the Atlantic, brightening up the weather-beaten sails of the returning vessels and imparting to the smoke of the outward-bound steamer a golden tinge. It was one of those days, when, after the excessive heat and toil of mid-summer, all nature seems resting. The birds twittered and chirped among the branches, and the flies buzzed lazily. The same air of indolence characterized the two young men on shore. Tom Benton lay upon the green sward, his hat over his eyes, apparently sleeping. Frank Wythe leaned over the limb of an adjoining tree and gazed out over the water, a thoughtful, troubled look

in his large hazel eyes. These young men had been close companions from childhood. They had played and studied, and almost lived together, and the following week intended to enter the same college.

"I say, Tom," said Wythe abruptly, "is there any truth in the rumor that you have broken your engagement with Miss Templeton?" The fellow addressed as Tom rolled over and rising into a sitting posture asked, "Who told you anything about it?" "That doesn't answer my question, perhaps I only imagined it. At any rate, I would like to hear the truth from you." "Well, rumor is right for once." "In the name of all that's good, how did it happen?" "It didn't happen." "You don't mean to say that you broke the engagement without cause?" "Not exactly that, and if you will restrain your impatience enough to listen I will tell you all about it. You see ever since we decided to go to college I have been thinking that it was not best for young fellows like us to be engaged. I hinted as much to her; she asked me if I was in earnest. I told her that I was. Then she fired up in a moment, and springing to her feet she drew the engagement ring from her finger and tossed it to me saying, 'Sir, you may consider yourself free.' I tried to explain but she would not listen, and with a cold 'Good-night, Mr. Benton,' left the room."

"I admire her spirit. Any girl with a proper amount of pride would have acted the same under the circumstances, but, I confess, Tom, that I am disappointed in you. It is not so light a

thing as you seem to think to trample upon a woman's affection."

"Pshaw! you don't look at it in the right light."

"If there is a right light I wish you would help me see it."

"How can I when you snap the words out of my mouth before I have time to explain anything?"

"I will be quiet," said Frank, as he seated himself on the ground in the attitude of a listener. Tom was silent for a few moments, and then began speaking as though he had arranged all his reasons in the form of an argument.

"In the first place, Frank, a boy of twenty or twenty-one is too young to know his own mind; he sees a pretty girl and immediately falls in love; then if she is as simple as he they will be engaged. Now the chances are that if they had waited five years they would see nothing to admire in each other. Then again I don't think long engagements desirable. After a couple have been engaged eight or ten years they have used up about all their sentiment, and even if they finally marry they don't live very happily together. If they separate, after such a long engagement, one of their lives has been wasted. So I think it best to break when as little damage as possible has been done.

"There are still other objections in the case of students. If a fellow is engaged to a charming girl he will have to write long letters to the fair one; have to sit with his eyes open and dream of her, or even leave his studies and make flying visits home, ostensibly

to see his mother, but in reality to get a look at his best girl. Now I have ambition. I am determined that nothing but lack of ability shall keep me from the first place in my class, unless you hold it. But my strongest reason is this. The boy that takes a college course and then follows some literary pursuit, soon outgrows the girl who graduated from the high school or academy with him. He spends several years in hard study, she spends the same years in desultory reading; the result is they grow apart. They are no longer interested in the same things. They are practically separated, and in such a union there can be no happiness. For my part, I want a wife that will be a help not a hindrance. One that will be interested in everything that interests me, and not one who thinks more of the village gossip and Mrs. A.'s new bonnet than of the affairs of state or nation. I tell you I have thought this thing over thoroughly and I can see nothing in favor, and everything against it. For a fellow of your disposition it may be all right, but I think I did the best thing under the circumstances." He paused out of breath and looked sharply at his hearer to see what had been the effect of his words.

"Handsome and heartless," thought Wythe, as he watched Benton push the wavy black hair from his broad forehead, and noted the sparkle in his coal black eyes. Neither spoke for a time, and then Wythe began slowly: "Yes, Tom, it may be best for you, but was it right? In all your argument you lay feeling aside. If you did not love the girl, nor she you, then it was both best

and right to separate. But supposing that she loves you, as I believe she does, that alters the case. Think of the pain and agony it will cause a girl of her proud, sensitive, and loving nature. Her pride will keep her from making any exhibition of her feelings, yet in secret she may suffer intensely."

"Nonsense!" interrupted Tom, starting up. "It is only in books that young ladies pine in solitude and die of broken hearts. When she is fat and forty, an affectionate wife and a model housekeeper, she will have forgotten all about our little affair, or if she happens to give it a thought, it will be a thought of our folly."

"I am afraid you are reasoning against your better self. In all your arguments there is a grain of truth, but no such weight as you attach to them. I would not advise young men about to enter college to become engaged, in fact I might even counsel the opposite, but if a young man has already been engaged that alters the question. Another factor enters into the problem, and you must then consider the interests and feelings of two instead of one. As to boys of twenty being too young to know their own minds that is sheer nonsense. You know, as well as I, that the happiest marriages result where the parties have known each other from childhood. In your reasoning against long engagements you take it for granted that one party or the other will break the engagement and thus cause irreparable evil; or you say that they will use up all their sentiment and so have none when they are married. If this is true

of engagements, it is equally true of marriages, and people should hesitate to marry lest in a few years their sentiment will be exhausted and they be rendered unhappy. You say that it will take a young man's thoughts off his studies; that he will write long letters, and dream with open eyes of the fair one. Grant all this to be true and he will not lose half the time that many unengaged young men worse than waste in senseless flirtations. Your strongest point is that the boy who goes to college is very likely to outgrow the girl that remains at home. There is a danger of that, but much depends upon the girl. There are some who will not be left behind. Although they do not have the advantages of a college training they can adopt a course of reading and obtain a fund of information that will put to shame many a college graduate. Call to mind all the college graduates of your acquaintance and then see how many of their wives are the intellectual peers of their husbands, without having enjoyed their husband's educational privileges. After all has been said, I cannot see, Tom, how either consistently or honorably you could have acted as you did."

A flush mounted to Tom's brow and an angry light shone in his eyes, but he remained silent. A painful pause followed and then Frank resumed: "I hope you will pardon me, Tom, if I have said anything to hurt your feelings, but I feel that it is a serious matter. I am engaged, as you know, and shall remain so. Time will show *which* is right."

Before Tom had time to answer a

party of young ladies accompanied by two gentlemen came down the path that led to the landing, and a chorus of voices exclaimed; "It's just too bad of you. We are only to have you for a week longer, and here you have been hiding from us like this." One of the young ladies, wearing a white flannel boating suit trimmed with red, advanced toward where Frank was sitting. She was short and wore her hair in curls down her back. Her forehead was too high for beauty, but her eyes, like a mountain lake in June, ripple and sunshine, and shadow, made one forget every other feature. This was Christine Egerton, the girl to whom Frank Wythe was engaged. As she came towards him she exclaimed: "Oh Frank, it is such a lovely afternoon and there is going to be splendid moonlight this evening, so we thought we would get up a party and make you and Tom take us for a sail down the bay to Young's Cove. We have brought lunch so that we can stay and come up by moonlight. Won't it be glorious!" and she almost danced in anticipation of the glorious time. "You'll go of course? That's a good fellow," as he sprang from the ground where he was sitting. "I knew you couldn't refuse. I tried to bring Eunice but she pleaded headache. Never knew her to have it before when a yachting party was proposed."

"Perhaps Mr. Benton could induce her to come," suggested a young lady with a turn-up nose, who had long since passed thirty, but dressed like sweet sixteen, and lisped with the innocence of childhood.

"Confound your impudence," muttered Tom, as he undid the fastenings of the yacht. "I am certain I should never try to induce *you* to go on a party."

Everything was soon in readiness, and as there was a stiff breeze they were soon flying down the bay laughing and chatting merrily. Tom, who was usually the life of every party, was silent for some time. Then with an effort he roused himself and laughed and joked with the merriest.

II.

While the yacht speeds down the bay let us turn to the home of Ennice Templeton. On an eminence commanding a fine view of the bay and surrounding country stands the residence of Squire Templeton, a wealthy ship owner. Here Ennice was born and here she had lived till every feature of the bay and surrounding landscape was as familiar as that of a friend. Her mother had died when Ennice was an infant, and her father had lavished all the wealth of his affection upon this daughter who reminded him so strongly of his departed wife. From earliest childhood her every wish had been anticipated; and yet she was not a spoiled child. Perhaps some children are harder to spoil than others. Of a naturally happy disposition her life had been one long gala day. Some called her pretty, others, handsome; and still others thought that striking was the word that best described her. Above medium height, as graceful as a birch; an abundance of dark brown hair that went back in waves from a low, broad

forehead. Dark blue eyes, that seemed black when she was excited or deeply moved. A mouth and chin that denoted both depth of affection and strength of character. "A girl in a thousand," as the towns-people put it. On this August afternoon, as she sits in her room watching listlessly the white sails that fleck the bay there is a hard cold look on her face. On her cheeks there are no traces of tears, but the most casual observer would say there were tears in her heart. A book lies open beside her but she has evidently not been reading. She continues to look out over the water until a yacht with a garnet pennant comes into view. Then she starts as though a dagger had pierced her heart. It is Tom Benton's yacht. Well she knows the merry party that are aboard, for many of the happiest hours of her happy life had been passed on that same yacht. She follows it intently with her eyes as it skims over the blue waters. It appears to be sailing in a pathway of gold as it glides along in the last rays of the setting sun. At length it suddenly disappears around a bend in the shore. As she sits watching the point where it vanished, perhaps she thinks that its sailing is typical of her own life. Yesterday she was reveling in light and sunshine; to-day she sits in solitude and despair. Unconscious of the lapse of time, she remains sitting by the open window until the old housekeeper taps gently at her door and asks if there is anything she would like for supper. Receiving a negative answer she disappears, but returns in a few moments

with a tray arranged in a most tempting manner.

"Now, darling, eat something. It will do you good," she said coaxingly.

Eunice took a sip of tea and pushed the tray away, saying, "I can't eat."

Mrs. Manson was a large motherly woman with silver-gray hair and gold-bowed spectacles. She had been in the Templeton household ever since Squire Templeton had brought home his young bride, and after the mother's death she had tried to be a mother to Eunice. Now she looked at her compassionately, and drawing a chair up to her, took one of the cold hands in her warm palm and said, "Eunice darling, won't you sit on my knee, as you used to do when a child, and tell me what's troubling you? I have tried to be a mother to you ever since your own mother placed you a tiny babe in my arms and said, 'Mary, be kind to my child, never leave her and God will bless you.' Can't you confide in an old woman like me?"

"Oh! Mrs. Manson you are very kind, but I cannot tell my trouble even to you. Leave me to-night. I want to be alone."

Mrs. Manson had discernment enough to see that her presence could do no good, so rising with a sigh, she kissed the cold forehead and murmuring, "God bless you," left the room.

The moon came up slowly, appearing to rise out of the water, and shed its pale radiance over the scene; a whip-poor-will uttered its plaintive note in a neighboring wood, and the evening breeze rustled the leaves and bore a thousand sweet perfumes in at the open

window. But unmindful of these sights and sounds Eunice remained sitting by the window, the same fixed look on her countenance. At last the sound of a guitar reached her ear, and then the well-known song:

"Love, I will love you ever!
Love, I will leave you never!
Ever to be,
Precious to me;
Never to part;
Heart bound to heart;
Love, I will love you ever!
Love, I will leave you never!
Faithful and true ever am I
Never to say good-bye!"

Floated over the silvery waters and in at the open window. Uttering a cry of pain she started up, closed the window and began pacing rapidly to and fro. How often she had played the accompaniment while a manly voice had sung those same words. How she had loved him as he sang, "Faithful and true ever am I," and yet he had given her up. For what? A mere whim or the caprice of a moment. On, far into the night she paced her room, her brain like fire, her heart like ice. Then in an agony she fell upon her knees and exclaimed, "Oh God, if there is a God, why, why should I suffer thus? What have I done in the few years of my life to deserve such punishment? I have been innocently happy, but I never willfully transgressed thy laws. Oh God, if thou hast compassion upon the sufferings of thy creatures, let me die and forget. Oh that I had died when my mother died!" Great sobs shook her frame and smarting tears rolled down her cheeks. She continued to sob for some time and then rising she threw herself upon the bed,

The ice in her heart had melted, and the shower of tears was refreshing, and soon she slept.

III.

On the week following the scenes narrated in our last chapter, the boys entered college. As both were interested in study and expected to make their way in the world by the use of their brains, they applied themselves diligently. There were the usual rivalries and petty jealousies, but by their straightforward, manly conduct, they won many friends. If they could not be popular by doing the right thing then they would forever remain unpopular.

Benton was respected because of his ability and because few cared to encounter the sting of his sarcasms; but of real warm friends he had few. He thought more of saying something sharp and witty than of its effect on the feelings of others, and as a result he was feared rather than loved. While all acknowledged that he was "smart," few would have been willing to make any great sacrifice in his behalf.

Wythe was exactly his opposite in this respect. Of a naturally kind disposition, he hated to see any one suffer, and hence avoided saying or doing anything that would cause others pain. Instead of laughing at the mistakes of others, he stood ready to help, and as a result, any of the boys who were in trouble over their lessons, or for any other cause would go to Wythe. In fact so well established did his reputation for helping and advising become that the boys laughingly dubbed him "Father Wythe." Though not so bril-

liant a scholar as Benton, who stood first in the class, by steady perseverance he stood second, and found time for considerable outside reading. Benton, on account of his good looks and musical ability, was a favorite in society. The numerous invitations to balls and parties would have no doubt lured him from his studies to an alarming extent had it not been for the example of his room-mate, Wythe.

It had been agreed upon by Wythe and Christine Egerton, that he should write her accounts of all the studies he took and the books he read. This he did, and she in turn bought translations of all the classics and read them in order that she might understand all his allusions to Latin and Greek authors. She had studied French at school and continued her studies in that language. A German teacher coming to town, she availed herself of the opportunity and began the study of German, that she might surprise Frank when he came home. So deligent was she in these self-imposed tasks that in everything but the higher mathematics and rhetoric she was fully his equal.

Thus the first two years of college life passed pleasantly away. Toward the end of the Junior year the "Oratorical Contest" was to be held. This event was always of interest to the college world. Two were chosen from each of the four colleges of the State to compete for a gold medal and a prize of \$100. Wythe and Benton had been chosen to represent their college in this contest. On the evening of the contest the largest church in town was crowded with a very intelligent audi-

ence. Large delegations had come from the different colleges, and nearly every one present wore the colors of the college they hoped to see victorious. As usual in such audiences the young ladies were the most numerous.

Christine Egerton had come that she might hear the speakers, especially the one that interested her most. She wore Frank's college and class colors, garnet and blue. As Frank was the last speaker on the programme he took a seat among the audience with Christine. The speaking was uniformly good. What one speaker lacked in delivery he made up in composition and *vice versa*, making it extremely difficult to decide which was best. As Frank listened to one speaker after another he became nervous. He felt that his own production was far inferior to some he had listened to, and he was certain that his delivery would be faulty. He did not care so much for the prize as for the disappointment awaiting the little girl by his side. The very thought of it made his lips dry and his throat parched. Just then it was Benton's turn to speak, and in interest for his friend he forgot himself. Benton's subject was the "Power of Ambition." No sooner had he stepped upon the platform and begun to speak, than his clear ringing tones commanded attention. Those who had appeared bored sat up and listened, while the well-rounded periods of his oration came forth in rich full tones. The audience testified their appreciation by a round of applause. Undoubtedly he had been the best yet. His composition betokened much thought, and showed that he had not

merely touched, but mastered his subject. His appearance on the stage and manner of delivery were above criticism. Yet you felt, rather than knew, that something was lacking. Though the speaker had charmed he had not drawn.

Other speakers followed and then, as his turn approached, Wythe rose to go to the ante-room, but not before a light hand was laid on his arm and a sweet voice whispered, "Remember I have faith in my boy." As he came upon the platform, his knees trembled, and he felt as though every word of his oration had gone from him. His subject was "The Value of Sentiment." When he saw the crowd of expectant faces, brought to perfect silence by his momentary pause, he began in wavering tones. Then, catching a glimpse of Christine's pale, anxious face, he forgot himself, the whole oration flashed through his mind; he felt it in every limb and tingling in his finger tips. The waver went from his voice and the words came forth like living fire. An old man near the door, who had sat with closed eyes all the evening, opened his eyes and then his mouth. The little boys in the back gallery ceased giggling and whispering and fixed their eyes upon the speaker. Step by step he carried his hearers with him, showing that everything humane, everything grand, everything noble, everything that makes this life border upon the sublime, is inspired by lofty sentiments. His sentences were not smooth and polished, but sharp and jagged, like the lightning's flash that instantaneously reveals a whole landscape. He

had finished, and was stepping from the platform, before the audience recovered from the spell that bound them, then followed such applause as had never been heard in that holy place.

The committee of award retired, but the chairman returned in a few moments and reported. "Your committee take great pleasure in awarding the medal and prize to Frank Wythe of — College." Another round of applause greeted this decision, and the audience rose to depart, feeling that for once the committee had made a just award.

Tom Benton was the first to offer his congratulations, for, to his honor be it said, he felt no jealousy at the success of his friend. Frank worked his way through the crowd, unmindful of the congratulations that were showered upon him, till he stood by the side of Christine. Her cheeks were no longer pale, and tears of joy filled her eyes. She grasped his arm convulsively and said: "Oh, Frank, I'm so glad. You did splendidly. I knew you would get it."

"I'm glad for your sake, but I'm sorry for Tom; he cares more for such honor than I."

Many eyes were fixed upon the many form of the successful orator and the little girl that clung so confidently to his arm; and many were heard to exclaim: "Don't they look happy?" As they were leaving the church a little rag-a-muffin in the crowd cried out: "I say, mister, you had to speak well 'cause you girl was here, di'n't yer?" A laugh from the crowd was the only answer; but Frank felt

in his heart of hearts that the boy spoke the truth.

IV.

Ten years have come and gone since the night of the "Oratorial Contest." Benton had graduated first and Wythe second in their class. Wythe studied medicine. His friends, because of his ability as a speaker, urged him to study law, but he had laughingly answered that he preferred to set the bones and heal the wounds of society, rather than to plead cases and bleed his clients afterwards. So he had studied medicine, and was at this time married and comfortably settled in his native town. His practice was large, as every one liked to see his pleasant face and hear his hearty laugh. "It did them more good than medicine," they said.

Benton had studied law. His fastidious nature revolted at the thought of going about among the poor and sick; exposing one's self to all forms of disease. He did not relish the thought of dealing out powders and pills to cure the imaginary pains and aches of all the old ladies in town. Then the law offered a wider field for his ambition. His success had been remarkable, and already he was retained as counsel by many rich corporations. It was in this capacity that he about this time visited a Southern city. As he started to cross the street one day, a runaway horse attached to a heavy dray dashed around the corner, knocking him down. His head struck the curb-stone and the dray passed over his leg, causing a bad break. He was picked up for dead, and, as he was an entire stranger, taken to the city hospital. There his wounds

were dressed and every remedy applied to restore him to consciousness. For days his life was despaired of, and in addition to all the rest of his ills a raging fever set in. At times he would be arguing in court, and again he would talk of the scenes of his boyhood.

Through all his delirium he was dimly conscious of a soft hand that bathed his brow and administered cooling potions. One morning as he awoke to consciousness he beheld the nurse kneeling as if in prayer, and wondered if it was part of a nurse's duties to pray for her patients. When she arose and turned toward him, he uttered a cry of surprise. The nurse's cap and hospital dress could not disguise that form and face. It was Eunice Templeton. Her hair, already mixed with gray, was combed back from her temples and concealed beneath her cap. He attempted to speak, but she silenced him by saying, "Not now; some other time when you are stronger."

Through all the days of his convalescing he watched the form that glided so noiselessly upon its errands of mercy. Her presence seemed to calm and soothe the sufferers, and were she absent for a short time, he could hear them anxiously inquiring for her. During those long days he had time to think as he had never thought before. Often he wondered what the feelings could have been that induced her to bury herself in a city hospital. He knew that he had been the cause of this change, and his conscience smote him for what he had done. His old love returned; no, not his old love, but a stronger, more ardent affection.

When he was able to sit up he told her of this love, and urged her to leave this place and go with him to the home he would prepare for her. It would be the constant aim of his life to make her happy. She quietly answered that she *was* happy. He appealed to her former love for him, but she silenced him by a look, and then continued:

"I had supposed this subject to be forever sealed, and had hoped never to speak of it again. When you were brought here my heart was moved with pity, and I cared for you as best I could; but I would have rendered a similar service to the meanest of God's creatures who had been brought here in a suffering condition. Don't think I took care of you because I loved you; that was past. Once I loved you with all the strength and fervor of a woman's devotion. You were the idol of my heart. In my thoughts by day and dreams by night you were always present. You have no need that I should tell you how it all ended. In a moment the idol was shattered, the dream vanished. Did I blame you? No. After the first stings of wounded pride and affection were over, I thought that you had acted for the best; that I would only be a hindrance to you. For a time I rebelled, and even prayed that I might die. But grief does not kill the young and strong. At last I yielded to God's will and found peace. Then I conceived the idea of being a nurse, that I might be of some use in the world. My father objected, but when he saw that I was determined he yielded to my wishes. I came to the hospital, and the love that I had lavished upon you

went out toward all suffering creatures. The love for the individual was changed into love for the race. I love my work here and have no desire to change. You may think it strange that I should love a work where there is nothing but suffering and death. That is not all, however. Here I can be sister, mother, and wife, to the poor sufferers. When I see the joy and peace that illumines the face of some dying sinner as I point him to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world, I am repaid. The looks of gratitude I receive from day to day are dearer to me than all the honors of the world."

He tried to show her that she could do equal good if she were his wife, and promised to aid her in any good work she might wish to undertake. But she shook her head and said:

"It is thirteen years since I left what you call the world; here I am happy, and here I intend to remain till God shall call me hence. Nothing can change my decision, and I hope you will not pain me by speaking about this subject again."

He knew that her answer was final, and with a sad heart found the way to his hotel. There Wythe found him the next day and upbraided him soundly for not letting him know sooner of his accident.

"Now," said he, "you must go home with me and stay till you are perfectly recovered from the effects of this accident."

Together they left that Southern city. Frank wondered at his friend's silence, but attributed it all to his recent illness.

At length Benton told of his meeting with Eunice, and added:

"You remember that talk we had before entering college? Well, you were right. I trampled upon the best feelings of my nature, and have lived to suffer for it. A small measure of the suffering I then caused her I suffer now."

A short time after they arrived at Frank's home, where Mrs. Wythe—our old friend, Christine Egerton—waits to greet them. When in the early twilight they gather round the tea-table, Tom watches her, as with housewifely grace she presides over the meal, and notices the look of happy pride in Frank's eyes. A laughing boy of three, christened Thomas Benton Wythe, sits by his mother's side. She thinks he is the perfect image of his father, and the father thinks he looks exactly like the mother. Probably he resembles both. As Benton sits in this cheerful family circle, he has no trouble in deciding *which was right*.

HYPOCRITES.

I am a hypocrite—so are you;
One self is worn exposed to view,
But deep within each secret heart
Is a self from which we never part.
I am more and less than I seem to you,
For I must to my deeper self be true.

But in my books I sometimes find
The inmost depths of some great man's mind;
The seeming self that men used to greet
They buried with him like a winding sheet.
"We shall know him no more," they foolishly said,
And they left us the man when they buried the dead.

DYNAMICS OF ACHIEVEMENT.

By G. W. S., '88.

ONE beautiful afternoon about one hundred and ten years ago, at a home on a pleasant isle of the sea, a boy of perhaps eight summers was standing beside his mother's knee, listening to the story of great revolutions. As he heard, for the first time, of the rise and fall of empires, and the great achievements of Cyrus, Alexander, and Cæsar, his face flushed with an aspiration that was to shape the whole tenor of his after life.

How slight an act can leave upon a soul an impression that shall go with it through life; and perhaps not be effaced even in the eternity beyond!

But we turn the pages, recording the events of forty-four years of history; and the story closes with a scene upon another island. Here lies a dying man; and as the watchers bend over his couch, they learn from his delirious murmurings that he imagines himself far away, amid the tumult of battle. A gasp, a shudder, and the life of Napoleon Bonaparte, a life that for twenty years was fraught with the destinies of a continent, is ended.

The events that intervened between that scene on the sunny isle of the sea and this death on the lone, wave-washed island of the ocean, present a striking example of the course of all human achievements, and lead us to ask in what does success in life consist?

Now the first fact with which we become familiar in regard to life, wherever we find it, is development. The minute plant of a single pair of leaves devel-

ops into the sturdy oak. So, too, the tiny organism of the child increases in stature and culminates in perfect manhood. When we study the inner principle of man we find the same fact of development; but, while with unvarying exactitude the cycles of nature revolve, because their operations are under the control of the Infinite, the success of man's existence is governed by conditions measurably in the power of man himself.

Much depends upon a man's idea of success. The idea that one person has of a perfect man may be a well developed physique. He will spend a great amount of time in athletic training. The money-maker's theory of success is the acquisition of a fortune. We often see men so engrossed with business that they exclude almost everything else from their thoughts. The most eminent of the five Rothschild brothers, in speaking of his children, said: "I wish them to give mind, and soul, and heart, and body—everything to business. That is the way to be happy." Yet at another time, when some one said to him: "You must be a very happy man." "Me happy!" said he, and then disclosed that over the head of the money-king, of whom it has been said that he had more power than any ruler in Europe, hung the sword of Damocles.

But the most common idea of a successful man is that he is one who has surpassed all competitors, and gained the goal of his ambition. Now the highest aspiration of the modern Epicurean is selfish enjoyment. Let the man develop according to his concep-

tion of life, remove restraint, and give him power enough, and you have a Domitian. Yet, according to the common definition, his life was a success. The boy that with ruthless tread stamps the harmless insect into the ground, and when a little older walks the street with a swagger and a leer, prophesies his own future. When, in the past, by the turn of ambition and intrigue, he has become the absolute ruler of a nation, he has darkened the pages of history as a Nero or a Caligula. But they gained their ambition, and according to the common definition were successful.

This definition is based upon the external alone, and does not hold true unless the ambition is the highest and noblest the person is capable of achieving. As all plant and animal life only when fully developed subserves the highest use for which it was designed, so only when a man attains the highest possibilities of his nature is he truly successful.

Is it true, as our modern fatalists tell us, that a man's life is irrevocably shaped by his predisposition? No! All men are born with better possibilities than, like a Nero or a Caligula, to be a curse to the world. What is true is, that each person has the power of forming such an ideal as he will, and that in the development of the faculties the character will be molded to this conception of success. Hence the importance of a lofty ideal. The noblest of all ideals embodies a man's duty as derived from the capabilities of his threefold nature—physical, intellectual, and spiritual. He who has an

imperfect ideal will have a character dwarfed in some particulars. Thus Napoleon, while he was a genius, and could accomplish feats that no man had ever done before, was almost devoid of moral greatness. So, too, when we read the works of Byron, while we are impressed with the fact that Byron had a colossal intellect, at the same time there remains the feeling that he lacked something which belongs to such natures as his. But he who has an idea that leads to the expansion of every phase of his nature susceptible of development will have a well rounded, symmetrical character. We can conceive of no loftier ideal than the Christian criterion. It embodies all others. He who aspires to it will be "Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

The time in life at which the ideal is conceived will modify the success of the man. Schliemann's father "inspired him at an early age with an enthusiastic admiration of the heroes of ancient Greece." In those early years, as the boy read of the Trojan home of Æneas, he aspired to lift the veil of mystery enshrouding its real fate and location. Though he was left to fight his own way in the world at the age of fourteen, he overcame all difficulties, amassed a fortune, and devoted it to his cherished plan. The world, to-day, recognizes Schliemann as a successful man. And Napoleon, from the time when he marshaled his Corsican playmates in miniature battle, down to the last great conflict of his life, thought and dreamt only of war and conquest. His ideal was that of great generalship.

The fact that the allied powers of all Europe trembled at the name of the "Child of Destiny," even when the eternal waves of old ocean beat upon the rocks of his island prison-home, attests the efficiency of his early aspiration in shaping his success as a general.

The common definition says that Napoleon failed; but it is far better to have attempted something great and failed, than never to have attempted anything. History says that he failed because a storm delayed the battle of Waterloo; but if his life was a failure, it was a failure before the eighteenth of June, 1815. His life would have been one of the grandest successes had he conceived of an object worthy of his possibilities. He who aims at nothing higher than material success fails utterly to understand the meaning of life. "There are two aspects to all material successes," says Higginson, "they are sublime or base only as they prepare the way for higher triumphs or displace them." We say with Mrs. Alden, "God bless the souls who, capable of rising to the heights which belong to immortality, yet think of fire and dinner." But he who narrows his idea of grand achievements down to the gaining of personal worldly good or honor, never half appreciates the life God has given him. It is true the prosaic and the sublime mingle with every step of life. Over the head of the common laborer the heavens bend their myriads of miracles, while beneath his feet the earth and sea roll up a myriad more; but there are few who like Hugh Müller, while for their daily bread delving in the earth, divine its secrets.

A young man can not indeed understand life in all its bearings. One must needs live his life before he gains its experiences; yet he can nourish the inborn aspiration to live grandly the one life which he has. To live grandly! "The sublimest thing a man can do is to do his duty." Says Davenport Adams: "That situation which has not its duty, its ideal, was never yet occupied by man."

But aspiration alone was never efficient in causing a man to achieve anything. It simply gives the distinctive form to the character. All men have their dreams of future greatness; and it is the experience of all that there is a vast difference between dreams of life and its realities. The perfected statue arouses the emulation of the would-be sculptor, but to the uninitiated retains no sign of the hard blows, and of the skill of the master hand which produced it. Fortunate he who learns early that "Life is real, life is earnest," and goes out to its difficulties with the power to overcome them. The secret of this power is the much sought philosopher's stone, which turns the moments of its possessor's life into golden benefits.

Genius and talents are not the open sesame at which the hidden treasures of life are invariably revealed. Aaron Burr was so highly gifted that he was for a time the pet of the highest social circles of our country. But what of his life? And Benedict Arnold, the Alcibiades of America, was a genius.

We are often called upon to notice the effect of money or influence upon the preferences of men, especially in

the political world; and as often we are impressed with the truth of what Sigismund told the courtier who begged that he would ennoble him: "I can give you privileges and fiefs, but I can not make you noble." Money or influence can raise a man to a position of honor or trust, but neither ever yet made a man honorable or trustworthy.

The world expects the educated man to be successful, and facts show that the expectation is well founded; but it does not follow that education is the absolute condition of success, or that no uneducated man can be successful. Stephenson did not know his letters until he was eighteen years old and learned that the engines of Watt were described in books. No matter how many A.B.'s, A.M.'s, and LL.D.'s you string on to a man's name, or how much you give him of what these titles signify, his success depends upon the same important condition as that of every other man.

What is the difference in two men of equal wealth, talent, and education, that causes the one to hold through life a position as leader of a choir in a country parish, while the other is called to sit on the queen's bench of judges; between that very numerous class, smart young men, and a Gladstone?

Cyrus, Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, Napoleon, Grant,—yes, all the great characters down through the ages—what of them? They were all men of honest, steadfast purposes. For a man without a purpose you may examine history almost in vain. It is not concerned with him. Louis XVI.

of France, of whom it might well be said, "Unstable as water thou shalt not excel," is perhaps the best example. A harmless man who always took his color from circumstances, he paid the penalty for his inconstancy, and the guillotine, with its hideous spectacle, added one more to the catalogue of the crimes of the French people.

Sir Henry Taylor was surely right when he said that the man most worthy of respect is the one who knows himself; and knows the ways before him; and from among them chooses considerately; and, having chosen, with a steadfast mind pursues his purpose.

Energy, diligence, self-denial, self-reliance, courage, and decision of character are all qualities that enrich the soul and enhance its possibilities; but did you ever see a roadstead full of vessels, all becalmed, the sails flapping listlessly hither and you? Suddenly out of the harbor steams a little tug boat, and those vessels move steadily up to the wharves. A definite purpose is the motive power at whose coming all the faculties which a man possesses fall into line. It causes a concentration of all the powers upon the one leading aim. Every alternative is tried by the criterion of its adaptability to this aim. Every student knows that all intellectual achievement depends upon the capability of adapting one's self to the matter under consideration, and being withdrawn from every distracting circumstance. This is true of all achievement. A steady pursuit of any mechanical occupation ensures success in it; just so success, in its broadest sense, is dependent upon the

training resulting from a steady pursuit of some particular line of action.

One of the richest endowments of mankind is their capability of conceiving of lofty ideals. From the materials of the past the mind of the child weaves an image of its own future. It bridges the chasm of unknown difficulties and hindrances, and determines the goal of its present existence.

The aspiration of the most of mankind is excelsior. Few are so debased that this aspiration is entirely extinguished; and fewer still, so exalted but, that Alexander-like, they long for other worlds to conquer. The saddest of all sights is that of a young man without a purpose—a young man deprived of this enthusiasm, the natural heritage of youth. This life is exalted by standing at the entrance of an eternity. He is wise who so conceives of its glory that, when he is called "to go the way of all the earth," it shall not be said of his life:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"

TRUE FUNCTION OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY L. A. F., '88.

IF the young man of to-day is unable to distinguish between the noble and the base, it is because our public schools have not the right aim. The course of study, the school discipline, the teacher's energy are all directed to mental culture—and mental culture alone. But what does a trained intellect amount to, if not used rightly? If a man is bad, knowledge gives him but

greater power for evil. Can arithmetic make a true man of a boy cradled in crime? Alas! how many bright boys educated at the public expense prove a curse rather than a blessing!

Far different would it be, if the end of all education were moral culture; if our schooling taught us how to be good and useful. Good and useful! They are simple words, but the grandest men have never gone beyond them. Would that teachers and parents might unite in considering morality the highest good! Our schools would then produce men with intensity of convictions, with an interest in their country; men whose lives would find an end, not in themselves, but in others.

What is culture, but obedience? A person is physically and mentally cultured when his muscles and intellect are perfectly under the control of his will. A man has moral culture when his will is under the control of his higher nature.

If, then, to make good citizens is the object of our public schools, the first thing to be taught children is self-government. Despotism in the school-room is not a fitting preparation for the freedom of a republic.

"Well, Sadie, did the teacher keep you pretty straight to-day?" "Why, no; of course not; we kept ourselves straight." This child had reached the ideal of school government. Better for both teacher and scholar than a blind, unreasoning obedience is the obedience springing from a sense of duty. To know right from wrong is of more value than to know an isthmus from a strait.

How is the teacher to show his pu-

pils the difference between right and wrong? By considering every circumstance in a moral light; by a sympathetic appreciation of all the good in his pupils; and, chiefly, by example. If a teacher neglects to perform his own school work, he gives his scholars a lesson in unfaithfulness, which they are sure to follow. What shall we think of those teachers who purposely allow children to attend school week after week without reciting. Because a scholar cannot do as good work as some of his classmates, is he to be taught idleness instead!

If a teacher does not really believe and practice what he preaches, his words are fruitless. Moral lectures from those who are "so pious and good Sunday night, and just as ugly Monday morning," influence scholars only for evil; for children are the severest of all judges; they look through appearances into motives. Expecting perfection, they make no excuses. A mere look of sorrow has more influence for good than a flogging given in a spirit of revenge.

Above all, let a teacher never be unjust. Many a man can trace his downfall to some teacher's unjust censure. Justice and appreciation are as necessary to the child as the sunshine to the bud.

The true teacher's heart is in his work. The grandeur of the work gives him the highest of all inspirations. If, for any reason, a teacher comes to hate his work and his scholars, it is his imperative duty to leave the school-room.

But, if a teacher is a real Christian,

realizing that in every act and word he is influencing the character of his pupils for good or evil, they will not fail to detect and honor his motives. Their spiritual natures will be so awakened that they can discern the clean from the unclean, the noble from the base, and looking through all forms, test everything by its intrinsic worth.

THE TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW OF THE AMERICAN LABORER.

By F. W. O., '88.

THE laborer and the capitalist, throughout our country, stand to-day in most startling attitudes, each eyeing the other with grim hatred. The most peaceful relation anywhere existing between them is one of armed truce that may be broken at a moment's warning.

This conflict not only deserves but demands our attention, for our own welfare as well as that of the coming generations. The result depends upon the ability and strength of the parties, but above all upon the justness of their demands.

The continued oppression of the American laborer by the capitalist has not only crushed much of his self-respect, but dishonored his name by associating it with orders too base to have the name of any respectable man.

Collectively the workingmen can accomplish wonders: individually they can do nothing. But unless they are banded for other purposes than these organizations show, for 'tis by their fruits we know them, is not their course downward? When Henry George de-

fiantly steps out and says, "All that is necessary to social regeneration is included in the motto of those Russian patriots, sometimes called nihilists: 'Land and Liberty,'" thus recommending a confiscation of the land, 'tis time free-born men asserted their rights, for is not land ownership the reward of labor and not the robbery of labor? To destroy private ownership of land would be the very suicide of labor.

"The Knights of Labor" were organized to benefit the laborer. That purpose has been accomplished and their work is nearly done, for they have assumed authority no man or organization has a right to exercise. The founders of the order were men of high principle, but the United States is absorbing most ignorant and degraded peasantry of Europe, who for generations have been taught to hate those above them: and 'tis this class that now form the larger part of the organization.

When a man receives the order "not to work," is it not just the same to him whether it comes from a czar, a satrap, or a master workman? Our laws do not recognize the right for a man to sell himself into slavery; and the man who surrenders his own natural rights, encroaches not only upon himself but upon such of his fellows as cannot join him.

The questions every thoughtful mind should ask are: How long is such strife to continue? Is this to go on till the laborer ceases to be a man and becomes a slave? Is all self-respect to be crushed within him? Is the sacredness of his home and his God to be forgotten?

There are many hopeful indications. Philanthropy is lending itself to the laborer's aid. The educated of our country offer him sympathy and friendly counsel. The laborer is listening and gradually coming to believe. We are beginning to say with Carlyle, "Two men I honor and no third: first is the toil-worn craftsman, that with earth made implements laboriously conquers the earth and makes her man's; second, him who is seen toiling for the spiritual indispensables, not for the daily bread, but for the bread of life, and to exclaim with Alexander, 'It is a slavish thing to luxuriate and a most royal thing to labor.'"

The work of the Knights of Labor is nearly done. The corrupt elements have overbalanced the good. Its original purpose was to uplift. Truth will not die, but because of corruption it must take another form. Therefore this order has been the forerunner and founder of a better, whose aim shall be, not to consider the outward appendages, but the inward and true worth. Here man shall stand on his own ground and take his place among men, according to personal worth. When communities shall furnish themselves with such means of improvement, will not the laborer, in one generation, show himself the noblest type of man? What the laborer wants, is not shorter hours nor larger wages; it is a part ownership in the world's tools; a share in the profits of the world's industry, and a voice in its control.

The solution of this important question cannot be arrived at by the banding together of laborers for the encour-

agement of strikes and boycotts in attempts to force the capitalist ; neither in the organization of capitalists to overwhelm the workingmen or to supplant them by inferior imported labor.

When co-operation, rather than compulsion, shall be the aim ; when common interests prevail ; when all men are looked upon with reverence ; when the sole power shall be the recognition of the immortal and the true, then shall God's will be done, in the life and in the well-being of all His creatures.

COMMUNICATION.

A VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON.

To the Editors of the Student :

"A visit to the National Capitol is but half made," says Everett, "unless it includes the home and tomb of Washington." And so having explored Washington and paid our respects to the President, we of course set out on a pilgrimage to Mount Vernon, the Mecca of all loyal Americans.

Mount Vernon is situated on the right bank of the Potomac, about seventeen miles below Washington. It was originally the property of Lawrence Washington, the elder brother of George, who came into possession of it on the death of the former. It was named in honor of the gallant Admiral Vernon of the British navy, under whom Lawrence had served.

The Mount Vernon estate, which now contains only about two hundred acres, was in Washington's day a princely domain of 8,000 acres, a real old-time Virginia plantation. After the estate passed out of the Washington

family it was for many years neglected, the buildings became somewhat dilapidated, and the mansion was despoiled of much of its original furniture. In 1857 the property came into the possession of the Woman's National Mount Vernon Association, since which time the estate has been profitably cultivated, the buildings restored, and the grounds well kept.

After an hour's delightful sail down the Potomac, the tolling of the bell and the hoisting of the flag announced our approach to the home of Washington. As the old mansion house appeared through the greenery of the high wooded bluff on which it is situated, the view fully sustained Washington's claim, that "no estate in America is more pleasantly situated."

Passing up from the landing through a small ravine containing several weeping willows brought from the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena, our guide conducted us to the tomb of Washington. With uncovered heads we gathered about the spot where reposes the mortal remains of him who was called "the friend of liberty and of man." It is said that during the civil war the unarmed pickets of both armies often met before this tomb, leaving their arms at whatever point they entered the sacred domain, sometimes at the porter's lodge, three-quarters of a mile away ; the only spot where they could meet as brothers.

Within the tomb may be seen two marble sarcophagi, one containing the remains of General Washington, the other those of his wife. The double iron gates before the vault have not

been opened since 1837, when they were finally locked, and for greater security the key thrown into the Potomac.

Passing on up the hill by the old tomb which held the remains of Washington for thirty years, until they were removed to the new vault, we came out upon the well-kept lawn in front of the mansion, which slopes down to the bluff overlooking the river.

The mansion itself is a two and a half story wooden house, cut and painted to resemble stone, and built in the substantial style of old colonial days. Along its river front of one hundred feet extends a broad piazza, paved with flag stones brought from the Isle of Wight, while from it rise large square pillars supporting the projecting roof. Here it is said the guests were wont to assemble before dinner was announced, "the ladies partaking of choice pickles by way of an appetizer, while the gentlemen quaffed rare old Maderia from straw-stemmed glasses."

Since the ladies' association assumed control of the estate the mansion has been restored and refurnished as near as possible as it was when the Washington family occupied it. The furnishing is all antique, and nearly every article has some interesting historical association connected with it. All the rooms contain Washington relics, some of great value. To protect this property from vandals and relic-hunters with their passion for souvenirs, it has been found necessary to forbid visitors entering the rooms, which are guarded by gates at the doorways, over which one may look at the interior.

From the piazza we enter the main hall which extends through the house from front to rear. On the outer door still hangs the ponderous brass knocker which has been lifted by so many illustrious guests, while on the step outside the door is the identical "scraper" to which Mistress Washington, good house-wife that she was, may sometimes have found it necessary to call the attention of her spouse, before he ventured upon her well-polished floors. The key of the Bastile, which was presented to Washington by Lafayette, after his order to demolish the old prison, has never been removed from the glass casket on the wall where Washington himself placed it. On the opposite side of the hall in a handsomely mounted case hangs the sword worn by Washington at Braddock's defeat.

In the music room is the harpsicord which Washington gave as a bridal present to his adopted daughter, Nellie Curtis, and which he had ordered from London, at a cost of one thousand dollars, an elegant piece of furniture in its day. All the ivory from the keys and the inlaid brass work of the frame have now been picked off and carried away as souvenirs. Upon this instrument lies Washington's silver mounted rosewood flute upon which he was wont to accompany the harpsicord under the skillful fingers of Miss Curtis.

Here are the original writing desk, clock, and spinning wheel used by Martha Washington. In the cabinet are Washington's spectacles and the champagne glasses from which the great man drank the health of his

illustrious guests. Over the mantel in the west parlor is the family coat of arms, consisting in part of stars and red stripes, said by some to have been the origin of the flag of the United States. In the family dining-room is the spindle-legged sideboard which stands "as it stood in the days when the Washington and Curtis family gathered there for meals." The most interesting room on the lower floor is the state banquet hall which was in its day a princely *salon* honored by the presence of nearly all the potentates of the Revolutionary era. An elegant old hand-carved mahogany sideboard, a large mahogany table of the style from which banquets were served here a century ago, an elegant silver mounted model of the Bastille, presented to Washington by Lafayette, a large plain arm-chair brought over in the heavy freighted Mayflower, Washington's liquor-case, and his military equipments used in Braddock's campaign are among the valuable relics preserved in this room.

The library is said to have been in its day the most attractive room in the mansion, filled by its owner with rare mementos of the Revolutionary struggle. At present, however, it contains few Washington relics and none of the original library.

All the rooms on the second and third floors are furnished as sleeping chambers, some of them containing the most valuable relics in the house. In the room occupied by Lafayette on each of his visits to Mount Vernon is still to be seen the original four-poster with heavy tester and hangings, as well as

the desk, bureau, and dressing-table used by the Marquis. In Miss Curtis's room we saw "the mirror at which sweet Elenor Curtis made her toilet, and the steps by which she climbed into her lofty curtained bed."

But the interest of the whole house centers in the room where Washington died. Every article of furniture in the room was used by the great hero. "Just where the great man lay a dying eighty-eight years ago the bed now stands, and beside it the light stand on which are the rings left by his medicine-glasses, unchanged since that day. The secretary at which he wrote, the hair-covered trunk in which he carried his possessions, the surveyor's tripod he used, the cloak he threw over his shoulders when he went over his farm, the leathern chair in which he sat, the covering cut away by vandal hands, are all there."

Over this chamber is the small attic room which Mrs. Washington occupied from the day of the General's death, it being the only one from which she could obtain a view of her husband's resting place. At the window overlooking his tomb the lonely mourner passed much of her time during the eighteen months before she too was laid at his side.

Extending back from either wing of the mansion are the numerous out-houses usually found on a Virginia plantation of the last century, offices, stables, laundry, kitchen, smoke-house, meat-house, milk-house, butler's house, in addition to which it is said there was originally an ice-house, a spring house, a spinning and weaving house, together with houses for the itinerant tailors and

shoemakers who made semi-annual sojourns at the large plantations. To the left may be seen the large old barn built one hundred and fifty years ago of brick brought from England, still in a perfect state of preservation. To the right are the extensive ruins of the slave quarters, the brick walls of some of which are still standing.

Near the corner of the butler's house stands the famous *magnolia grandiflora* planted by Washington the year of his death, the leaves of which have been taken as mementos to all parts of the world. In the beautiful old flower garden, preserved exactly as it was in Washington's day, the old-time flowers and shrubbery are still cultivated, and the cuttings and bulbs sent as souvenirs all over the country. The extensive box hedges are those planted by Washington himself. Magnificent trees and shrubs, set by his own hands, are still growing in evidence of the great man's interest in horticulture. Bordering the main walk is a species of hydrangea which was brought from the grave of Napoleon by Lafayette in 1824, and by him planted in his old friend's garden. E. R. C., '84.

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Dartmouth has 418 students, and the University of Vermont, 347.

Amherst has conferred the degree of LL.D. on Prof. Drummond of Edinburgh University.

The students of the University of Pennsylvania are preparing a petition to request the Faculty to annul the law recently passed, forbidding smoking on the campus.—*Ex.*

LOCALS.

BEFORE.

The local Ed. sat scratching his head
And wishing the time would fly,
And sucking his thumb,
And saying "By gum,
Won't I murder the Christmas pie!"

AFTER.

The local Ed. now lies in his bed,
With a far-a-way look in his eye;
He feels very queer,
And he vows for a year
He'll eat no more Christmas pie.

Christmas—Santa Claus.

New Year's—Twenty-five luncheons.

"Fare'n ye well, Brother Watkins."

Quite a bevy of students journeyed homeward together as far as Portland, at the close of last term.

Prof.—"What is used in Pyrotechny?" Ben—"What-er, oh, you mean fire-works, don't yer?"

"What's in a name?" In Sam's there seems to be a strange fatality for spelling it wrong. No less than four or five have come to our notice; the latest is Woodrum.

The electric lights, which the city are putting up on College Street, will run along beside the campus, thus doing considerable to remove the gloom thereof in a dark night.

With this number the present board of editors make their exit from the stage of activity as represented by the STUDENT, wishing one and all, both far and near, a Merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

The constitution and by-laws of the Polymnian Society have undergone a thorough renovation; the useless and duplicate parts have been dropped and

the remainder are to be printed, so that each member may have a copy.

To our successors in the Local department we have nothing to hand over but good wishes. Every local, or semblance of a local, which has come within our reach this year, has been utilized.

The following were selected as participants in the Champion Debate at Commencement: Misses Snow, Jordan, and Howe, and Messrs. Davis, Pennell, Woodman, Piper, and Peaslee. C. C. Smith, A. C. Townsend and C. W. Cutts, of the Senior class, acted as committee of award.

The fourth division spoke on this question, "How Shall the Indian Question be Solved?" The following were the speakers: Miss J. L. Pratt, F. B. Nelson, H. J. Piper, Miss Blanche Howe, G. F. Garland, A. N. Peaslee, and G. H. Hamlin. The prize was awarded to Miss Howe.

In the first division the question, "Ought the United States Congress to Adopt an International Copyright?" was discussed by the following disputants: *Aff.*—H. B. Davis, Miss Dora Jordan, F. L. Day; *Neg.*—H. V. Neal, Miss M. V. Wood, Miss N. F. Snow. The prize was awarded to Miss Snow.

In the second division the question, "Should Ireland be made Independent of Great Britain?" was discussed by the following disputants: *Aff.*—Miss Mary Brackett, C. J. Nichols; *Neg.*—F. S. Pierce, L. W. Fales. The prize was awarded to Mr. Pierce, and he was also presented with a clock by an unknown friend.

Scene in the cars: Lady (to a companion)—"Here is a little marine of mine." Our mind was at once filled with beautiful and artistic fancies, and thoughts on the culture that such work must give to one. But these were all suddenly dissolved by the same lady saying: "You know Annie paints lots." House lots or what, we wondered.

Miss Etta Given, '89, recently met with a serious accident at Augusta. She took a carriage for her school a few miles out of the above-named city; the horse was suddenly frightened by the cars, and both occupants were thrown from the carriage, Miss Given receiving quite serious injuries. We are glad to learn that she is recovering and will soon be able to be removed to Lewiston, where her parents reside.

The names of the editors for the ensuing year were given last month, but their various positions on the board had not then been determined, therefore we give them again with their positions: C. J. Emerson, Editor-in-Chief; E. J. Small, Literary; F. J. Daggett, Locals; Miss E. I. Chipman, Personals; A. L. Safford, Exchanges; Miss L. E. Plumstead, Communications.

They were speaking of antidotes for arsenic. T. wanted to know if grease wasn't one. "For," he said, "I went into a store one time, and (like Peck's Bad Boy) began to eat some oyster crackers lying on the counter. When the storekeeper noticed what I was doing, he rushed down stairs and brought up a large bowl of grease, which he

made me drink, saying there was arsenic on the crackers." Thereupon somebody on the back seat whispered, "Big joke," thus casting a slight reflection.

In the third division the question, "Ought the United States to Adopt the English System of Civil Service?" was debated by the following gentlemen: *Aff.*—C. S. F. Whitecomb, W. F. Garcelon, A. F. Gilmore, W. J. Pennell, E. W. Morrell; *Neg.*—W. H. Woodman. The prize was awarded to Mr. Woodman. In the absence of Mr. Whitecomb, his part was read by Mr. Emerson of the Junior class. Mr. Gilmore was also absent, but did not have his part read. A noticeable feature of this debate was the large force upon the committee of arrangements.

The Sophomore debates this year were unusually interesting. All the ladies but one participated in them. We think it would be more interesting to the audience and more beneficial to the disputants, if they would commit their parts thoroughly, and make no reference to them while upon the stage. We would make this criticism that the majority of the disputants did not clearly announce their plan of argument at the beginning of their debate, and did not summarize at the close the points they had attempted to prove. This always adds force to a debate.

In behalf of the Manager, we wish to remind all these who have not paid their subscription for this year, that it is high time they should do so. The majority of our subscribers show a most amazing indifference upon this

subject. Students and other subscribers, who don't know enough to pay their subscription without being dunned two or three times for it, stand sorely in need of a re-enforcement to their store of common sense. It costs money (six hundred dollars a year) to run the *STUDENT*, and so, gentle readers, forward your dollars, if you haven't already.

It was rather amusing to listen to the various ejaculations with which the different students greeted a wire which some frisky youth had stretched between two posts in the path leading to Parker Hall. Walking jauntily along free from all care of examinations, seeing with the mind's eye the rich turkey, baked fowl, Indian pudding, and mince-pies of Thanksgiving Day, they brought up suddenly against this unoffending little wire with an "Oh, go west?" "What in thunder!" "See here now!" "Bloody fool!" One and all displaying a most *choice* vocabulary.

"Nothing better within the last ten years," were the words of the Committee, in speaking of the next Commencement Concert. Mr. Harry Peck, the boy violinist, nephew of C. A. White, the great musical composer, and Mr. B. M. Davidson, the famous pianist, have been engaged. Correspondence has been opened with Miss Gertrude Edmunds, contralto, who sang here a few years ago in "Mauratana," and Mr. Geo. J. Parker, tenor, one of Boston's celebrities. In addition to these the committee are negotiating with some of the very first stars of the day.

The Eurosophian Society room has

undergone extensive repairs. The partition at the front end of the room has been taken down and moved back four feet, and an arch constructed where the old partition stood. This arch has been tastily draped, and a double gas jet suspended from the center of it. Under this arch, on one side, is the president and secretary's desk, and on the other side, the piano. The room has also been re-papered and painted so that it now presents a most attractive appearance. We hope that the members of both societies will enter with enthusiasm into the society work of next term.

Speaking in general terms, the entrance of smoke into a room is regarded as an unwelcome visitor; but there are exceptions to all rules, and such an exception occurred on Friday morning, at the close of last term. The Seniors had just got fairly settled down to their Chemistry test, when the smoke began to pour up through the floor. Yet no one ventured to heap even a mild imprecation upon the janitor's head, for that smoke meant liberty, and soon it came. The Prof. invited the students to leave, and all speedily left, feeling that it had been the most successful examination of the term.

Here's what the shoemaker threw at his wife—the last.

“No man is so great that he can borrow no lustre from his friends; no man so low that he may not be further dishonored by his associates.”

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'69.—W. H. Bolster, of South Weymouth, has received a call to the Congregational church in Brockton, Mass., at a salary of \$2500.

'79.—A. E. Tuttle is having marked success as principal of the High School at Amesbury, Mass.

'81.—Rev. W. W. Hayden, of Whitefield, is pastor of one of the most flourishing churches of northern New Hampshire.

'81.—F. A. Twitchell was married to Miss Amy Atwood, of Johnston, R. I., November 24th.

'81.—Rev. H. E. Foss, who has just closed a three years' pastorate at the Beacon Street Methodist church in Bath, is to be transferred to the St. John's River conference, and stationed at the Trinity M. E. church in Jacksonville, Fla., at a salary of \$1600.

'84.—Aaron Beede was married to Miss Rebecca Ridley, of Athens, Me., December 1st.

'84.—F. E. Burrill, formerly of '84, was recently married at San Luis Obispo, Cal.

'84.—Lieut. M. L. Hersey, who is stationed at Fort Mojave, Arizona, is a member of Bates, '84, instead of '85, as stated in our last issue.

'86.—L. H. Wentworth is suffering from an attack of malaria, contracted in the West.

'87.—A. S. Woodman is traveling agent for the *Lewiston Journal*.

'87.—Miss Amy Rhodes is teaching at Lisbon Center.

'87.—E. C. Hayes, and Thomas

Singer, Bates, '89, have been speaking in the New Hampshire churches and quarterly meetings, in the interest of the college. They report a good degree of enthusiasm in the raising of funds for the Fullonton Professorship.

'87.—A. B. McWilliams is studying medicine with Dr. Garcelon of Lewiston.

'87.—Fairfield Whitney is the successful principal of the High School at Cumberland Center.

THEOLOGICAL.

'88.—G. B. Hopkins is settled at Coalsville, N. Y.

'89.—I. B. Stuart will settle with the South Limington church the ensuing year.

STUDENTS.

'88.

In addition to those mentioned in the November issue, the following members of the class teach winter schools:

B. M. Avery,	Belfast.
C. C. Smith,	York Harbor.
W. S. Dunn,	Strong.
B. W. Tinker,	Mt. Vernon.
C. W. Cutts,	Lisbon Falls.
W. L. Powers,	East Pittston.

E. F. Blanchard has charge of the library during vacation.

W. N. Thompson, formerly a member of the class, is studying medicine at the Jefferson Medical School, Philadelphia.

J. K. P. Rogers is seriously ill at his home in Eliot.

'89.

Miss Etta Given recently met with a severe accident. While on her way to her school in Chelsea, she was thrown

violently from the carriage. She remained unconscious for several hours, but is now improving slowly, and it is thought she has sustained no severe injuries. We hope to see her with us next term.

F. W. Buker and H. E. Fernald are canvassing in Massachusetts.

Miss E. T. Chipman is teaching the Lisbon Grammar School.

'90.

C. A. Record has closed a very successful term of school in Brownfield, and will teach there again this winter.

Miss Dora Jordan has employment in her father's office in Alfred.

'91.

I. W. Parker is teaching in Fayette.

Miss S. D. Chipman is canvassing in New Hampshire.

EXCHANGES.

The *Hamilton Lit.*, in its own estimation, is a fine example of college journalism. The following extract from the "Editors' Table" shows how they look upon their productions: "As a result of good discipline we have an abundance of finely written productions. From this store of literary matter the editors of the *Lit.* must make their selections. Here it need not be said that the character of this fund, both as to subjects and treatment, is highly noticeable for true merit and worth. Hamilton's literary reputation is too firmly established to admit even of a doubt in this direction." We turn eagerly to the literary department that we may enjoy this "abundance of

finely written productions." But judge of our surprise at finding only two short articles, one of which had been prepared for a prize oration. Less than five pages of literary matter, and yet it boasts the name of *Lit.* If you have such a fund of articles of "true merit and worth," would it not be well to publish some of them, lest those whose eyes are not blinded by egotism begin to think that Hamilton's reputation "is not too firmly established to admit even of a doubt."

In strong contrast with the above is the *Dartmouth Lit.* This *Lit.* is only in its second year, but it occupies a high place among college journals. The November number contains twenty-eight pages of literary, consisting of essays, poetry, and stories. The article on Prof. Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" is especially worthy of note.

The *Williams Lit.* has always been a favorite with us. Possibly because it was the first of the *Lits.* that reached us, but rather, we think, because of its own merits. The December number contains two very interesting articles, one, "A Contrast from Ben-Hur," the other, "The Creoles of Fiction and the Creoles." Williams is fortunate in her poets, for the poetry of both the *Lit.* and the *Weekly* is of a high order.

The *Tuftsian* makes some very pertinent remarks on the regular appearance at certain seasons, of editorials on "base-ball, foot-ball, etc.," and goes on to say that "these and some other kindred subjects ought to appear and always do." He then crit-

icises the BATES STUDENT for neglecting to write on these subjects that are of interest to but few, and writing on subjects that he thinks are "tiresome." In the first place, we would inform the gentleman that "there is nothing new under the sun," unless it is the ex-editor of the *Tuftsian*. Also that the editorials referred to have never appeared in any previous number of the STUDENT. Lastly, that if we only wrote one or two editorials for each number, as is the case with the *Tuftsian*, we should have an ample supply of fresh subjects. The *Tuftsian* is one of our best exchanges and is always sure of a welcome.

And now we must bid farewell to all our exchanges. For a year we have received these messengers from the different colleges throughout the United States and Canada. We have endeavored to bestow praise, where, in our judgment, it was due, and censure where we thought it would be beneficial. Perhaps it is owing to this fact that our relation with other exchanges has been so pleasant. To be sure, college papers are not the highest style of literature, and the ex-editor might devote his time to more profitable reading, but after all he gains an insight into the character and work of other colleges, that can be gained in no other way. From our year's work, we have, at least, gained a knowledge of the location, financial condition, and educational advantages of the different colleges. With the kindest feelings toward all our exchanges, we bid adieu to the exchange fraternity.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[*Jack the Fisherman.* By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boards, 6x8½ in. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 50 cts.]

The book is written in Miss Phelps' usual happy style. Jack was born at sea, in a terrific storm. His father, a drunken sailor, is lost at sea. Jack inherits his father's love of drink. His mother dies and he goes from bad to worse. Then he falls in with a girl on the streets of Boston; marries her, reforms for a time, again takes to drink, and in a drunken frenzy kills his wife. When he learns what he has done he jumps overboard, singing "Rock of Ages," words that his mother had sung, and the only words that were ever able to move him. It is a strong argument for temperance, and a keen satire upon many of the methods used for reclaiming the fallen. Some of the illustrations are very striking.

[*Patrick Henry*, by Moses Coit Tyler. Edited by John T. Morse. 16 mo, gilt top. Price \$1.25. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

This volume is another of the very popular "American Statesmen" series. We hail each one of this series with delight, and each one seems to surpass its predecessors in interest and worth. The volume before us is no exception to this rule. Notwithstanding the great interest attaching to the name of this revolutionary hero and orator, there has been but one life of Patrick Henry, that by William Wirt as long ago as 1817. As the author says in his preface, Wirt had to trust largely to imaginative traditions concerning Patrick Henry, which he found floating in the air of Virginia; or to the recollections

of old people, which were nearly always faulty and inaccurate. The present author has had access to the correspondence and private papers of Henry, and with these materials has produced a work that will be classed among standard biographies. Our author has shown by the testimony of competent witnesses that Henry was easily the foremost orator of his time. He has corrected the prevailing impression that Henry lacked application, and shown that he had a knowledge of law and politics, and possessed a self-sacrificing spirit and the insight and power of a statesman.

[*Men and Letters.* By Horace E. Scudder. 16 mo, gilt top. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

No one who has the least appreciation of a good thing can read the dedication of this charming book without the desire to explore its pages further. The work contains eleven essays, none of them long, on "Characterization and Criticism." Mr. Scudder is a critic of well-known ability, and has chosen his subjects well. The name of the author and the title of some of the essays are sufficient guarantee for the interesting nature of the book. "Longfellow and his Art," "A Modern Prophet," "The Shaping of Excelsior," showing how Longfellow wrote and re-wrote this celebrated poem, and "Emerson's Self," are a few of the subjects treated. The spirit of the entire book is broad, kindly, and impartial.

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AMONG THE POETS.

FLOWERS OF FRIENDSHIP.

By life's pathway, brightly smiling,
Friendships grow like flowers sweet,
With their perfume, faint, beguiling,
Of the traveler's step they greet.

Some are modest, never vaunting,
Like the violet wet with dew ;
Some are gaudy, ever flaunting,
Like the poppy's dazzling hue.

Some, alas, are soon to wither,
And their gorgeous tints to fade ;
Some we pluck and bear wherever
Fortune's hand our course hath laid.

Precious are they o'er all measure,
If they bear the brunt of time ;
Never dying source of pleasure,
Friendship is a gift sublime.

—Hamilton Lit.

NOT THE SAME.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid ?"
"To the photographer's, sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid ?"
"Yes, if you wish to, sir," she said.

"And now, fair one, a boon I ask,"
He then exclaimed in eager tone,
"More than all else the world affords,
A likeness of you I fain would own."

She hesitated, then archly smiled,
And to him expectant, raising her head,



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"If what you say is really true,
I'll give you the negative, then," she said.

—S. A. Y., in *Yale Record*.

REPARTEE.

They had whirled around in the steps of the waltz,
And disney had spread o'er his face,
For he found just then at the end of the dance
A button was caught in her lace.

He colored, and then in embarrassed tones,
When the dance they had gone quite through,
"Pray pardon my boldness," he said with a smile,
"But you see I'm attached to you."

Then roguishly glancing, she answered at once,
"Don't let that worry you so,
For quickly you'd see, if you'd only half try,
This attachment is mutual, you know."

—*Yale Record*.

HER OPINION.

"To-day," said he, "I graduate.
What shall I do, will you advise?
Shall I stay here to try my fate,
Or seek the West where Fortune lies?"

"It rests with you what I shall do;
Say but the word and I will stay;
But if you bid me go from you,
Again my heart must needs obey."

"I think," said she, "were you to go,
You'd find that plan by far the best,"
Then in his ear she whispered low,
"I'm very sure we'll like the West."

—*Harvard Lampoon*.

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See Page 213,

October Number.

WE wish to say just a word, and that of our own accord, in praise of the office where the *Echo* has always been printed. We doubt if there is another office in the country which does more college work than is done at the Lewiston Journal Office. Patronized by four colleges, and some half a dozen academies, they are thoroughly acquainted with the requirements of college work. We could easily pick out a number of exchanges, each of which would contain more typographical errors than do our proof-sheets. A disposition to accommodate has ever been manifested, and we wish thus to express our appreciation of it.—*COLBY ECHO*.

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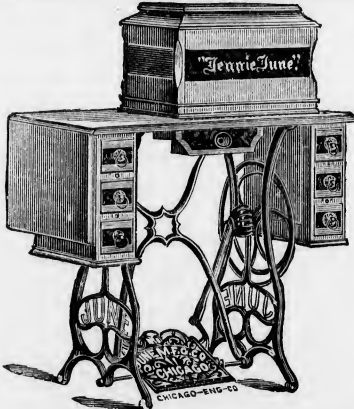
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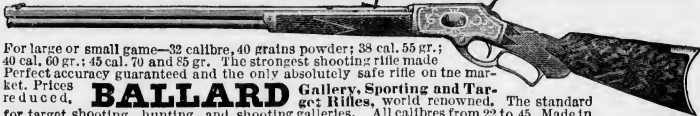
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